

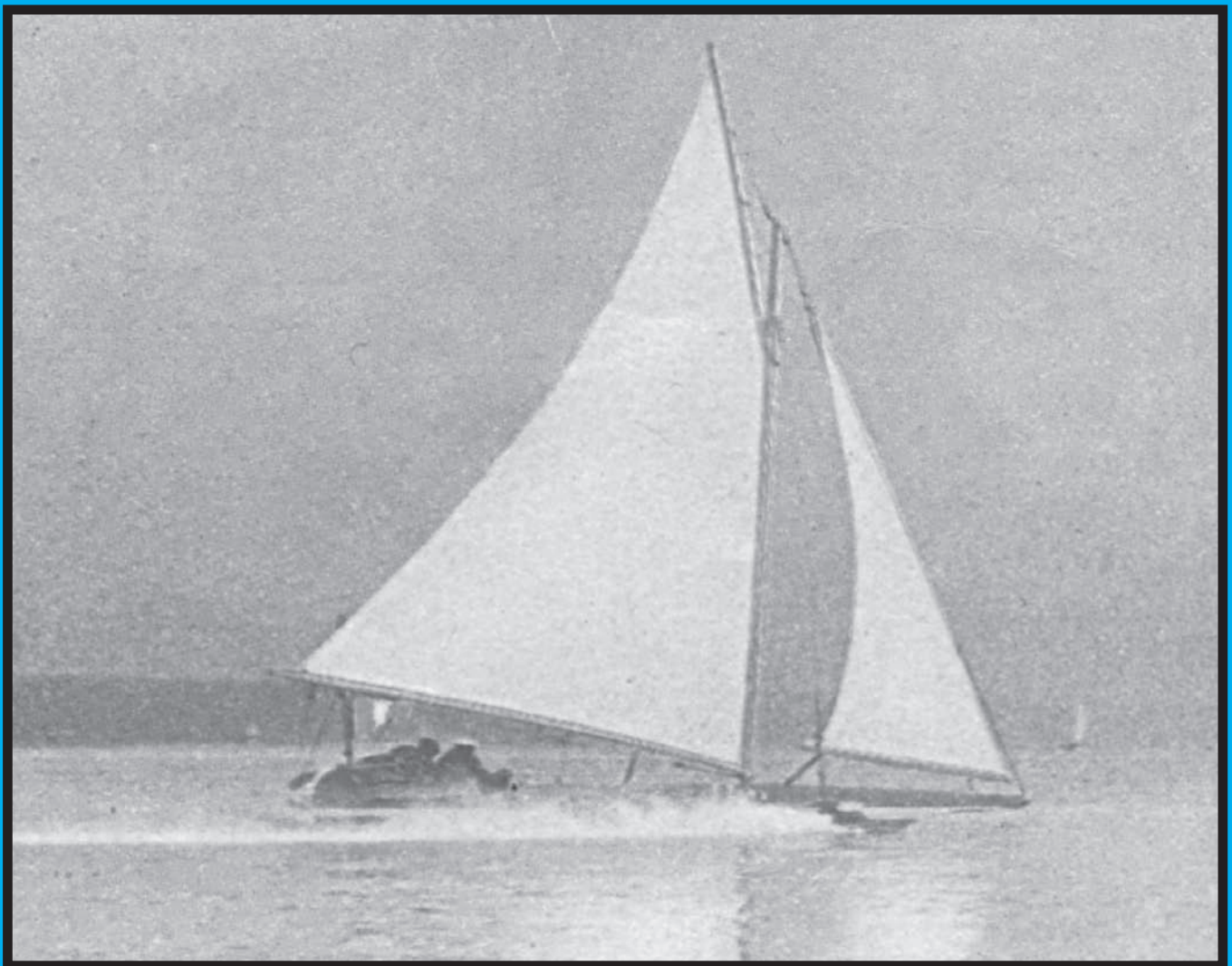


messing
about in
BOATS

Volume 26 – Number 9

January 2009

Special Features This Issue
“Arey’s Pond Cat Gathering ‘08”
“King of Winter Sports” – “Let’s Go, Boys”
“Boat Builder Gathering Gets Better”
“A Jackrabbit Start”



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In This Issue...

- 2 Commentary
- 3 From the Journals of Constant Waterman
- 4 You write to us about...
- 6 Boats Really Don't Make Sense:
Wazzamatta? Afraid of the Dark?
- 6 Book Review: *Wet & Hungry:*
An Atlantic Fisherman's Life
- 7 The King of Winter Sports
- 10 16th Annual Arey's Pond Cat
Gathering 2008: Another Great Success
- 12 Cayo Costa Cruise
- 14 Boat Builder Gathering Gets Better
Every Year
- 16 Cortez Meets New Paradigm
- 17 The Cruise of the Canoe Club
- 18 "Let's Go, Boys:" Canoeing with Gilles
on New Brunswick's Upsalquitch River
- 24 Cape Cod Revisited
- 26 Last Sail of the Summer (and Another
Alaskan Adventure Tale)
- 28 Three Lochs and Three Narrows
- 30 *Eel* 1898
- 32 The Big Row: Part 3: 452 Miles in an
Adirondack Guideboat
- 35 Waterlogged: Being a Chronicle of
Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising
Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound:
Part 5: Pamlico 2001
- 38 2008 Magnum Opus Penobscot Bay
- 39 A Lifetime on the Water: Part 9:
Getting our Way in a Foreign Boatyard
- 40 Beyond the Horizon
- 42 *Dreamcatcher* "Oyster Pirate"
- 44 The Semi-Final Report
- 45 *A Jackrabbit* Start
- 47 The Delta Class
- 50 25 Years Ago in *MAIB*: Mystic Seaport
Museum Boat Sale
- 52 The Wooden Spars Come Off *Wavertree*
- 54 Bolger on Design: Racing Rowing Boat
- 55 A Look at Propulsion
- 56 The Electric Pontoon Boat
- 56 A Simple Four Piece Hollow Mast
- 57 From the Lee Rail
- 58 Trade Directory
- 65 Classified Marketplace
- 67 Shiver Me Timbers

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



The year ahead promises to be different as I write this on December 1 as this issue goes to press. The apparent economic collapse has yet to reveal its true dimensions. If it is anything like the Great Depression of the 1930s it will be a while yet before we can grasp its full impact on our everyday lives. For those of you who may be at some degree of risk from the collapse of the giant credit bubble, what happens to your opportunities for messing about in boats may become a low priority issue. I hope they will not just stop, however.

We are not particularly vulnerable as we have always lived well within our means with minimal use of credit. With our mortgage paid off in 1968 and our children educated by the mid-'70s our major big ticket obligation in our "old age" is buying our home back from the town every year in the form of ever increasing real estate taxes. As our income continues to be mainly from our work, with no plans for retirement, what happens in the world of investment based incomes does not directly affect us. We've never had any plans for a pension in 50 years of self-employment.

Messing About in Boats can carry on as long as most of you continue to subscribe. We may lose a few more of our advertisers, those who are most likely to find customers for their supplies and services hard to find, but our underlying financial base is subscriber income. So we do hope that the magazine continues to be of sufficient value to you to enable you to justify the annual \$32 subscription.

In November I did my small part as a consumer by spending several hundred dollars on a kayak, a nice 14' Wilderness Systems Tsunami, one of a fleet of about 50 used by local outfitter Essex River Basin Adventures. It had light use last summer on protected Essex Bay and was offered at 40% off retail price. I had been using my daughter's 14' Old Town on my outings with friend Charlie, an OK boat but not what I would want for my own. It has a large open cockpit, no rudder, flotation bags instead of bulkheaded storage compartments, and a rounded bot-

tom. The Tsunami has a smaller fitted cockpit with knee braces, a foot operated rudder, bulkheaded storage compartments fore and aft, with hatches and a double chine shallow vee bottom.

Charlie and I did a lot of paddling last summer with no apparent signs of waning interest and plan many outings for 2009 so the investment in a boat I'd like better was justifiable to me. It's a lot more fun than money in the bank and if we ever became hard pressed it could be sold on. Our paddling outings involve at most two-hour drives to chosen waters, and with gasoline costs half what they were last midsummer this travel will be easily affordable.

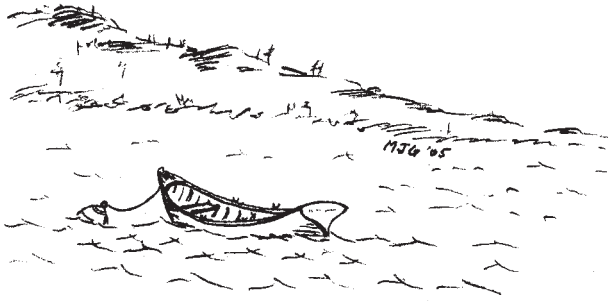
I suspect that many of you will not find your messing about severely curtailed by economic conditions as the nature of our activity is low budget. The boats we buy, build, or restore are not "financed" with consumer loans. Our outings are typically within easy day travel distances. We do not rely on paid professionals for servicing our craft.

"Smaller is better" is a viewpoint that will certainly apply in the next few years as our overblown economy and credit-fueled spending continues to readjust downward to a more sustainable level based on real incomes and assets and not on numbers on paper and in computers measuring our worth. The present desperate almost daily pronouncements by government officials about "kick starting" the economy and "getting the economy back on track" are delusional, facing the enormous gulf created by our collective credit binge, using houses like ATMs, and credit cards with ever increasing credit limits (and interest rates!) to spend, spend, spend, spend.

It is easier for us at this end of our lives to accept this downsizing as we are already downsized. We can sympathize with those of you who are younger with families to educate and mortgages to pay off as you will indeed be looking at downsizing. It is still important to have some fun in your life despite harder times and messing about in boats can be an inexpensive way to satisfy this need.

On the Cover...

Ice "yachting" was big at the turn of the 20th century with a number of yacht clubs offering winter schedules of events for true believers. The "ice yachts" were sizeable craft and were the fastest things on earth at the time, hitting up to 100mph under ideal conditions. In this winter issue we feature a report and photos from that era from a 1904 issue of *The Rudder*.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

Day has cracked slightly, allowing light snow to wisp through. I imagined December as balmy and 60 degrees with a 10kt breeze and a sunny sky, perfect sailing weather. Apparently I've awakened in someone else's latitude. Poor little *MoonWind* languishes in her slip while I stoke the fires and plan my day around other people's boats.

After deliberating nearly an entire day, we decided to move. We looked at three antique Capes, chose the best and moved in, the Captain Daniel Eldridge House, 1704. I haven't yet researched what sort of vessel he skippered three centuries ago. This may have been a prosperous skipper's home in Colonial days but perhaps not his ultimate one. It had but four rooms downstairs and a sleeping loft around a central chimney. Three fireplaces, of course. The largest measures just over five feet broad across the back. The hearthstone could serve as a single bed. I burn the largest wood that I have but need to procure some bolt wood, else waste cords of stove wood to little avail. For the tiny woodstove heating the kettle in the kitchen I need to saw all my present wood in two.

The spacious dining room is a late addition, a mere generation ago, but keeps with the original house insofar as it has floors of fairly wide wood, pale walls, dark trim, and multi-light sash. Two sets of French windows open upon a broad deck. There is an extra bedroom above the dining area. The kitchen was modernized and a large laundry room separated from it.

My desk fronts the fieldstone chimney up here in the loft. The wide oak boards beneath my feet, which look extremely old and scarred, are not always fastened as well as you might expect. The floor above the room with the largest fireplace has been removed, as well as some of the joists, to make the house more open and more light.

From my perch aloft I can oversee the new dining room and, beyond, through the French windows, watch the snow accumulate on the deck. No, not the best boating weather, children. Only the men working lobster boats fare forth on days such as these. And the brightest lobsters don't come out in this sort of weather. They stay home and pen their memoirs.

The little no-name Petrel that I sailed back here from Port Jefferson comes into the shop next week. She's found a new owner, a local chap, and he means to do right by her. All she really wants is cosmetic work, minor repairing of locker tops and cabin doors, extending the motor mount, re-glassing the lazarette deck, touching up the brightwork. I'll have three Petrel masts and booms and clubs to sand and varnish up in the loft, a regular mass production. As none of them needs wooding, I'll be spared removing all of the bronze hardware and standing rigging.

The Skipper has plans for building a St Pierre Dory, 23 feet with a cabin and small Diesel inboard. A seaworthy and fuel-efficient craft for coasting about the islands and catching fish. Or chasing them, at any rate. He estimates it will keep us busy all winter. Then the spring rush will leap upon us, customers will clamor, boats slip into the water, and the same excitement as ever roil our blood and drive us semi-terrestrials back to the ocean.

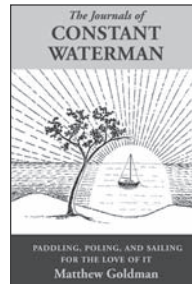
Perhaps in a million generations we shall have evolved some flippers and tails and joined our cetaceous brethren. We shouldn't need to get hauled to have our bottoms painted. We might have a couple of barnacles but what of it? What joy to be free to cruise the seas without distress about the occasional storm, without a cluttered cabin and lockers full of superfluous gear, without need for a binnacle or a temperamental motor. What bliss to spend every winter in tropic climes, just eating shrimp by the bushel and sporting with mermaids.

But then again, where should we step our masts?

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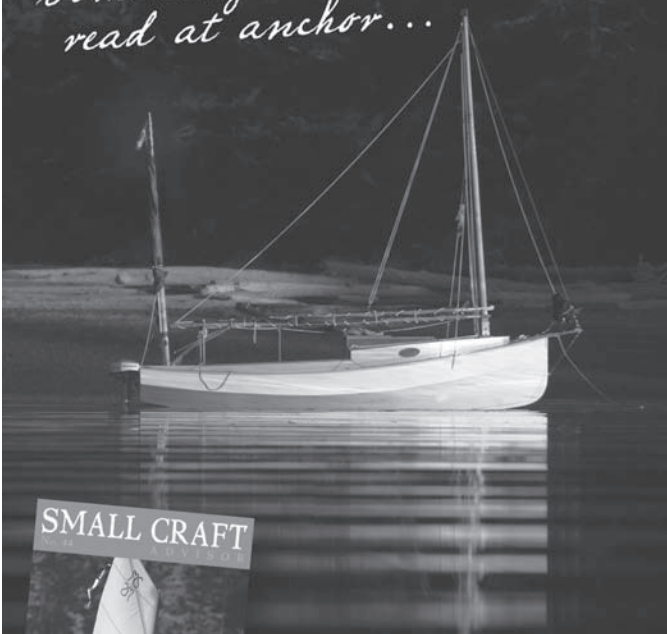
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You write to us about...

Activities & Events...

Build a Boat Experience

This winter an opportunity to learn small boat building is being offered at the shop of Seth Persson Boat Builders in Centerbrook, Connecticut. A choice of designs for first-time builders are on offer. These include a 15' ARCeDerian Kayak, a 12' Fisherman's Skiff, a 14' Family Skiff, and the Atlantic 17 open water rowing dory. For each boat pre-cut kits, materials, shop time, and expert instruction are provided, resulting in a finished boat ready for paint. Families with children have been given special consideration in this program, with the kayak and both skiffs buildable without the use of epoxies, which removes a potential health issue for children.

Programs will be available that coincide with local school vacations to allow for family participation. Individual sessions can be arranged to fit people's schedules. In addition, there will be a program that will run from January 17-25 with evening sessions included.

For further information contact Jon Persson, 17 Industrial Park Rd, Suite 5, Centerbrook, CT, 06409, (860) 767-3303, perssonmfg@abac.com



Activities & Experiences...

Sailing Downeast Maine

I sailed downeast Maine once, a friend of mine had a boat in Mississippi and he had a friend in Scituate, Massachusetts, and they traded boats for a holiday break, we sailed theirs in June and the early days of July and they sailed his in February. I came with my mask, fins, snorkel, and one long-sleeved undershirt. BOY did I get a shock. The first night on the boat I brushed my teeth and the water out of the tank made them hurt. I'm originally from Chicago and I know what cold weather is, but I had lived for so long in the south I had forgotten all that nastiness that made me go south in the first place. After that shock I knew that I wasn't going to get my body in that water... no way.

We soon discovered that a beach in Maine was any sloping bit of land going into the sea that didn't have a 20-ton boulder on it. We also found out that sand in Maine is about the size and consistency of what comes out of a rock quarry. We also discovered that the native costume was a yellow slicker suit and the native flower was moss. We knew we were in trouble the first time we looked at the charts, every aid to navigation had a noise device, either a whoomp... a ding... a dong... or a low moaning sound that sounded like my cow giving birth to a calf crosswise.

I never saw so many small sailboats (under 30' and some dinghies, too) with radar and we were soon to find out why. It pays to have a compass course all laid out when day sailing for the fog comes on you insidiously and often. We sailed mostly under main alone as we wanted to be able to see forward unimpaired. One delightful experience was approaching a bell buoy in fog and suddenly here came a boat heading for the same buoy with everything flying but the skipper's long johns. And then there was the passage into, I think, it was Vinalhaven where, again in fog, we suddenly had a obelisk rise up out of the fog, making us think we were in a graveyard somewhere, and in reality we were, for sometime in the past a shipwreck had occurred on that spot and the sailors died from exposure and starvation. Yes, I know sailing in Maine.

I was very fortunate in that the boat was a borrowed boat for the owners left heavy coats, sweaters, gloves, and hats that we made good use of. The boat was also equipped with a heater which we were very happy to use keeping our breath from freezing in the cabin at night as we slept. Finally our cruise came to an end, it was the Fourth of July and we wondered what it must be like to sail Maine in the winter. It was a relief to return to our respective homes in the south, the Mississippi delta and Florida, ah warm! Sunshine! And no fog.

Bob Archibald, Steinhatchee, FL

Information of Interest...

LCMM in 2008

After another year full of success and accomplishments here at the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum I find myself fixated on the uncertain economy and its potential impact on our support network and ability to continue our programs.

I had great expectations for 2008's Shared Heritage Tour to Quebec in the *Lois McClure* and I was overwhelmed by just how glorious our trip turned out to be. The people of Quebec embraced us with an interest, gratitude, and affection that I did not expect. Our French-speaking crew and bilingual interpretive materials helped set the stage for extraordinary personal connections and by the time our two-month journey was completed we had welcomed more than 25,000 visitors aboard. While I have previously felt the pride of representing Lake Champlain and Vermont, this was the first time I experienced being viewed as a representative of the United States. This trip to Quebec was the most rewarding experience of my career.

At LCMM we never rest very long on our accomplishments. As soon as we returned from Quebec we refocused our planning on how to maximize the potential of 2009, the Quadricentennial of Samuel de Champlain's brief but profound visit to the lake. The centerpiece of our 2009 planning is a four-month *Lois McClure* outreach program to Quebec's Richelieu River, Lake Champlain, and the Hudson River and our return to New York City.

Remarkably, the Hudson River is also commemorating the Quadricentennial of Henry Hudson's exploration of that interconnected waterway and the two Quadricentennials present a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to engage the public in history. We are also finalizing plans to transform our Basin Harbor Campus into a "virtual timeline" that will help provide visitors with new perspectives on the rich heritage of the Champlain Valley as they navigate through time and place.

2008 was a great year for the museum. In addition to the schooner's tour to Quebec, our Basin Harbor site, Burlington rowing programs, and Maritime Research Institute fieldwork have all been active and successful. Our Basin Harbor site has a new "Art of Blacksmithing" center, perhaps the best equipped facility of its type in New England. We expect it to become a headquarters for regional blacksmiths and a center for those who aspire to learn this traditional skill.

Throughout this winter we also will be working diligently to implement the first phase of the new "Hazelett Family Small Watercraft Center." This new facility will become a permanent home for the display, study, and curation of our growing collection of regional small watercraft. We are very pleased that the long-standing effort to provide a permanent, stable, and publicly accessible home for this collection is on the verge of being achieved.

The Maritime Research Institute has enjoyed another productive season of fieldwork on the shipwrecks located throughout the region. Not surprisingly, our focus continues to be the 1776 Battle of Valcour Island and the gunboat *Spitfire*. We are poised to complete the *Spitfire* Management Plan and hope to make our final recommendations during Lake Champlain's Quadricentennial year.

The Quadricentennial is also LCMM's 25th year of operations and, despite the challenges, we hope to take advantage of the opportunities this presents to meet our mission to preserve and share the history and archaeology of the region.

Arthur B. Cohn, Executive Director, Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, 4472 Basin Harbor Rd, Vergennes, VT 05491, www.lcmm.org

We Have Our Very Own Concrete Ship

Living at Cape May Point, New Jersey, I read with especial interest the article in the November issue, "*Faith, the First Concrete Cargo Carrier*." We have our very own concrete ship, at least the remains of one, the *SS Atlantis*. The ship was built in 1918 and after being decommissioned was towed to the Delaware Bay shore near Cape May Point. She was to be used as a breakwater to protect a dock for a proposed ferry to Delaware.

The ferry service finally began in 1964 and used a sheltered turning basin at the western end of the Cape May Canal (dug in 1942)

as a terminal. The *Atlantus* is a sad wreck today, the bow section has crumbled away and the stern section lies on its port side. Local tourist shops offer postcards showing four consecutive pictures of the *Atlantus* taken in 1926, 1935, 1940, and 1995, captioned, "Going... going... going... going..."

David Rutherford, Cape May Point, NJ



Information Wanted...

What is Deepest Draft for Launching from Ramps?

I have a question for you boaters out there in readerland. What is the deepest draft a boat can have and still be relatively easily launched from a trailer on an average ramp without resorting to elaborate devices like trailer tongue extenders, etc.? Or maybe with trailer tongue extenders? Opinions, please.

Bill Zweig, 66 Springdale Rd, Walla Walla, WA 99362

In Memoriam...

Floating the Apple Founder Dies

It is with great sadness that I write to mention the sudden passing of Mike Davis from complications following a stroke in October. Mike was founder of Floating the Apple, Inc, the New York City boat building and advocacy group whose mission is to re-introduce the public, especially youth, to the joys of rowing and sailing on the urban waters.

Mike's favorite annual event, the American Star Invitational Youth Rowing Race, the 14th running of which was scheduled for December 6, 2008, was subject of two *MAIB* cover stories.

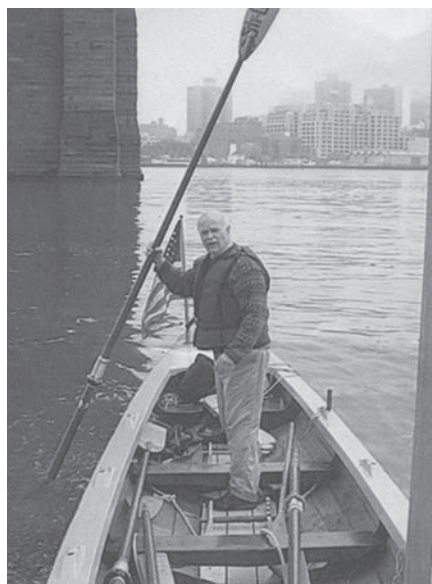
FTA served as an inspiration for much of the NYC community of Whitehall gig rowing. Mike's kind support, encouragement, and tutelage about providing on-the-water access and community group development made it possible for many small groups to grow, including East River CREW, Inc, Weerow (on the Hudson River in New Jersey) and the newest addition, the Village Community Boathouse in lower Manhattan.

Together with avid boat builder, teacher, and organizer Don Betts, Mike saw the completion of nearly 30 of the coxed-four 26' Whitehalls, built to a design by Mike McEvoy, almost all with active participation by youth boat builders and adult volunteers working in donated spaces including ground floors of skyscrapers and schools, indoor pier spaces, and even the lobby of New York City's World Financial Center.

Mike will be sorely missed and remembered often as we continue with the goals of providing safe recreational activities on the

water, bringing New Yorkers back to their largest public open space.

Mary Nell Hawk, President, East River CREW, Inc. (Community Recreation & Education on the Water), New York, NY



Tinkered to Perfection by Peter

That was a very nice tribute to Peter Duff in the November issue. Truly a life well lived, despite tacking against such powerful headwinds.

I, too, first met Peter at that Newport boat show, probably in 1971, where he was showing the Stone Horse. Later, in a decade of Dovekie ownership that included many joint cruises and the occasional boatyard party, I found what a marvelous person he was. Likewise Maggie, who aided him so tenaciously. The Dovekie itself was an absolutely brilliant design, conceived and executed by Phil Bolger to precisely the design objectives of an engineless small cruising sailboat, no more, no less, then tinkered toward perfection by Peter. We will all miss him.

Lee Wight, MD, Laguna Woods, CA

Remembering Peter's Dry Humor

I am saddened to read about Peter Duff's death. I was fortunate to have him build me a Stone Horse in the late '70s. What a wonderful boat. I sold it when it could not contain my young family. I may buy another one.

I remember Peter's dry humor:

He pointed out that the Stone Horse does have standing headroom with your upper body extending above the hatchway.

He was proud that the Stone Horse slept two and sailed four to six people, compared to many boats that slept six and sailed two.

One customer asked Peter if he could have an aluminum mast with his new Stone Horse. Peter replied that he could have any type of mast he wanted but that the boat would have a wooden mast when it left the boat yard.

Finally, at one of the annual Christmas parties Peter took an axe to part of a deck to show how sturdy the construction was. He could not penetrate the deck. The rebound of the axe fortunately missed Peter.

Peter Duff is remembered.
Bill Stocker, Sandwich, MA

About That Stone Horse Booklet

Many thanks for devoting so many pages of the November issue to the memory of Peter Duff, my old partner and co-founder of Edey and Duff. Thanks, too, for your admiring review in your Commentary column of the Stone Horse booklet you acquired at a Newport boat show during the '70s. For the record, though, "Peter's wonderfully persuasive prose" was not his, but mine. I wrote and designed that booklet. Peter's contributions to boat building and shoal-draft cruising in small boats were significant enough, he doesn't need credit for my words as well. Of course, he turned out to be an excellent writer himself after I had left the shop and his attention turned to Dovekies.

Mait Edey, Vineyard Haven, MA

Opinions...

Support Our Maritime Museums

I've been reading about major layoffs at Mystic Seaport because of a shortfall and of trouble at Michigan Maritime Museum which built a tall ship and still owe money for it. Seems to me maritime museums are vital for the future of all things important for the small boat movement. I would hope a combination of contributions and volunteering is the best way for us sailors and builders to help preserve our heritage.

Mike Wick, Moorestown, NJ

Catboat at the Top

At a recent local gathering I met a man who recently acquired an 18'6" Cape Dory which was in dry storage and the rent hadn't been paid in years. It was full of rainwater. In this case the owner had simply lost interest, all that has to happen for a boat to go down. Of interest to me is that this 18' boat has a waterline of less than 14' whereas my 17' catboat has a 17' foot waterline. Obviously I have the larger boat. The fact is, my catboat is the biggest small sailboat I've ever seen. She is a little gem and when I get to working on her I will make her even better than she is now.

In a recent issue of *Soundings* a boat owner comments on the three best boats he's ever owned. His last and favorite is a 30' Nonsuch Catboat. So I guess I am not just a case of being love struck that causes me to think so highly of my catboat. For coastal and inland cruising, versus comfort, ease of handling, and economy, the catboat is at the top in my opinion. But I like all boats.

Dick Lafferty, Gainesville, FL

This Magazine...

Closer to Small Boat Journal

I like articles about small sail, power, som paddle, shanty boats, and how-to. I don't like big boat stuff, the recent Bolger commercial boat, and especially Hugh Ware's articles. Also, old sailing and paddling stories unless they are classics like *Paper Canoe* or the *Sneak Box*. I almost didn't renew because of these. The closer you come to the old *Small Boat Journal* the better I like it. You can't always please all of us but I just wanted to let you know my preferences.

Chick Ludwig, Havelock, NC

Boats Really Don't Make Sense

Wazzamatta?

Afraid of the Dark?

By Dan Rogers

It happened again last night. Seems like the only thing I do thoughtfully, or at least slowly, is eating. Cliff and Sheryl came by unannounced on their way out sailing. I was still dawdling over dinner. Must have been somewhere around 2000 and the wind was still up. "Go ahead, I'll catch up in a few minutes." They got *Chimera* underway as I wolfed down the last few bites and walked over to *Plum Duff*. Perhaps the best part of living aboard AND keeping another boat at the ready just down the dock is being able to shove off at a moment's notice. I figure I can neither have too many boats nor be underway too often. Right?

Like I was saying, the wind was still up. The temp hovered in the range much of the rest of our Conterminous Forty-Eight would be pleased to call "spring." Tide up and still flooding. Full moon. What more could a sailor ask for? These are the conditions people pay big bucks and sit on long flights for.

I read in the local daily that "one in eight Americans live in California... San Diego is the second most populous metropolitan area in this state." This is one popular place to come to. People pay big bucks to come here, work here, live here, buy gas here. Do you suppose part of the draw could be the bay, beaches, and the weather? That's also what I read in the newspaper. Some of those people must have sailboats. Right?

Plum Duff accrues another thousand nautical miles on her GPS about every six months or so. Most of that mileage adds up in five to ten-mile increments. Most of it in one to three-hour periods. Most of it on the same bay, between the same beaches, and in the same weather people leave family, job, and loved ones to experience right here in San Diego. Other than *Chimera*, the occasional tour boat (most of the passengers inside), and a Harbor Police boat at shift change, nights on the water hereabouts are notably vacant.

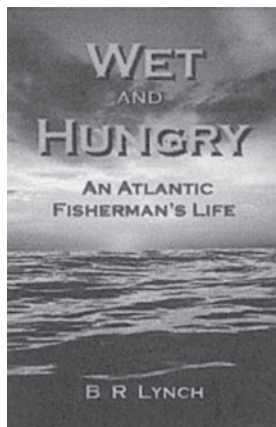
We don't really have any rocks. The shoals are all still in the same place they were at high noon on Labor Day. The channels are all well buoyed and dredged if one must have 20' beneath the keel. And best of all, just about the entire South Bay is accessible to a 5' draft vessel an hour or two into the flood. A depth sounder is nice. One of those free tide books and a local chart, essential. We're talking about a surface area bigger than most of our nation's recreational lakes and ponds. The wind either blows from the west or southwest until it quits at just about bed time. Kind of a nice arrangement, when one has to get up the next morning and go off to work to pay for that house and gas.

But just about nobody ever comes out to sail with us. Wazzamatta? Afraid of the dark?



Book Review

Wet & Hungry An Atlantic Fisherman's Life



Dollar Boat Story #1

By Beverly Rae Lynch

Salty paid a dollar for a decrepit boat, removed two brass portholes from it, and sold them for \$250. He had been a carpenter in the Navy and knew how to repair boats. Later the sheriff visited Salty with a summons. The boat's previous owner claimed Salty promised to give him the brass portholes. The man wanted \$300 dollars for them. Salty consulted a lawyer who charged him \$500 and told him he could get 15 years for grand theft. A friend assured Salty, "The truth will prevail," which didn't seem to comfort Salty at all.

Salty continued repairing his boat until he had it ready for an engine. He bought a thousand dollar Diesel engine and fuel tanks, installed them, and finished the gleaming hull like a professional. Salty took his bill of sale to the Maryland Department of Natural Resources to get his boat registered. The state clerks examined it and told him it wasn't adequate proof of ownership and refused to register the boat. Since the previous owner was still suing him for the portholes, Salty couldn't get him to sign anything regarding the sale of the boat.

Salty attempted to start his used Diesel engine but it wouldn't run. A gnarly old fisherman and good amateur mechanic stood nearby and commented, "Maybe it's a lemon." That rubbed Salty the wrong way. The old man tried to tell Salty how to fix his engine and Salty walked off.

After weeks of finagling Salty registered his boat and the gnarly fisherman fixed the engine, enabling Salty to set conch pots off Ocean City, Maryland. Salty hesitated to tend his pots but left at last on a flat calm sea. He

was delighted with his catch, nine bags of conchs. He revealed his boating inexperience when he steered into the inlet, which was a challenge even on a calm day. The breakers smashed one of his running lights and ripped off pieces of sheaving. After that harrowing ordeal Salty got into the used car he had bought to replace his previous car, which had been repossessed. The car broke down before

Dollar Boat Story #2

A man had lived in a shack on the deck of a 100' boat while he built a waterfront house near the Chesapeake Bay. When he finished the house he sold the boat to Onebuck for a dollar. Onebuck started the boat and headed down the bay, intending to sail around the peninsula to Ocean City. He was halfway when the Coast Guard stopped him to inspect the boat. It didn't pass and they escorted it to Norfolk, Virginia, where they told Onebuck he would have to hire a tugboat to tow it. "I'm not hiring a tug to tow a dollar boat that runs," he argued.

When he tried to leave the boat to get groceries the Coast Guard, afraid he was going to abandon the boat, stopped him. They kept Onebuck prisoner a week. An important foreign visitor was coming and the Coast Guard wanted Onebuck's hideous boat out of the way. Furious by then, Onebuck refused to hire a tug. The only way the Coast Guard could get rid of him was to let him go.

\$6,000 Boat Story

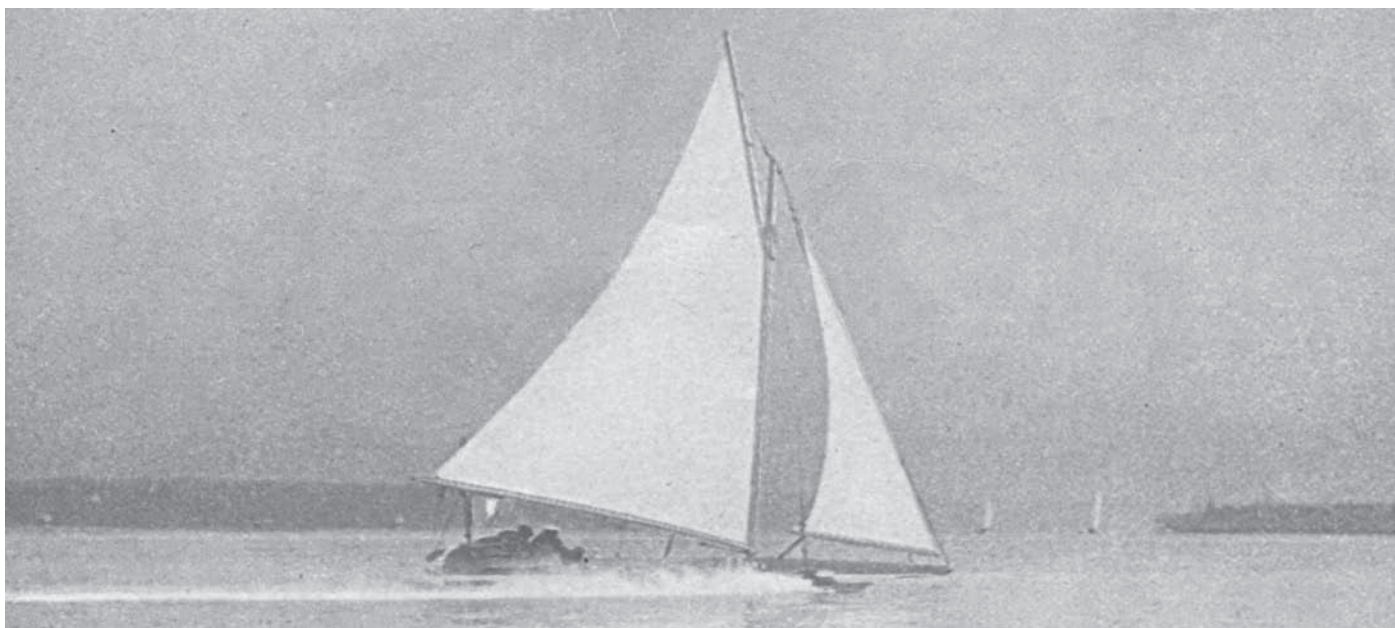
One August Tommy drove from Maryland to North Carolina to buy a 26' wooden boat, *Captain Josh*, for \$6,000. It had a small pilothouse, a gas-guzzling V8 engine, and no fuel gauge. A North Carolina friend, Mike, guided Tommy through the Carolina bays. The engine stalled the first day. They restarted it and reached the coast off Chincoteague, Virginia, at night. Tommy estimated the fuel and told Mike, "We might have enough to make it to Ocean City. We could go in to Chincoteague but I don't know the inlet. What do you want to do?"

"Let's go for Ocean City."

Captain Josh ran out of fuel just inside the Ocean City Inlet where Tommy had no choice but to anchor it. A large clammer cut close to them in the dark. "I'm going to swim to the harbor. Don't worry if you don't see an overhand stroke, when I get tired I'll paddle," Tommy said. He swam about 300' to the West Ocean City Harbor, walked to a scow, which he had tied there, bailed it out, and started it. Tommy towed in *Captain Josh* with the scow.

That fall Tommy drift gillnetted from *Captain Josh* in the Maryland coastal bays. He found four rotten frames and rotten fuel tanks in *Captain Josh*. In winter he hauled the boat to a shop, rebuilt, and painted it in two weeks. He renamed the boat *Medusa* and tied it in West Ocean City Harbor. Within a week a man admired it, asked if it were for sale, and Tommy sold it to him for \$9,000.

(These stories and more can be found in *Wet & Hungry... An Atlantic Fisherman's Life* by Beverly Rae Lynch, 350 pages, soft cover, 42 illustrations, \$18.95 from the author at braelynch@yahoo.com, 7605 Worcester Hwy, Newark, MD 21841, or Cambridge Books and Amazon.)



Once more the season of the king of winter sports is with us and shows increased popularity. Never have the fleets of ice yachts been so large or have there existed so many clubs. The tendency for small boats is manifested and the growth of the fleets is in their direction. A few years ago no one cared to race a yacht of less than 600 square feet, but today the most popular boat and the greatest amount of racing is done with those of the intermediate class. No class has ever given more pleasure or made keener racing than the 250' of the Orange Lake Club, the 270' of Onandaga Lake, and the 25-meter class of the Stockholm Isajakt Klubb.

While last winter was a pretty hard one for the ice yacht fiends in the west and Canada, out at Kalamazoo, Michigan, and at Orange Lake, New York, they managed to sail their races, getting a limited number of good days. They sailed 21 races. Some spirited racing was also had on Lake Champlain but the greatest amount of ice yachting was done on and in the vicinity of the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey. Not in years has there been such good ice or so long a season. They commenced sailing in the middle of December and kept it up until the latter part of February. Having comparatively little snow on Orange Lake, the ice formed earlier than for many years. I walked across it on Thanksgiving Day, and the ice stayed until the first part of April.

Lake Champlain at Burlington is ten miles wide and has a depth at the middle of 390'. The greatest thickness of ice previously was 18" but last winter the ice measured 43" and, strange to say, the cracks never threw up their edges. Some winters they raise their edges as high as 10'. The Excelsior Ice Yacht Club of Burlington held several races late in the winter. The clubhouse was destroyed by fire but fortunately the boats were on the ice and thus escaped. A new house has been built.

Their first race took place on March 10 and a half-gale greeted the yachts as they lined tip for a contest over a 16-mile course. The ice was in splendid condition. The yachts carried men on the runner plank.

Their last race was for a purse of \$50 between just two boats and the winner was of the old side-bar type, and with a heavy wind and soft ice she seems to out sail the modern racing machines. The runner up is

The King of Winter Sports

Reprinted from *The Rudder* 1904

an up-to-date boat, 385 square feet of canvas and weighs 680 pounds in racing trim.

In the vicinity of Chicago they are going in strong for ice yachting. The latest club to take up ice yachting is the Lake Side Yacht Club, situated a short distance from Chicago. They have adopted the rules of the Kalamzoo Ice Yacht Club and the racing ice yacht table that was first printed in *The Rudder*, since adopted by every club in Europe as well as in America. This racing table for mixed classes originated at Orange Lake,

They have a good-sized and growing fleet and are now building six yachts of the 350 square foot class, recommended as the best all-around racing class in this magazine. This class is neither a large or a small class but a happy medium. The club's racing is done on Lake Calumet near Chicago. Owing to the severity of last winter and the great amount of snow on the ice during almost the entire winter, no regular club races were sailed. In the Chicago photographs you will note that most of the boats are equipped with high runners to run through the snow. There were 30 ice yachts in commission last season. Most of the boats are nearly of 350 square feet.

Other clubs in the vicinity are taking up ice yachting this year. In the west, in the vicinity of Minneapolis at Lake Minnetonka, no racing. At the large Minnetonka Ice Yacht Club they were snowed under. The same report comes from the Kingston Ice Yacht Club of Canada and clubs in that vicinity.

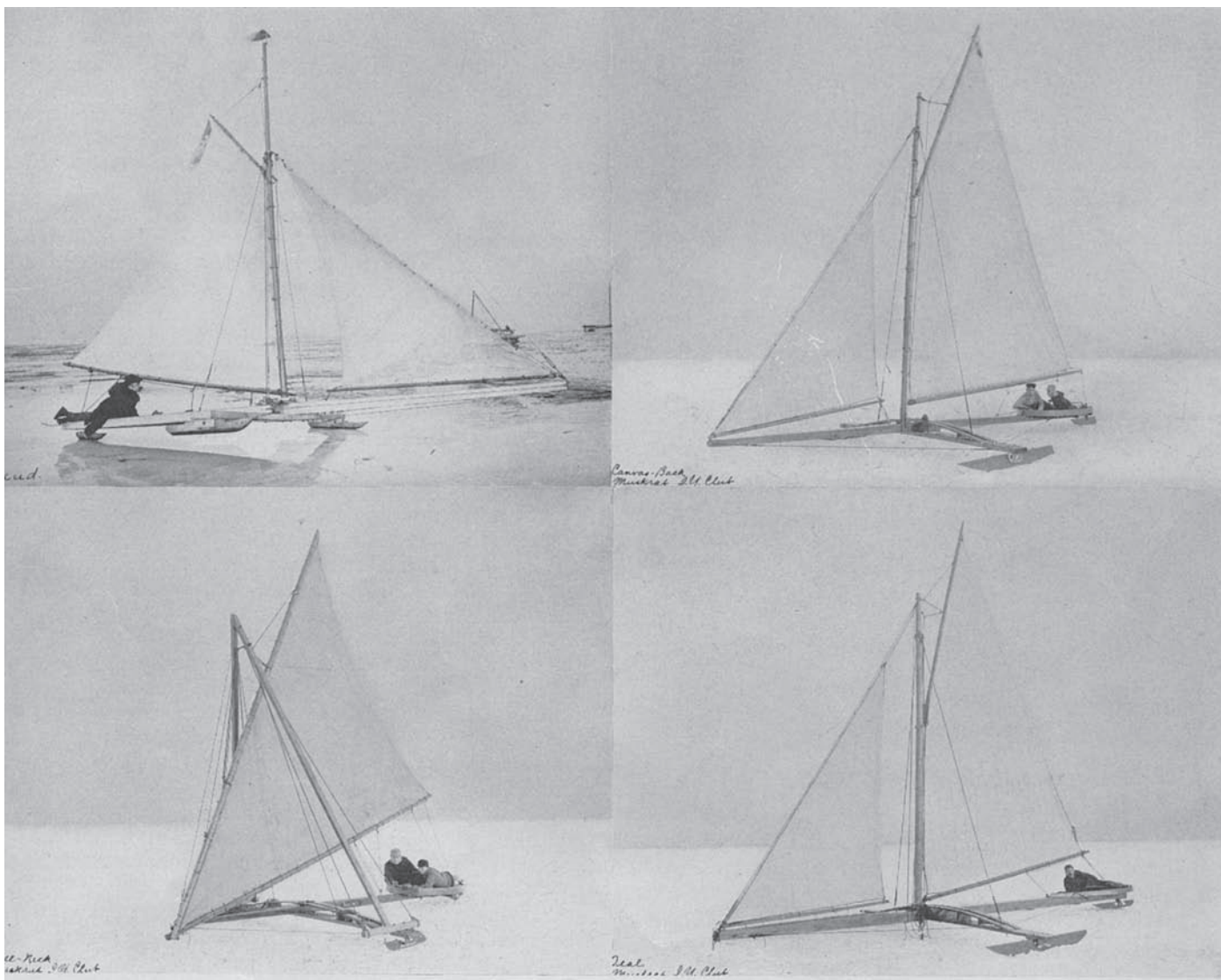
Situated at the head of Pleasure Bay, just abaft Long Branch, New Jersey, is the South Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Yacht Club with a cosy clubhouse, 40 members, and a goodly fleet of 20 fast yachts. The club has completed arrangements to build a new and larger home with all the modern conveniences on Shallow Point. Eleven races took place from January to March. The club is in a flourishing condition and no more enthusiastic ice yacht sailors can be found in New Jersey.

All the racing on Orange Lake was done by the 250 square foot class over the club course in form of a diamond, five rounds. The racing was close and exciting. The *Junior*, champion of Orange Lake, was designed and built by George E. Buckhout of Poughkeepsie, New York, and is a fine piece of work. The sails were made by Chas P. McClellan. The *Junior's* backbone is of bass wood and formed of two solid pieces, being over all 30'5", runner plank of oak, cut of fore runners are 15'5", length of runners 4'6". Challenger *Gale* was designed and built by Commodore Higginson and has a hollow bridge-braced backbone of 31'.

Last winter the Orange Lake Club challenged the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club, the holder of the world's champion pennant known as the Ice Yacht Challenge Pennant of America. That stands to ice yachtsmen as the America's Cup does to yachtsmen of the briny deep. This highest emblem of superiority of the frozen surface is now held by the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club of Hyde Park and was won by *Jack Frost*. It must be challenged for by a boat of the first class. The Orange Lake challenged last winter with *Aurora* (sloop), carrying 625 square feet of sail, and *Arctic*, with 540 square feet of canvas. Owing to the amount of snow on the Hudson River where the race must be sailed, coupled with the bad weather, no contest took place.

Let me here plainly state that no matter what other clubs may call their cups or pennants, this is the only championship of the world for large first-class ice yachts, and to get the championship of the world you must win this pennant two out of three times in one season and the following season your club must be ready if you hold it to be challenged by any organized ice yacht club in the world, providing that if a foreign club challenges their boat or boats (limited to two) must be designed and built in the country from which the challenge is sent.

The Shrewsbury Ice Boat and Yacht Club is situated on Pleasure Bay, near Long Branch City, and is in a flourishing condition with a large membership and a goodly fleet of fast racing ice yachts. Last winter an interstate trophy was given this club by W.R. Paton. On January 16 a record was made over the triangular 15-mile course by *Eagle*, covering the distance in 26 minutes and 16 seconds.



*Scud
Bull Neck*

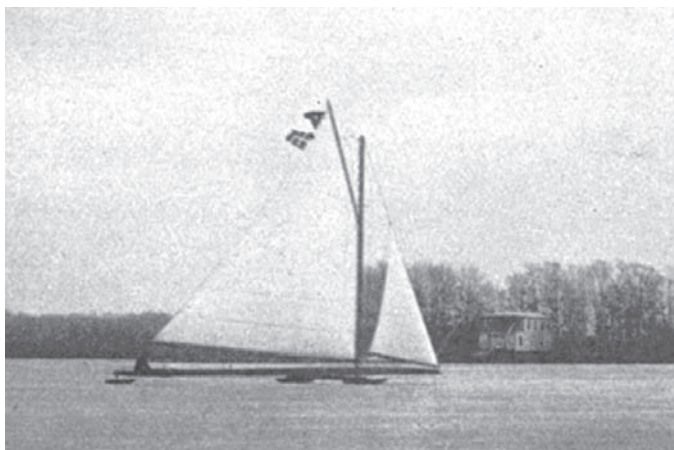
*Canvas Back
Teal*

Lineup in Kalamazoo, Michigan.





A start of the Chicago Fleet.



Above: *Aurora*.



Right: *Mildred*.

Below: A 16-Manpower ice yacht tug.





14 cats heading home.

Our 16th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering was held over the weekend of August 15-17. As always, the proceeds of this event were donated in support of the Friends of Pleasant Bay and the Friends of Arey's Pond. The event raised over \$2,000 for these worthy groups. Once again it was a festive gathering and all went smoothly.

On Friday, August 15, we had our largest ever fleet of catboats for the warm-up race. A steady southwest wind was perfect for rounding the three-mile course in less than two hours. The warm-up was followed by a casual cookout at the boat yard.

On Saturday, August 16, race day, there was a light southeast wind at the start. Wind speed was a mere 6-8 knots with a 1.5kt tidal current against the starting boats at the first cannon shot. The wind gradually picked up

16th Annual Arey's Pond Cat Gathering 2008 Another Great Success

By Tony Davis

after everyone was through the infamous narrows for the final return leg. The biggest challenge for the fleet of 88 boats was to finesse their way through the narrows, a quarter-mile strip of water separating Big Pleasant Bay from Little Pleasant Bay, in light air. A further complicating factor was the stronger tidal current created by the new ocean break. Considering the variety of challenges it was impressive that 68 boats were able to finish the course.

There was a mix of six catboat classes and a variety of traditional boats. The Arey's Pond 14 fleet was the largest class of one-design catboats. With the introduction in 2004 of the trailerable racing model, there are now two classes of 14s. The Baybird sloop, once popular as a Pleasant Bay summer camp sailboat in the 1950s, had enough entries to have their own class. Another new design to the fleet of traditional boats was a Crocker Sloop built and owned by Ray Heus.

The awards ceremony, which was held at 5pm back at Arey's Pond Boat Yard, featured a live steel band and light refreshments. Thanks to the generosity of Jim Mackey we had a very special first place award, a watercolor of catboats heading to the finish line painted by Kely Knowles. The lucky winner was Bill Hoeck sailing his Lynx 16 *Hokie Hi*.

Complete results and some great photos of the 2008 Cat Gathering can be viewed at <http://www.areyspondboatyard.com/apbycatgathering-2008.html>.



A Fenwick Williams 15.

1909 *Conjurer* in The Narrows.



Baybird testing the water depth.

Eric Broege's Lynx *Djiril*.



Aftermath...



The Committee Boat.

For me, since I serve on the committee boat during the race, a highlight of the weekend was joining Eric Broege to sail his 16' Lynx back to Outermost Marine in Chatham on Sunday. Eric had sailed his Lynx, *Djiril*, from Stage Harbor in Chatham on Friday to participate in the gathering. On the journey back we had a beautiful day with a stiffer wind out of the south. We left Arey's Pond at noon to catch the tide through the new ocean break. We were single-reefed and had a perfect beam reach as we passed through the break. The skies were clear and we could keep sight of a channel through the breakers.

After a very wet, six-hour, double-reefed beat up the ocean side of Monomoy, we arrived at Monomoy Point. It was 9pm and there was a spectacular full moonrise, and by this time the flood tidal current was full against us. We fired up the outboard and motor-sailed against the current until we could catch the 18kt wind with one reef on a close haul. Soon we were able to bear off on a broad reach as we hit the rips a few hundred yards off the point. *Djiril* handled the 6' seas, which were coming at us from all directions, with ease. We screamed along at eight knots over the bottom as we raced down the backside of one wave and onto the next. Soon we were out of the rips, we pulled the reefs, and under full sail we arrived in Stage Harbor at midnight. The brimming moon trails of light provided the perfect illumination as we glided under sail into a slip at Outermost Marine. We were out of gas but in high spirits and feeling a deep sense of pride in the performance of the Lynx, *Djiril*.

Next year's Cat Gathering will be held over the weekend of August 21-23 with a race start time of 2pm on August 22. We look forward to a parade of sail honoring the Crosby catboat. We anticipate that ten Crosby Cats will join the celebration. This fleet of historic boats date from 1904 to 1926, but leading the flotilla will be the new *Sarah* replica built and owned by the Cape Cod Maritime Museum. We are looking forward to another grand event!

Heading for Monomoy Point in Eric Broege's *Djiril*.





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Beached fleet.

Twenty-three boats participated in October's Cayo Costa Cruise outing, although I don't believe we ever were all in one place at the same time! But that's OK and certainly in the tradition of the Squadron. Different boats and different strokes for different folks, all welcome to participate as they see fit.

Bill Fite and I set out from Eldred's Marina on Friday morning in our SeaPearl 21s and headed north along the waterway to seek out Don Pedro State Park and check it out for future reference. Bill Dolan had said he would be there on Friday morning so we kept an eye out for him as well. If you blink as you go by you might miss the little east/west canal that heads off the waterway back through some mangroves and opens up into a bay that's shallow in the middle but deep enough along the edges. On the west side of this bay are some docks that took some imagination for us to use with our 21' boats. Since we only intended to stop for a few minutes, we tied up alongside and walked a hundred feet or so to the shelter house and looked out at a very nice beach! There were restrooms and tables in the shelter for eating. If the Squadron was to use this as a stopover we'd probably need to anchor in the bay and use one or two boats to ferry over to the docks.

After enjoying the view for a few minutes we went back out of the canal to the ICW and headed back a mile or so to the Boca Grande Bridge at Placida. About halfway there I spotted the white sails of Paul Myers' SeaPearl, *Brogan*. After milling around waiting for the bridge to open we headed south towards Pelican Bay at the north end of Cayo Costa Island State Park. We had a de-

Cayo Costa Cruise

By Ron Hoddinott
 Founder: West Coast (Florida)
 Trailer Sailing Squadron

cent northeast wind for the trip north to Don Pedro, but now that we were out in Charlotte Harbor the winds decided to go very light from the southeast. We sailed on with full sails set, trying to make the most of what we had, and making about one to two knots at most. Occasionally we'd spot a zephyr of wind squirreling its way across the water and we'd try to be at the right spot to catch some of it. Finally the surface of the water became glassy and as far as we could see there was no wind coming. We started the iron gennys.

I heard from Billy VanDeusen and Terry Poling on the VHF that there were a pretty good number of boats already anchored or beached at the sandbar by the north end of Pelican Bay. The weather was supposed to be fine the first two days but turn nasty on Sunday, the third day, with the passage of a cold front and strong winds from the north. Sounded about like the last two or three Cayo Costa gatherings that the Squadron has scheduled! As we motored on together, listening to the drone of three Honda 2hp four-stroke engines, we enjoyed the smooth rolling swells and the frolicking white pelicans that make their home in Charlotte Harbor this time of year.

Bill, Paul, and I entered Pelican Bay together like a precision drill team swooping into the anchorage, three abreast. Looking around I saw about seven boats behind the sand bar at

the north end and about four of our boats anchored off the beach at Punta Blanca Island. I wondered if we could all get together for social hour? So after greeting Billy, Paul Waggoner, Terry Poling, and meeting Jose Rodriguez, I motored *Whisper* over to Punta Blanca to see if they were willing to up anchor and move over to the sand bar.

Dave and Theresa Barnicoat, Ken Williams, Brian and Robin Whidden, and Bill Whalen all had their boats anchored stern to the shore and a big pile of driftwood had already been collected for a campfire. Since there were more boats anchored or beached at the other spot, they graciously agreed to move their boats to the other beach to keep everyone together. Of course, we weren't allowed by State Park Rules to build a campfire on the sandbar beach so we left the pile of firewood in case we all decided to move over there later in the evening.

After getting anchors set we looked around to see who was there. Ted Jean was setting up his elaborate tent on his diminutive catboat, *CatNip*. Billy and Joyce VanDeusen had their SeaPearl 28 back behind the sand spit. Jose Rodriguez had trailered *Witty*, his West Wight Potter 15, over from the Winterhaven area and had her nosed right up to the beach. Terry Poling arrived with his son aboard his TelStar 28 and anchored on the east side of the sand spit. Paul and Dodie set up their condo cabin on *Wing-It. Valkyrie*, an AS-29 designed by Phil Bolger, and built by its owner Mike Waggoner, joined us.

Mike and his wife have been traveling in her for a few years now and just sort of stumbled on our gathering of like-minded

Bill's Sea Pearl.



Brogan.





Brian's Egret.



John's Sea Pearl.

shallow draft fanatics! They were welcomed by all our members and we enjoyed getting to meet them. Richard Anderson came sailing in aboard his SeaPearl, *SeaNile*, shortly followed by John and Colette Johns in their new SeaPearl 21! John and Colette were tickled by the sparkling performance of their SeaPearl and were still speaking to one another after spending a night aboard together.

From the south came Ed and Becky Combs in *Blue Bayou*, their SeaPearl Tri. With them came Mike and Gilda with their Com-Pac 23 and Ted and Sher sailing *Sundowner*, their Precision 21. Mike Krippen came sailing in aboard *Fasha's Dream* (Dave's Potter 19), followed later that night by Brian Bishop in his Monroe Egret, his son and girlfriend sailing a Com-Pac 16 that they were refurbishing, and Terry and Ruth Nagel aboard their Siren 17.

Taking longer routes to reach the gathering were Rich Janelle, Com-Pac 16, and Bill Dolan aboard his Marshall 18 catboat. Also Art Gregory and Brenda Bell were sailing the Intracoastal aboard Art's Peep Hen, *Kiva*. If I have everyone counted correctly and haven't overlooked anyone, that's 24 squadron boats and one visitor! A new record turnout!

In any case, with the wine and beer flowing, the tide high, and the grills burning on the beach, we popped open the beach umbrellas and folding chairs (I even had one this time!), and started swapping stories and making plans for future gatherings. The gnats, also known as no-see-ums or flying teeth, came out right at dusk and the party broke up for a while. Several boats thought the bugs might be fewer out in the middle of Pelican Bay so they anchored out. But for those of us who were willing to wait it out, as soon as the sun went down there were suddenly no more bugs! There was a certain box (and a bottle) of wine that found its way into a circle of chairs sitting around an electronic campfire (lantern) on the beach Friday night. I think

it was Ted Jean's wine and he brought plenty of plastic cups so that everyone could sample the vintage. Is there a vintage for boxed wine? The evening became cool and the tide was rising beneath our feet so we eventually moseyed back to our respective craft and settled in for a cool night aboard.

In the morning we got to meet Brian Bishop's son Aaron and his girlfriend. They had sailed out in the Gulf and had a rollicking good sail into Boca Grande Pass! After a long gam with so many people on the beach, Ted and Sher, Mike and Gilda, and Ed and Becky headed to the outside to sail down the coast to 'Tween Water's Marina for the night. That seemed to be the clue for the rest of us. Mike Krippen took off in his Potter 19, *Fasha's Dream*, and Bill Fite, Paul Myers, Richard Anderson, and I took off in our SeaPearls to see if we could catch the end of a dying breeze to make it back across Charlotte Harbor. The forecast for Sunday was very unpleasant and we didn't want to make that crossing with choppy seas and gusty winds. Bill Fite had an interest in looking at Bull Bay so we made that our destination on the other side. After two long hours, half of which were motor-ing at four knots, we made it to the entrance of Bull Bay. Bull Bay is a fisherman's paradise with three or four wooden fish houses on stilts around its perimeter.

Once inside we took a few photos and motored back out, discovering that the sea breeze had finally arrived from the west. A full sail beat back around Cayo Palau and behind Devilfish and Sandfly Keys began. Paul and Bill were behind me and I was watching my GPS for additional clues to the location of the "1" line" before tacking each time. I also use a 6' bamboo pole for depth sounder occasionally poking it into the bottom as we skim over the shoals. That also gives me an indication of the type of bottom that we're traversing, mud, sand, shell, etc.

This day we skirted behind a commercial boat with a diving flag up. I wondered what they were harvesting in that shallow water and later found out from them at the boat ramp that they were clamming! They were most appreciative that we stayed away from their diving flag as we tacked behind the spoil islands. Finally we spotted the island of the white pelicans. It's been their home base for years when they're visiting and it never fails to amaze me how they return there year after year and pick the same spot, clustering close together and making a racket. We did our best not to intrude on whatever important doings they were involved in but a small private helicopter flew over very close to take pictures and spooked them off of their roosts!

We stopped for a break in very shallow water near the brown pelican side of the island and dropped our anchors for a few minutes. We were getting ready to leave when we spotted Richard Anderson sailing up behind us, following the same course that we had. Richard wasn't sure that he wanted to go home quite so soon and after we left for Placida I think I saw him heading over to Boca Grande.

We continued to beat toward Placida and got pretty close to the small island just to the SW of the swing bridge when we were assaulted by very loud annoying music. Apparently there was a live band on the island playing for all the boats in the area. I didn't want any part of that scene and apparently neither did Bill or Paul, so we sailed over to the shallow water on the east side of the ICW and lowered our masts to go under the Boca Grande Bridge and back to Placida.

We worked together to haul out our boats, which makes it a lot more fun and easier! Before long I was heading back over the Skyway Bridge hoping to watch the Rays beat the Red Sox!

Island of white pelicans.



Bull Bay stilt house.





The Glen-L Gathering of Boat Builders has become an annual event keenly anticipated by all those on the Glen-L online Boat Builder Forum. This year's event on October 24-26 was once again a great success. The fun and frivolity took place at Lake Guntersville State Park in Alabama in an absolutely breathtaking setting.

Before I go into all the wonderful happenings of the weekend I have to give credit where it is due. My name is Gayle Brantuk, Vice President of Glen-L Marine Designs. Forgive my bragging, but we have the best group of folks in our online Boat Builder Forum anywhere on the internet. These boat builders not only give of themselves to help other builders online, but they all pitched in and planned this whole event from start to finish. From keeping the excitement going on the Forum and registering people to attend, organizing and preparing food, awards, boat info signs, cleanup, and a whole lot more, these guys did it all!

There were over 100 participants at the event and more than 20 homebuilt boats, mostly Glen-L designs with Stevenson & Chesapeake Light Craft also represented. The event began at the Lakeside Cabin area under the Pavilion where everyone pitched in with food and drinks. Food was prepared to share with fellow boat builders and boy, not only do these guys build, but they cook, too! We had Low Country Boil, pulled pork, "secret" recipe chicken wings, Brunswick Stew, salads, and adult beverages.

Boat Builder Gathering Gets Better Every Year

By Gayle Brantuk

Many stayed in the wonderful Lakeside cabins or camped out at the campground either roughing it or in fancy RVs. A few even stayed on their boats. After breakfast on Saturday morning, provided by our Canadian friends and many others who pitched in as usual, it was off to the marina with all the boats!

Each of these boats was a unique creation limited only by the skills and determination of the builder. There were several classic mahogany runabouts that were "ooohed" and "aaahed" over, a cabin cruiser, a couple of mini-tugs, fishing boats, runabouts, speedboats, and more. Some brought finished boats, some partially done, some brought just their dreams, but all brought a sense of joy and friendship. People shared their building innovations and creative ideas implemented in their nautical works of art.

Porter Harvey from Georgia was eager to share all the creative ideas used in his Carolina Dory. Porter has a learning disability that prevents him from being able to read, so he had to build his boat just by looking at the drawings. His air-cooled Wisconsin motor

required quite a bit of ingenuity on his part to install in the dory. Most parts on his boat were given to him or salvaged from other projects or even made from scratch. His wife sewed the cushions, his sons pitched in, and the boat is even named after grandsons Quintin and Zachary (*QZ Bell*). This was truly a family affair.

Then there was Paul Kane from Canada who is building a Glen-L 17' Hot Rod and towed her all the way in snow, sleet, and rain just to be at the Gathering. Paul won the award for "Potential For Speed" as this true hot rod is still waiting for quite a few parts and didn't make it into the water... this year. And, with a '67 Chevy 283 V-8 hooked to a Velvet Drive tranny with a Casale Vee drive running a Menkens 11.5x15 prop, this baby's gonna fly! Paul promises she'll be in the water next year and I'll get an e-ticket ride...

Bruce Dow is another of our Canadian friends, he towed in his Glen-L Monaco for the second year. This year this beautiful 19' mahogany runabout is just about finished and made a splash in the water. Bruce's father Brian was enthusiastic about the impressive boat his son had built and he was able to help with. Bruce was instrumental in organizing the Gathering and both men pitched in anywhere that was needed.

And then there's Kevin Brown from Flowery Branch, Georgia, who built a little 9' Tubby Tug for his four-year-old daughter. *Abby's 'Lil Tug* was built with love and includes star and heart confetti epoxied into

Mahogany row...



Bruce Dow's 19' Glen-L Monaco made the Gathering for the second year.





Kevin Brown built a 9' stitch-and-glue Tubby Tug for daughter Abby. The next Glen-L boat will be for daddy!



Author poses by 12' Glen-L Flying Saucer built by John Korte of Leesburg, Alabama.

the floor and topped off with a mermaid flag. What a lucky little girl! Kevin is already building his next Glen-L boat.

The camaraderie at this event was impressive. One builder came with an engine issue he couldn't seem to solve and left with the possible solution. This wasn't an isolated event, everyone was happy to share ideas and many were assisted with input from other experienced builders. Guys even brought parts to trade and sell to each other.

Saturday night was a chili cook-off with Lodge cookware awarded to the winners pro-

vided by fellow boat builder Larry Raydo. Some fun awards were handmade and given to the "Most Innovative," "Best Name," "Most Unique," "Potential for Speed," "Didn't Hit the Dock This Year," and "Best Legs" (that would be a man's legs)! Warren Oatman's wife Debbie and daughters Ashley and Jessica even sang a beautiful song complete with guitar accompaniment that was written and arranged just for the Gathering. What a great climax to an exhilarating day. Then Sunday we said our farewells and vowed to return again next year...

The Boat Builder Forum is provided as a support system primarily for those building Glen-L designs, but all are welcome. This energetic group is already making plans for the 2009 Gathering and, if the trend continues, there will be twice as many people and boats. Next year's event will be held at the same place October 23-25, 2009, and you are invited to come. For more information visit the Glen-L website at www.Glen-L.com and join our Forum — we'd love to meet you!

Porter Harvey from Georgia discusses his Glen-L Sweet Caroline.



Canadian Paul Kane (middle) won the award for "Potential for Speed" for his 17' Glen-L Hot Rod.



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When I got word of the first Cortez meet several years ago I resolved to be there. Well, something happened, perhaps an attack of rationality. Same thing happened in '06, even with a boat sale on the way. So in '08 I clenched my teeth and hogtied my resolve. In point of fact, I have a sister-in-law in Florida who my wife has never visited down there. I offered that it was high time to put family ahead of business and do some visiting. We should time the visit to coincide with Cortez.

Ron Hoddinatt pretty well covered the affair in the July issue so I'm off on a different tack. If you have watched the news lately you may have noticed the endless clips of people putting gas in their tanks. It's as if we might have overlooked the fact that the price of gas had increased (skyrocketed) lately. Not that this increase (precipitous jump) is unexpected, but these things always come out of nowhere. Realistically it may be some time before we drills ourselves up a surplus. In the meantime we might consider some economy moves, thus the nitty-gritty of this prolonged introduction.

In '07 the Dodge 4.7 went to MASCF in Maryland from here in Colorado for a total gas bill of \$703.17, which comes to 15.8mpg at an average cost of \$2.48/gal. Such activity is hard to sustain on a boat builder's income. Clearly something had to change, barring the appearance of a rich uncle. Well, fact is I have a rich uncle although I suspect that he just keeps up a facade. Just last week it was, he dropped a note saying he was giving me 600 bucks but was applying it to my taxes. Easy come, easy go!

About six years ago, seeing the writing on the wall, I bought a little four banger Chevy Tracker (Suzuki). Since then the Dakota (four-door limo truck) is only used for hauling the tractor or visiting dignitaries. So the Tracker was selected for the Florida run.

I wanted a boat for the Cortez meet and the A Duckah! with its aerodynamic shape and slim trailer was the obvious choice. I doubt it weighs 200 pounds and the trailer about the same. On the road one hardly notices it.

There are some hills at this end, but most of the run to Florida is fairly flat. The Tracker cruise control, like most of them, is very sensitive and drops down a couple of gears at the slightest incline, trailer or not. I soon adapted to this by watching the road and switching in and out of cruise almost seamlessly. It kept me on my toes in some rather dull country.

Cortez was like old home week for me as Kokonauts Axon and Bradley were there with boats and MASCF/Urbanna stalwarts John and Vera England were on hand. And hey, the Boobster, with lovely wife Barbara

Cortez Meets New Paradigm

By Jim Thayer



Englands gave us a ride in Turner Mathews' Penobscot 17 lugger.

and some family, and a couple of small boats had come down for the day!

Of course I've been running into Roger Allen since the old days at the Barge in Philly and the Red Dragon. Later he was down at Beaufort and often turned up at MASCF. Then there was a long hiatus until Dennis mentioned that this fellow had accosted him on the water in south Florida to get a look at Egret. Turned out that Roger was in Florida and had stumbled onto a place ripe for his talents. He has turned an old schoolhouse into a very attractive and informative museum. By dint of much grant writing, while dealing with attached strings, he has put together a nice little acreage and moved in an old building which makes a dandy boat shop.



Motley crew of Bahama dinghy, Thayer, Axon, Degoskoy.

There is good camping on the grounds, a barbeque dinner, notable speaker (Robb White was the first), and various races, topped off by a cruise in company leaving Sunday afternoon. Other minor niceties like coffee on the pier, picnic tables under the palms, nearby launch ramp, and pleasant volunteers gild the lily.

I had intended to do some sailing and show off the A Duckah! but, alas, was feeling poorly else the 16-19 Foot Mullet Cup would have been duck soup. As it was, Axon gave her a wash job and I sat in the shade waiting to pounce on a likely buyer. As is common at these affairs, everybody already had four or five boats and swears that the "Boss" would never allow another one. They fail to realize that the boat right under their nose would transform their lives.

Luckily I didn't veg completely. The Englands took Janis and me for a sail in Turner Mathews' very nice Arch Davis Penobscot 17 cat ketch. I volunteered to crew in the race for Greg Degoskoy in the Bahama dingy. Fortunately I managed to snag Axon to actually crew while I devoted myself to the video.

Sunday noon after a good lunch with new and old friends at the picnic table it was time to break camp. Axon with his big keel boat, Dennis with his Monroe Egret, and kindred soul Mike with his Lyle Hess 17-footer, were off to cruise south in company. Steve with his deep keel would have to watch his step.

I was so sure that I would sell the A Duckah! that I was mentally unprepared to haul it home. It suddenly occurred to me that since it was Roger's party he was morally obligated to help me out. He could sell it, fix it up and raffle it off, or whatever. My philanthropic tendencies are limited so I hope that I might get a cut of the proceeds. Anyway, if you have ever lusted after one of these elegant and able row/sail beach cruising beauties, better by yourself down to Cortez and check it out.

So what's the bottom line? Overall 26.9 mpg for 4711 miles outbound with trailer 26.22 mpg homebound bobtail 27.61 mpg. Gas cost total \$58.37/\$3.33/gal. You can readily see that it didn't cost much to haul the trailer.

Along these same lines, the Utah Raiders, Gale and Smith, were over here in Colbran in October picking through my yard. They went home with a partially built out Nina and two A Duckah! hulls behind a little diesel VW. No problem and Tom beats the heck out of me on mileage. We have been pushing smaller boats for years. Time to apply the same logic to vehicles.

Egret - ridiculous.

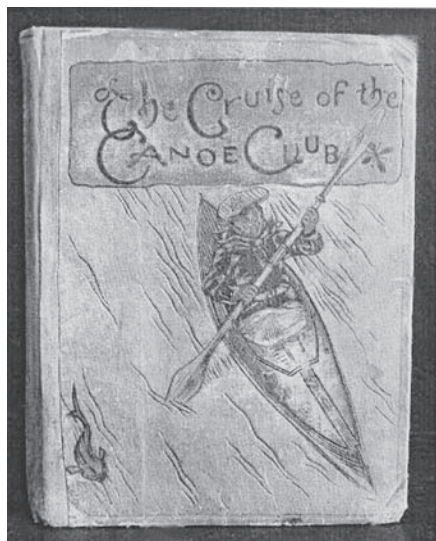


Egret - sublime.



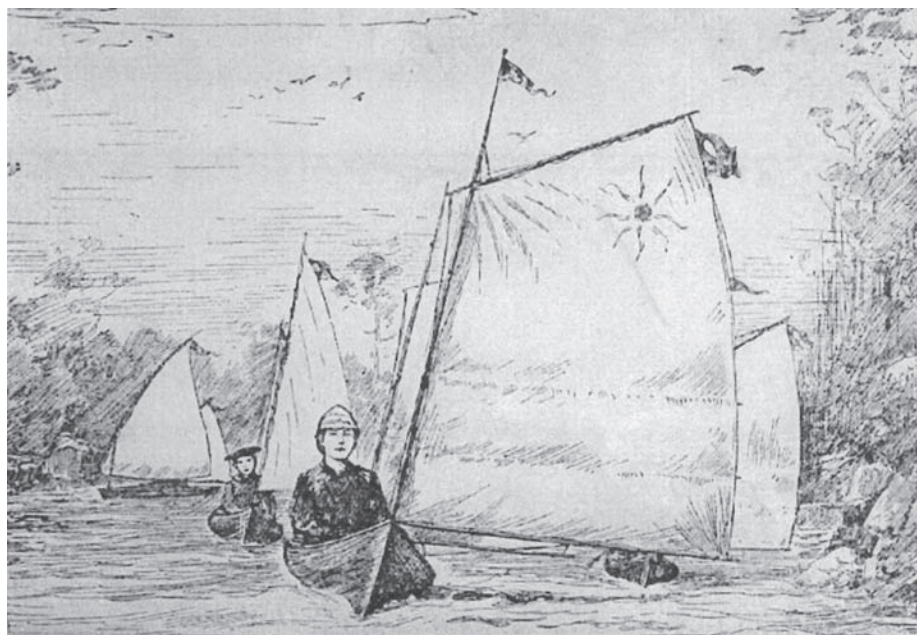
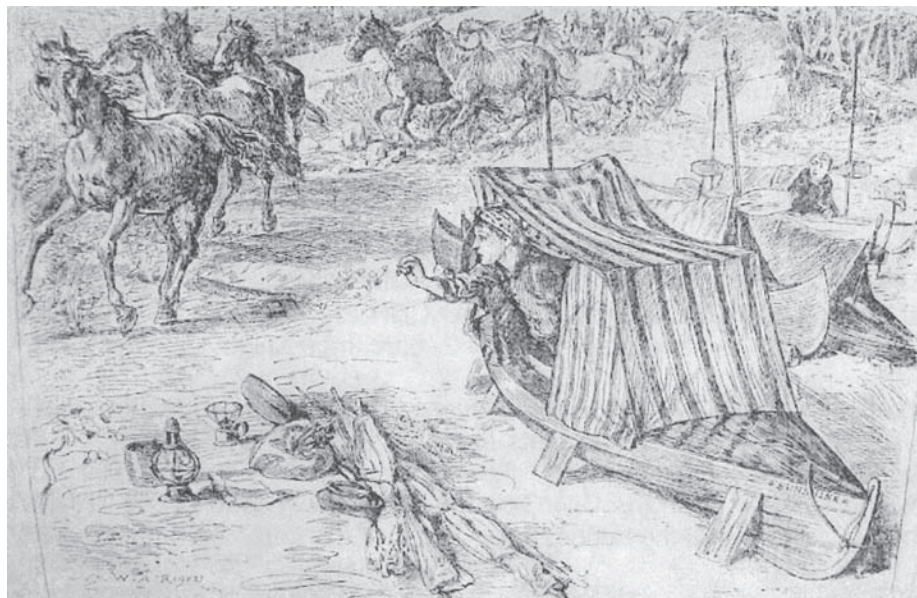
The Cruise of the Canoe Club

Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*
Journal of the Historic
Canoe & Kayak Association



This was a piece of junior fiction by William Livingstone Alden. Alden is said to be the father of American canoeing, he was staff editor of the *New York Times*, founder of the New York Canoe Club, and later first Commodore of the American Canoe Association and wrote a number of junior fiction books on canoeing. He first became interested in canoeing after reading the exploits of British canoeists. *The Cruise of the Canoe Club* was first published in 1883 by Harper and Brothers, New York. The illustrations are from the cover and from within the book.

(Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact: Tony Ford, Am Kurpark 4, 37444 St. Andreasberg, Germany; Tel +49-5582 619; email tford@web.de)





At the put-in we're blessed with transparent Upsalquitch water that helps us avoid sleepers (downed trees in the water) and underwater boulders.

"First God created a canoe," Canada's legendary canoeist, Bill Mason, once said, "and then he created a country to go along with it." And what a splendid country! In mid-June 2008 I arrived in Canada, the land of rivers, salmon, and bears. On a bright, sunny morning I was back at André Arpin's canoeing emporium at Kedgwick River, New Brunswick. Gilles St Laurent, my guide, greeted me with a handshake and a smile. I had paddled with Gilles the year before on a descent of the nearby Patapédia River. This year our objective was the Upsalquitch River, world famous for salmon fishing.

Our party consisted of four people; Gilles, his son Claude, his brother-in-law Rino Theriault, and me, making it, in André's words, "a family affair." More than anything else at this first meeting, and indeed throughout the trip, I sensed excitement, eagerness, and commitment in the ardent eyes and upbeat voices of my expedition comrades. The preliminaries and handshakes over, we were anxious to hit the water.



Embracing the German university fraternity slogan, "One for all and all for one," our party of modern-day voyageurs assembled at base camp. Left to right: Gilles St Laurent, Claude St Laurent, Dick Winslow, Rino Theriault.

In selecting our tandem canoes Gilles opted for two 20' Canadian-built Esquif canoes, the Miramichi model. "The 20-footers," Gilles predicted, "should be the right choice for the river, plenty of cargo space with the weight distributed over a larger area, coupled with lower draft than in a 17-footer." His assessment proved to be right on.

A short while later we were bouncing along in a loaded van, headed for the put-in

"Let's Go, Boys" Canoeing With Gilles on New Brunswick's Upsalquitch River

By Richard E. Winslow III
For Gilles St Laurent
Guide, Fisherman, and Friend

for the Northwest Branch of the Upsalquitch River via a bewildering labyrinth of dusty logging roads. Only a local person with close to a lifetime of familiarity could have navigated this bulldozed maze of new and abandoned roads, pullouts, turnarounds, washed-out sections, and game trails. The clearcuts and occasional slash piles extended for miles.

Conscious of the energy crisis I asked Gilles, "Why doesn't someone pick up all this slash? That's precious firewood going to waste." From his many years of living in the area Gilles knew the answers to any questions I lobbed at him.

"This land is the private property of the logging companies and they don't want anyone coming in here to collect the slash." For a moment I put myself in their shoes to analyze the rationale for this restrictive practice. Individuals coming in here for illegal wood-gathering forays, I speculated, might be careless and toss a cigarette butt, or their trucks or cars might backfire and spew sparks on the dry wood. No question, forest fires had to be avoided at all costs.

A minute later Gilles shouted, "Dick, did you see that bear?" I didn't, it happened too fast. Gilles, with his trained eye, had spotted a bear scooting behind a slash pile. The van driver piped up with his own advice, "When in bear country, the best technique is to throw an apple toward a bear to distract him." I almost never carried an apple in my hand on such trips but I certainly stored away this valuable advice for future expeditions.

After climbing to a stripped bare height-of-land we quickly descended into a forested valley for our put-in. As the road petered out into two steep ruts the van driver came to a halt, not wanting to become mired in this morass. The forest and brush cover, left uncut, provided a fine home for mosquitoes which swarmed out to greet us.

I spotted a shallow creek which looked much too narrow to be the river's Northwest

Branch. Gilles and his men portaged the canoes across this gulch, a wet, mud-spattered ordeal for bare legs and boots. Adding to the stress was the potential for muscle strain while striving to plant feet solidly on slippery stones. After a short level stretch we arrived at the main channel at Twenty-Five-Mile Brook. The clarity of the Upsalquitch immediately impressed me. "There are no upstream settlements or industries spewing pollution," Gilles said, "so the water is exceptionally clear and clean." Ahead was a three-day, two-night expedition downstream to take-out.



A portage from the van to the river put-in is a slash through a jungle of downed trees, sticky mud, and secondary streams.

Why paddle the Upsalquitch? I was, I admit, intrigued by its hard-to-pronounce name. "Upsalquitch" comes from the Native American Mi'kmaq "Ap-set-quetchk" ("little river" in English), designating it as a tributary of the much larger and longer Restigouche River. I also wanted to paddle a new waterway within the great Kedgwick, Restigouche, Patapédia, Matapédia salmon river system. On two previous trips in 2006 and

2007 I had explored those rivers. The Upsalquitch had thus far eluded me, rather like a previously unpanned stream in a prospector's search for gold. To me this river represented unfinished business. If wealthy salmon fishermen could take the time to spend a few days here, catching fish instead of negotiating high-powered contracts, I surely could also find time to get away from my library desk and my writing projects.

Gilles, having retired from his teaching and administrative jobs in the Kedgwick school system, now had three seasons of the year for pursuing his previous summer-only employment as a salmon fishing guide and canoeing instructor. Claude likewise seized an opportunity, had he not come on this trip he would have been on the job as a medical technician in Edmonton, New Brunswick. Rino, who also lived in Kedgwick, had never paddled this river before. He was a computer specialist with a wife and two grown children. For his job, he travels to North Africa for a month or so every year. This year he was scheduled to go for a big two-month project, so with this time commitment in mind he did not hesitate to join our party. If God, indeed, had created the canoe and the rivers to go along with it, the whole scenario laid out for us, we all would have been heretics for missing this trip.

"Let's go, boys," Gilles said. With Gilles in the stern and I in the bow, we backpaddled and swung into the river. The high sun beat down and magnified the water lens to highlight the underwater mosaic of white, black, and tan stones as we glided by, skimming the rocks by inches. "We'll be the last expedition this year on this spring river," Gilles exclaimed. "In another week, unless there's rain, the water will be too low."

I did not undertake this trip just to add this river to my "life list." I wanted to learn more about my companions, New Brunswick, and all the issues, scientific, political, economic, and more, on and beyond its banks. Gilles always volunteered his observations and at times I asked questions.

Since the St Laurent family had adopted me for the trip, I felt right at home and remarked to Gilles, "On these trips I get to know people better in just a few days than longtime colleagues at work on the outside. For a couple of my own colleagues I know very little, even after 25 years, except perhaps their names and projected retirement dates."

Just as we all spoke openly about ourselves, the riverscape also opened up dramatically. "We had a very severe winter," Gilles said, "14 feet of snow." I sensed the impact of that harsh winter immediately. The breakup and surge of ice downriver was as destructive as I have ever seen on any river, and I'm a veteran of half a dozen New Brunswick and Québec expeditions. It was as if a colossal angry bear had stood over the valley floor, stomping his hind feet and then, for good measure, raking his claws over the already torn-apart landscape.

For the first two days the setting would remain pretty much unchanging, stand-up cliffs, steep slopes, undercut banks, overhanging tilted trees (and many others already down in the water as sweepers), and enormous piles of haphazardly stacked driftwood, with Class II rapids encircling midriver gravel islands or racing around bends. We were paddling on a runaway river, still geologically young as it leaped, grinding and downward, without let-up.



Sweepers, the cause of many, often fatal, canoeing accidents, must be avoided at all costs.



A fortune in driftwood with no one to claim it. Nature's annual breakup piles up debris like wrecked cribs at the nose of every gravel island.

Facing such a wild scene, I thought of Bob Marshall (1901–39), the famed explorer of Alaska's Brooks Range. He loved the wilderness and would have identified instantly with the Upsalquitch. Bob's books reflected in every sentence his elation at being in remote areas and I felt that same exuberance here on this river.

We pulled over on a gravel bar for lunch at Toad Gulch, a scene straight out of a voyageur novel or film. After our sandwiches I led the reluctant charge as we gingerly waded into the river for a cold swim, the current dragging us downstream. After his swim Gilles was doubly happy, taking out his pipe. "My wife won't let me use the pipe at home," he explained. "On my canoe trips I can smoke it as much as I want."

In time we arrived at Ten-Mile Pool, with a cleared area on river right. "Here they will lower the fence (two days hence) to block the salmon migration," Gilles said. "The area will be flooded with electric lights at night to discourage poachers. A warden will be on duty." At this moment, however, it was a free passage without manmade interference. "We had an elderly party renting canoes for their own trip, all ready to canoe the Upsalquitch," Gilles continued, "but now that the date to lower the gate has been officially set, they

Akin to a compulsory swim at a kids' summer camp, a quick dip in the chilly water stimulates the appetite and closes the pores.



canceled. They didn't want to go through the ordeal of a portage."

I thought of my own experiences in recent years with restrictions and hassles with laws and property rights. "Just last week," I said to the group, "I went to a former boys' and girls' camp on Bear Pond in Maine where I had been a counselor in my youth. Although the camp had changed hands over the years, the new owners were still operating it as a campground. Summer after summer I went back for a visit, mentioned to the proprietor my past association with the camp, and slipped him a couple of welcome dollars. Without further ado I would soon be in my bathing suit and headed for the beach. Last week I routinely turned onto the same dirt road and instantly faced a sign: 'Keep-Out Association (fictitious name). Private.'" Alas, my beloved swimming hole had been placed out of bounds, pre-empted by money.

After that I was all warmed up for my next story. "Out in the Rocky Mountain West," I continued, "I always enjoyed going to a number of hot springs for a soak. In several cases exclusive private clubs or developers, not unlike the Bear Pond situation, have bought up the land, erected a gate, built luxury homes, and closed the springs to the general public. They don't want 'intruders,' even ones who'd be willing to pay for a half-hour dip. This trend is occurring everywhere."

Gilles and the others just shook their heads. "As if you can own the water," Gilles said, summing up the complex situation in a single phrase while we observed the same blatant usurpation right before us.

Gilles spoke at length about the present status of the sport salmon fishing industry. "A few years ago this river yielded 2,000 salmon catches, last year it was just 800. What the scientific reason might be for this decline, I don't know. For one thing, trout and ducks eat the deposited salmon eggs. The salmon also carry a parasite that causes them to jump or to roll to rid themselves of these pests, thus revealing their presence to the guides and their clients."

"Could you elaborate a little about the penalties for the poachers?" I asked. "You talked a little about that last year."

"For a salmon or moose poacher it's a week in jail and community service time. Plus he is barred from fishing for five years, and his boat, equipment, and rods are confiscated for sale at public auction. The penalties for trout poachers are less onerous. The salmon rivers are open at certain times for New Brunswick residents by lottery. Some fishermen don't even live in this province but they qualify for the lottery by buying property here." Whatever sunny or shady deals might be in place, I thought to myself, the fences, the parasites, the poachers, and the laws all contributed to ganging up on the salmon, whose migratory waters were no longer free.

By late afternoon, after a moderately hard day, we pulled off the river at Six-Mile Pool, a gravel bar with some forest shelter behind it. Gilles had deliberately pushed on to this site to ensure that we would be comfortably on schedule. This was a typical wild, do-it-yourself campsite, no signs, no fire rings, no tables, no benches, and no outhouses. Not even a visible telltale indication that it had been used recently. In the United States, by contrast, the bureaucracy most likely would have "developed" it with all the trappings of civilization, complete with a permit fee and reservation requirements.

On a lens of sand back from the gravel bar, Gilles dragged his paddle blade back and forth to flatten out the ridges for level tent sites. Claude and Rino chopped away the branches of downed trees for a ready supply of firewood.

After a superb supper with wine, Gilles' father had been a chef in logging camps so the son had learned the art of cooking from boyhood, we sat back in our canvas folding chairs. It was almost too perfect, breathing in that peace at the end of a perfect day. "This is my favorite time on these trips," Gilles said, as he took out his pipe. "Everything is done."

I decided to take a short walk downstream along the bar to look over what our first canoeing challenge might be the next morning, a practice I have followed each evening on every canoe trip. A quick reconnaissance has always prepared me to anticipate any route-finding problems. Ahead, at the end of my ramble, I spotted a lead through stacked logs on either side, a whitewater run through a nature-made sluice box.

On my way back to the campsite I noticed some animal prints in the sand strip but in the growing darkness I could not distinguish exactly what they were. I quickly moved aside to avoid stepping on the tracks in order to leave them unaltered for identification the next morning. Back at the fire the St Laurents were enjoying a family gathering. Rino had put up his tent along the same beach where mine was located but Gilles and Claude had not strung up even a tarp shelter. Gilles kept adding logs to the fire but it was bedtime for me.

The next morning dawned overcast and chilly, an abrupt reversal in the weather pattern. An even bigger surprise was the absence of a tent for Gilles and Claude. Adding logs to the fire, they had simply curled up near it in their sleeping bags, close enough for warmth yet far enough away to avoid sparks, or at least most of them. They had slept Native American style without bringing along extra equipment or gear that would burden them with weight. "If it had started to rain," Gilles said, "we would have crawled under the overturned canoe."

After breakfast we threw all the uneaten food in the bushes as a treat for the wild animals. The previous night, however, we had burned all of the leftovers as heaving food into the woods would have encouraged night scavengers.

The morning's pace was quite leisurely so I asked Gilles if he would accompany me to inspect the animal tracks I had seen. When Gilles crouched down at the first set he said, "This track is from a hoofed animal, probably a moose with two cleft imprints." We moved to another section. Gilles again knelt down, then he held out his hand for emphasis. "A bear track. Look, the footprint has claws reaching out." When he placed his hand in the slight depression his palm and extended fingers were smaller than the bear's paw with its claws.

This discovery did not especially alarm me. There are so many minicrises on any given canoeing trip that I looked upon this as past history. The all-night fire had obviously served to discourage bears from approaching the camp and my own tent.

"Let's go, boys!" was Gilles's familiar call to begin the paddling day. The rapids swept us through the open "sluice box" on a straight run without difficulties. By the next spring's breakup that whole lattice frame-

work probably would be shattered and a new channel would have formed.



Before leaving camp, dousing the fire is the most important responsibility of any outdoors expedition.

The cool, overcast weather conditions kept us comfortable throughout the day, no blistering sun sapped our energies. Except for the signs designating the salmon pools, we canoed through a deep, forested valley without manmade distractions. Our luck held out in the river's shallow sections, just a bump now and then causing Gilles to jump out and push to lighten the load. We saw no paint scrapes on rocks from the canoe hulls of previous parties, an apparent indication that the river was only marginally traveled. With the channels fighting each other to capture every drop of water, we often crisscrossed the confused river to catch the mainstream discharge, a setup, and then the ride.



The constant gravitational downhill slump, crushing winter ice, and high spring water levels create a graveyard of doomed trees.

In time, we reached the confluence of the Upsalquitch with its tamer Southeast Branch flowing in from river right. "We're at the Forks of the Upsalquitch," Gilles said. "There's the warden's cabin." The riverscape spread out in a majestic vista. Our oversize country creek now flowed as a big-time river with plenty of water, providing a thoroughfare for motorized fishing boat traffic. With each passing mile downstream for the duration of the trip, we saw camps, lodges, docks, access roads, and electric power lines. The once idyllic spell was broken. On one occasion, a fishing party motored out. "Did you

see that salmon?" Gilles said. "It was a 20-pounder." The whole incident was over in a second or two and I never saw what Gilles easily detected with his trained eye and years of experience.



Poachers, be forewarned! Strategically placed at the confluence of the two branches of the Upsalquitch is the warden's cabin, whose occupant enforces the strict fishing laws.

To escape a few raindrops our lunch stop was under a canopy of trees whose exposed roots held the pine trunks in place, at least until we departed.

Underway again we were blessed, Gilles always used the word lucky, to be paddling under clearing skies. From the rear canoe I heard the word moose and cranked my head around. I missed that sighting, too. But a few moments later Claude and Rino landed at a bank, retrieved a half-rack of moose antlers, and stashed this lucky find in their canoe. At first I thought it represented little more than a trip souvenir, but I was wrong. "These antlers sell for seven dollars a pound here," Gilles explained. "Every spring the locals scour the woods for these racks. They are ground up into powder that is sold in Asia as an aphrodisiac."

For his part, on the brief stop Gilles experimented with his own fledgling cottage industry. He found some thick clay-mud on the bank and dug out a large chunk of it. Later that evening he placed a mould next to the campfire, which would double as a kiln. By morning he had a reasonably serviceable clay pot. Tapping it a few times to test it, however, he broke the pot. Perhaps next time he will add something to the clay mixture to strengthen the product.

We paddled onward, needing those miles to ensure adequate time tomorrow for an early afternoon takeout. Gilles sought to achieve the proper balance for the best and most strategically located campsite. If we stopped too soon we would have to hustle the next morning to meet our schedule. If we pushed on too far we would encounter civilization and private land where testy owners could deny us a campsite and a night's sleep.

We arrived at the Boland Brook Falls area, a major obstacle in high water but now, under tamed down, increasingly shallow conditions, the river roared on in Class II rapids. Under the circumstances, Gilles spotted a gravel island crowned with low bush cover and felt it was worth a reconnaissance, so we walked the low perimeter. A good storm would have raked the exposed island. "It's a one-star, perhaps a two-and-a-half star," Gilles said, "but not a five-star campsite."

That inspection over, we paddled onward and found on river left the type of site we were seeking, a wide gravel bar with a thick forest of brush. As we landed someone yelled to me, "Dick, I hope you have a good air mattress." In places along the bank

the gravel bar was, indeed, almost a boulder field. Fortunately I found a reasonably level bench campsite on a sandy stretch that my tent floor and air mattress could tolerate. The slight discomfort of this fairly rugged tent site was more than compensated for by the spectacular setting. We were at Frying Pan Gulch, where the river swept by in a continuous charge. Across the river, where constant erosion had cut a steep gravel cliff in the old glacial esker, a few trees clung tenuously to its sides.



At the spectacular Frying Pan Gulch campsite, Gilles removes the moose steaks from the food box.

I took time for a quick swim before supper but had sense enough not to venture into the middle, to risk being swept downstream by the strong current. A dip in the shallow water close to shore was sufficient. On my way out, as I neared the rocky bank and safety, I heard someone yell, "Dick, I hope you don't have a wooden leg! A beaver is swimming in the river!" I took it as a joke but I also quickened my pace.

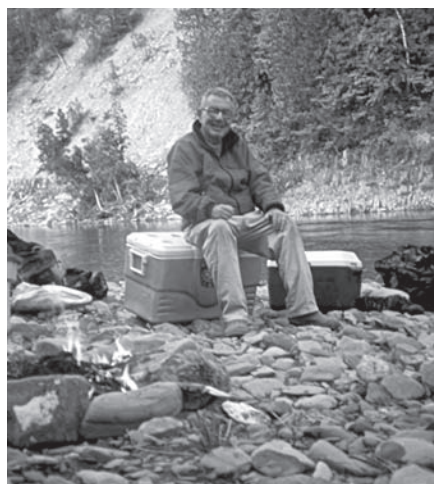
Supper was again a feast. No one dines on routine outfitters' food when Gilles and his relatives are around, they bring gourmet fare from home. This last evening I could have made a meal just from the hors d'oeuvres, salmon strips with cheese on crackers. "Have a moose steak," Claude then said as he harpooned a large piece from his frying pan and put it on my plate. He had shot the animal during the hunting season, butchered it, refrigerated the steaks, and brought them here to share with us. The meat was gamier than venison and a great treat, my first-ever taste of moose meat.

Over dinner we all shared our various stories of savoring wildlife cuisine. When it was my turn, I held forth about my experience in a Montana mining camp in the 1960s: "The cook, a real Wild West character, heard noises one night outside his cook shack. In the morning, he discovered that an animal had raided the garbage barrel and stripped it clean. The same thing happened the second night. On the third night, the cook stood guard with a high-powered rifle. When the animal again returned for a free meal, the cook shot at what proved to be a bear, which then ran off howling in pain. In the morning

the camp's chief geologist followed the trail of blood and killed the badly wounded bru-in with a single shot. That evening we all sat down to bear steaks, a greasy dark meat that tasted like pungent pork. One small steak was plenty for me.



Flashing his ever-present grin, Gilles, King of the Upsalquitch, revels in his outdoor domain with its great fishing, hunting, and canoeing.



My nose covered with zinc oxide to guard against sunburn, I enjoy the Upsalquitch as much as any place on earth.

"I should also mention that a bear has a bone in its penis. Our clever cook extracted the bone and used it as a mustard spreader at meals for the rest of the summer."

Night slowly descended with the four of us well fed, satisfied, and relaxed. "It doesn't get any better than this," someone remarked. We enjoyed the freedom of this place and our last night together. I turned in while the St Laurent family ended up, as I heard the next morning, telling stories until midnight.

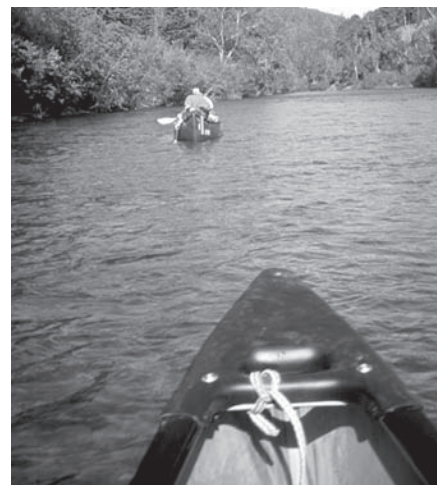
For me, the most satisfying part of the day on every trip is bedtime, the tent pitched, the air mattress inflated, and the sleeping bag unrolled so I can crawl in, safe for the night. I always mentally review the events of the day and then anticipate the next day's plans. On the Upsalquitch, a great river with a coquettish personality, I felt at home.

Before drifting off to sleep I pondered the comment by Samuel Johnson, the great English lexicographer, who was talking to his

friend James Boswell in 1777. "When a man is tired of London," Johnson said, "he is tired of life." I assessed this trip in much the same vein. "When a man is tired of paddling and camping along the Upsalquitch, he is tired of life." My second thought was blunter. "If a man is tired of this superb river, he should throw away his paddle and check himself into a nursing home." My only regret was that the trip would be ending the next day, leaving this great waterway and my companions as well.

When daylight came, I heard the pitter-patter of raindrops on the tent roof. I twisted in my sleeping bag, unwilling to bolt out of it and face the responsibilities of a wet day. Obviously we were committed to breaking camp and completing the trip. Luckily for us, though, the rain soon stopped. I emerged from the tent door to face an overcast day that was clearing rapidly.

Next to our plates of breakfast pancakes I noticed a jug with a hand-printed label, sirop d'érable. I needed no translation, it had to be maple syrup. "I produced this syrup myself," Gilles said, "at the sugarhouse this spring." No question, Gilles is one of the most all-round outdoorsmen I have ever met.



"Slow down for the lead boat!" An easy stretch of flatwater allows Claude and Rino to pick a route.

After another "Let's go, boys!" from Gilles, we were off, paddling en route to the confluence of the Upsalquitch with the Restigouche. The increasingly wider and much calmer river passed by houses and roads and under bridges before the villages of Upsalquitch and Robinsonville came into view. The latter hamlet has long been a favorite dateline for *New York Times* fishing writers filing their stories. In the distance I spotted a hill topped with a communications tower, no surprise these days as every summit seems to be equipped with a tower, power lines, a ski lift, or a skyline lodge. Gilles confirmed my suspicions. "Next year," he said, "they will build a windmill on the summit for energy." My thought was that if you felt you owned the water, you might as well own the air, too.

At the confluence with the Restigouche, we entered a wide expanse of river water. "Let's paddle over to the Québec side," said Gilles, "and have lunch there." For some reason, whether provincial pride or a mapmaker's error, they spell this boundary water's name as "Ristigouche" in Québec.

Within minutes of our landing we were standing around or seated in our folding chairs, viewing the equivalent of the World Series or the Super Bowl of salmon fishing. Five boats from the famous Harmony Lodge were out in mid-river. The client sports were fly-fishing while their guides looked on, offering advice if needed. Built in 1896, Harmony Lodge is an exclusive fishing club catering to the well-to-do. "They charge \$25,000 American dollars to join," Gilles said, "and the bill is more than \$6,500 for a couple for a week's fishing." The main lodge was built on a hillside overlooking the confluence with a bunkhouse for the guides down the hill near the river, the dock, and the boats. Everything was lush and green, the lawns, the forest beyond, and the buildings all blended superbly into the landscape.



Fishing for millionaires, a panorama for anyone. From our lunch perch on the Québec side of the Restigouche (as it is spelled in that province) we enjoy an unexcelled vista of the lodge and the guide-and-client boats.

With his trained eye, Gilles noticed activity in one of the boats. A sport landed a fish. "It's a trout," said Gilles. He continued, "This area is economically dependent on these fishermen. It's big business for New Brunswick. Guides, cooks, and other service people find lucrative employment during the eight-week season. Three of my relatives work at these lodges." Reading up on this topic later on I learned that American businessmen bring in about \$10 million to the province in their quest for the top salmon fishing in North America.

"We take out the fishermen in the morning," Gilles continued. "Then we bring them back for lunch at the main lodge. In the evening we head out again. Once the fishing is over the sports spend the evening in the main lodge or the cabins and the guides retire to the bunkhouse."

Knowing that the Irving Oil Company family lodge was just a short distance upstream, I could not resist asking about Canada's well-known corporate family, hosts

to the business and political elite. On a canoeing trip two years earlier I had seen their beautiful retreat from the river. "How are the Irvings doing, making money, staying the same, or losing money?"

"They definitely are making money," Gilles responded. "In fact, the Department of Energy of the province of New Brunswick always had its headquarters in Fredericton, the capital. Recently, the department moved its operations to St John on the Atlantic coast because Irving has its oil terminals there." Whatever behind-the-scenes or up-front political arrangements may have led to the relocation I, as an outsider, basically saw the move in a positive light. With this bureaucratic transfer the Energy Department presumably could oversee the Irving Oil Company's immense operations more easily and efficiently on the coast rather than from the inland capital. Such on-site monitoring and cooperation should be able to cut costs and waste, creating a better arrangement for all concerned.

But what does this corporate/governmental matter have to do with the Upsalquitch and the Restigouche? Gilles explained, "At their lodge the Irvings have a floatplane equipped with waterbag containers. If a forest fire breaks out their plane can fly over and douse the flames, or at least slow down the destruction of the forest." Thus, in an emergency, the Irvings will be able to save the area for themselves, the other lodges on the river, and indeed the general canoeing public. I had seen what a major forest fire had done to the upper Bonaventure River in Québec. The blaze, which had leaped from one bank to the other, killed the wildlife, wrecked the fishing, and left piles of charred wood blocking the water flow, a landscape of hell and destruction that would require years to restore.

In addition to their firefighting assistance the Irvings were financing a comprehensive Atlantic salmon science program near their second lodge on the Little Main Restigouche. In short, the Irvings were using their great wealth as responsible conservationists to save the local rivers and protect the salmon.

As we finished our lunch I learned that this armada of fishing boats in front of us would not be here much longer. "Once the salmon continue their migration the fishing here is over, done," Gilles said. "The guides and sports will have to go upstream to catch them."

The 15-minute paddle down the Restigouche went all too quickly, as it meant the end of our trip. André was waiting for us with his van and trailer at the Rafting Ground Brook takeout. "We paddled about 90 kilometers (or 56 miles) on this trip," Gilles said.

Standing nearby at the takeout as we loaded the canoes was an elderly man, perhaps a game warden, a government official, or a casual onlooker. Such individuals often linger around the fishing pools and takeouts, quietly observing the scene. From him we learned the sobering news that the owner of the nearby Runnymede Lodge, one of the showplaces on the river, was dying of cancer at the age of about 60. This sad fact may seem irrelevant here but it serves to reinforce the idea that one should never postpone the opportunity for a canoeing or fishing trip. If you miss a summer or a trip it is gone forever. As Audrey Sutherland, the legendary kayaking grandmother, puts it, "Go light, go solo, go now."



"All's well that ends well," as Shakespeare said. With the high-water season nearing its end, we had planned and executed our trip just in time. At the Rafting Ground Brook takeout, the canoes are racked and tied down for the trip back to base camp.

Later that afternoon our party gathered for a farewell drink at the Chalets Restigouche Lodge in Kedgwick. "I speak for myself and for everyone else," Gilles said. "We all enjoyed this trip." He did not have to elaborate further, I'd had that same thought throughout the whole expedition. But it wasn't the end, we were already making plans to paddle the Northern Branch of the Kedgwick River together next June.

As we broke up and I headed to my car for the drive south, I again thought of Bob Marshall. In his posthumously published *Alaska Wilderness: Exploring the Central Brooks Range*, Bob's final thoughts at the end of his 1939 expedition eloquently expressed the same joy that we had found on the Upsalquitch, his words articulating a lasting credo for him and for those of us who have embraced the outdoor lifestyle.

"The world... cannot live on wilderness, except incidentally and sporadically. Nevertheless, to four human beings, just back from the source streams of the Koyukuk, no comfort, no security, no invention, no brilliant thought which the modern world had to offer could provide half the elation of the days spent in the little-explored, uninhabited world of the arctic wilderness."

Practical Information For The Upsalquitch River

For those who
prefer a guided trip, one
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available:

André Arpin
Arpin Canoë Restigouche
8, chemin Arpin
Kedgwick River, New Brunswick,
Canada E8B 1R9
(506) 284-3140
Toll-free: (877) 259-4440
Fax: (506) 284-2769
E-mail: canot@nb.sympatico.ca
www.canoerestigouche.ca

Meet the Author Dick Winslow

Boston-born historian Dick Winslow, who has lived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, since 1983, began his canoeing of Maine's lakes and rivers in 1963. For two summers he and David Faxon, as counselors at Dr Johnson's Camps (now Camp Laurel South) on Crescent Lake, east of Casco, led campers through many bodies of water. They included Panther Pond, Sebago Lake, the Belgrade Lakes, the Dead River, Flagstaff Lake, Long Lake, Kezar Lake, the Saco River, Cupsuptic, Mooselookmeguntic, and the Richardson lakes.

A decade later, on June 27, 1974, Dick was a counselor again and put into the Penobscot West Branch with Wes Herrick and youths from Herrick's Camp Wanderlust (which no longer exists) on Molunkus Lake. It was Dick's first Allagash trip, it was Herrick's 44th, having made his first in 1930 at age 20. A month later they completed their journey at Michaud Farm. Two days later, July 29, in Greenville, Dick started his travels in Thoreau's Maine woods.

In July 1989 Dick made his first trip on the Moose River Loop with the Conovers, Garrett and Alexandra, professional guides with North Woods Ways in Willimantic, Maine. He continued to travel with them. In early October 1993 they spent five days on the Allagash River. The next summer at Allagash Lake they agreed that it was "the most beautiful lake in Maine." In 1996 they canoed the West Branch and Chesuncook Lake, a trip they repeated twice at five-year intervals, in autumn 2006 they were guests at the Chesuncook Lake House.

In March 2007 Dick, at 72, reflected on his many canoe trips in Maine and elsewhere, his longest covered more than a thousand miles of the Canadian Arctic with 17 others in two summer months of 1988, and affirmed, "I have thoroughly enjoyed every trip for the last 44 years."

In the summer of 2008 Dick went back to the Yukon with the outfitter Wilds of Maine Guide Service. He has the following to say about the trip:

"We canoed 185 miles in ten days on our Liard River, Yukon Territory trip, at a 3-9mph fast current clip. There were eight in our party; head guide Mike Patterson, his wife Shauna (also a guide), a Colorado River raft guide, a manufacturer of outdoor equipment, an expert fisherman and his wife, a German who was a veteran of many Arctic expeditions, and myself. It was a outstanding group of people.

We gathered in Whitehorse, followed by an all day drive to Finlayson Lake. The next day in two separate flights our group embarked on a bush pilot's float plane ride to Caribou Lake for our put-in. The 45-minute flight took us over the rugged snow-capped mountains of the Pelly Range. After a day on Caribou Creek we entered the Liard River proper.

The Yukon country is immense, spectacular, and beautiful, the river flowing through mountains in the distance. We enjoyed swims, the northern lights, solitude, and Class I-II canoeing. Our expedition was a complete success in every way. I long to go back and I urge you to go."



Cultivating the wonderful art of doing nothing. Canoeists appreciate break time on the river almost as much as a schoolkid loves recess.



"We have to do this again some time. This was so much fun," I heard Nancy say after returning from our very first camping trip together to Cape Cod. I could see it in her eyes, too, and mine must have been beaming also.

It was the '60s and I did not know I had met a "flower girl," a *Mayflower* girl, to be specific, who could trace her family roots back to the 1620 arrival of the British *Mayflower* in Plymouth, Massachusetts. I was impressed, as I was by the courage, stamina, and stubborn perseverance of the 102 souls aboard that ship arriving in the new world during the November/December storms after two months at sea, then barely making it through the first winter.

Even in 1957 it took experienced, tough sailors to coax a by then totally antique, antiquated design boat, the newly-built replica *Mayflower II*, across "The Pond." It was a gift of the British people to the Americans for their help in WW II and was planned to become part of Plimoth Plantation.

That was just six years before our first visit to Plymouth and I vividly remember reading about it in the newspapers back home in the old "Heimat" (I came to the US from Germany in 1962 as a penniless graduate student on a coal freighter from Rotterdam to Norfolk, Virginia). I had been into boats and ocean crossings and early explorers for quite some time, which Nancy had noticed immediately but fortunately, for me, found interesting. What a sweetheart, see what I mean?

I still remember one wonderful weekend in the summer of 1963 when both of us almost simultaneously suggested checking out "that boat" and having some serious fun in the sands and sun of Cape Cod while we were there. Even her parents thought this was a good idea, lent us their VW and camping gear, wished us well, and off we were on that special weekend.

First stop was Plymouth, as planned. We stepped on board *Mayflower II* and went to see Plimoth Plantation where I had my *Mayflower* girl Nancy touch her ancestor Richard Warren's name on the ship's manifest. Then we headed out to the northern tip of Cape Cod

Thin masts, long yards, and a very tall stern on *Mayflower II*.



Cape Cod Revisited

By Reinhard Zollitsch



Author with "flower girl" Nancy on *Mayflower II*.

where the Pilgrims first landed. We romped in the dunes, swam until we turned blue, but warmed up again in our little VW Beetle on our way to Orleans/Chatham, the southern tip of the eastern shore of Cape Cod. I do not remember anything from my Monday 8am summer school class, nor does Nancy.

That was 45 years ago, we got married the next year, got several graduate degrees, built a house, raised four kids, and I recently retired from teaching at the University of Maine after 42 years there. But neither I nor she ever forgot the fun we had on Cape Cod when we were younger.

With kids, our saltwater and dunes Cape Cod caper soon turned into a more remote, quiet, rural, and more affordable summer vacation, camping on Prince Edward Island, Canada, or even closer to home at the family summer cottage on the coast at Corea, Maine. As a matter of fact, that has not stopped, even with our kids now having moved to the far corners of the world. But this also seems like a very good time for the "old folks" to refresh some still warm memories.

It started when Nancy gave me Nathaniel Philbrick's new (2006) myth-busting book on the Pilgrims (with the not so original title *Mayflower*) and Warwick Charlton's much more sprightly written *The Second Mayflower Adventure*, the story of the planning, building, and eventual sailing of the replica to America. Was she hinting at something? How sweet and subtle. I got it, my dear!

In Warwick Charlton's book I especially liked his account of the actual sail over from Plymouth, England, in 1557. The only disappointment to me was learning that skipper Alan Villiers decided to drop down to the Canaries off Africa before heading across the Atlantic, ie, taking the more circuitous, but safer, southern instead of northern route which the original *Mayflower* took, and that after trying so hard to make everything about *Mayflower II* as authentic as possible. Ah, well.

Anyway, one beautiful weekend in May 2008 Nancy and I were off again to Plymouth and beyond (our VW Beetle now upgraded to a VW Passat station wagon with my trusty Verlen Kruger sea canoe on top). *Mayflower II* was even more imposing now than 45 years ago. Having seen John Cabot's 1497 *Mat-*

thew in Boston in 1997, the replica *Godspell* built and sail-tested in Rockport, Maine, for the 400-year celebration of the 1607 Jamestown, Virginia, settlement, as well as Henry Hudson's 1609 *Half Moon* in Albany, New York, in 2005, we marveled at the thin masts of *Mayflower II*, the long yards, and the rakish, upturned bowsprit, but especially the immensely high stern.

On any boat I am always fascinated by the many different ways the steering is accomplished, with pulleys and tackle here, a long staff on the *Matthew*, side rudder on the Viking ships, etc. And then there are the finer points of construction and navigation which interest me. I happened to overhear some landlubbery explanations to a school class by ladies clad in Pilgrim costumes. They looked so authentic and even spoke in a learned/fake 17th century British accent, which so discombobulated me that I did not have the courage to set them straight on several nautical matters. But it was better that way, Nancy assured me, also, when seeing boats I tend to have a hard time tearing myself away and Nancy and I had a time plan, a loose one, at least.

Since I had straight-lined Plymouth Bay from Manomet Bluff to Gurnet Light on Duxbury Neck (on my 2005 canoe trip from Lake Champlain to New York City and on to Boston) I had brought along my boat this time to check out the inner harbor of Plymouth with all its tidal bays and side arms. But when we got off the *Mayflower II* it suddenly started raining in buckets and a fish dinner on the wharf in a glassed-in veranda sounded much more inviting.

Next morning took us, just as then, all the way up to the northern tip of Cape Cod, to Provincetown. The dunes along the northeastern Cape Cod National Seashore were just as pretty as in 1963, but the bay side was much more built up and Provincetown was almost impossible to drive through, a crowded, one-lane pedestrian zone, it seemed. I managed to find a good put-in though, for my boat, and was off exploring the knuckle and crooked finger into the bay with its two prominent lighthouses on Wood End and Long Point. My favorite stretch was the run from Long Point towards the tall, slender, granite Pilgrim Monument at the head of the harbor. I then paddled even deeper into the bay but soon ran out of water and had to portage to the road where my VW and favorite "chauffeur" were waiting.

The third night was again spent near Orleans/Chatham, but this time I especially wanted to see Chatham Harbor and paddle around the big tidal Pleasant Bay where Samuel de Champlain had anchored on his quest for warmer climes after their 1604 settlement on St Croix Island on the Maine/New Brunswick border had failed. They originally had even thought of sailing all the way to Florida but ran out of time and steam, especially when hitting the nasty Pollack Rips off Monomoy Island. These were the same rips that made *Mayflower* reverse course and run into Provincetown instead of heading for Virginia, or at least the Hudson River. When Champlain's party encountered hostile natives (Monomoyicks) in this area, even lost four men (not unprovoked, I may add) they pulled up anchor and headed back north again, up to their very first choice for a settlement, up through Digby Gut, off the Bay of Fundy, Nova Scotia, and set up camp (Le Habitation) in Port Royal near the mouth of the Annapolis River.

I had a great time checking out the entrance to Chatham Harbor with my nautical charts in hand. And what a challenging place this is, to come in from the sea with breaking shallows everywhere and the tide ripping in past the lighthouse.

I put in not far from there on a small sandy spot beside a public dock and poked my bow into most every cove and bight all the way back to Paw Wah Point in Orleans. It felt great paddling on historic waters and knowing what happened there. It gives a normal "Sunday paddle" another dimension, gives

your mind something to think about while performing those repetitive, trance-inducing paddle strokes.

I smiled from ear to ear seeing Nancy at the prearranged take-out at the agreed upon time. It also took some good navigating on her part to find this dead-end dirt road small boat launch site (no marinas for me, but you know that already)!

And then we still had an entire afternoon and evening together, a luxury I never have on my long and often lonely canoe trips, like paddling around Cape Breton Island in

2007 and up the western shore of Newfoundland in 2008. This is fun, even for a minimalist like me. "We have to do this again some time. This was so much fun!" I heard myself say to Nancy as I heaved my boat onto our car. She just beamed, and maybe we will...

Info: Nathaniel Philbrick: *Mayflower*, Viking/Penguin Group, USA 2006. Warwick Charlton: *The Second Mayflower Adventure*, Plimoth Plantation Press, Plymouth, MA 2007.

Reinhard Zollitsch, Orono, ME, reinhard@maine.edu, www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com



The joys of portaging (Provincetown).



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Richard "Catfish" Lee invited me for his last sail of the summer in his O'Day II before he put her up for the winter. The grand day was Sunday, August 31. I was up before sunrise that Sunday. To the east King Mountain was silhouetted by the sun rising directly behind it. All around I could see the major peaks of the Chugach Range and the Talk-eetna Range. The first orange rays of the sun breaking above the horizon cast a blush of pink on the snow caps of Government Peak and Bald Mountain Ridge.

Winter comes on early and fast in Alaska. Each day the snow line moves farther down the mountains. That moving snow line gives one all the warning one needs that summer is ending. But the weather was pleasant now at the elevation of Big Lake at approximately 140'. I had been spending nights at a small state park at Big Lake in a pickup camper so that I could be near my airplane that was based at Big Lake's gravel strip airport.

This sail in Catfish Lee's day sailer would be a big event for me because I had not really had a good sail in a small sailboat since my childhood. My own 17' catboat in Florida at my home is in bad need of fixing. That bad need is what made it possible for me to get her, otherwise she would have been beyond my financial reach. But to bring her back from her forlorn state is going to take a big bite of time. In the meantime, Catfish's offer of a sail was my chance to get a preview of what it would be like to sail my own catboat.

There's nothing quite like watching the wind working on a sail. The power that is there and yet I can hold my hand against it. Yet that harmless push against my hand can be turned into the push that powers a boat. With a sail I get something for nothing.

Big Lake is indeed a big lake. It is the largest good sailing lake within 80 miles of Anchorage, Alaska. Big Lake is served by the small community of Big Lake with nary a red light or speed cop but with a post office, a gas station, Steve's Food Boy grocery store, and Kathy's Restaurant. After having morning coffee at Kathy's Restaurant, I drove to my airplane. Catfish came by at about 10am.

I had never seen Catfish's boat or had been to where he kept it at his friends, the Blands, but I had flown over it many times in my plane. Now at last I would meet the Blands and see his boat close up from their dock. The Bland's cabin sits about halfway down a steeply inclined ancient glacial moraine that tops out at about 200'. The cabin is as much chalet as cabin with a roof about 20' high and with a front of glass overlooking the lake. On good days the peak of Mt McKinley can be seen about 125 miles to the north. We whiled away the morning in conversation with the Blands, waiting for the wind to come up sufficiently for the sail, talking about boats.

Big Lake is a popular boating area. On the lake there might be 100 small sailboats and too many small power boats to even guess at. The lake has two marinas and innumerable private docks. The water of the lake is as crystal clear as drinking water, it is constantly changed as water from Meadow Creek and other creeks flow into it and eventually exit at Fish Creek, a major salmon spawning stream. And unlike just a plain old round lake, Big Lake is dotted with islands and its shoreline is convoluted with coves and headlands, all of it heavily wooded where the occasional moose might be seen.

The variety and beauty of some of the cabins visible from the lake are themselves

Last Sail of the Summer (and Another Alaskan Adventure Tale)

By Dick Lafferty

interesting viewing. One such cabin sported two full-sized artificial palm trees planted at water's edge, obviously put there by a man with a gargantuan sense of humor, or was it a longing for his native Florida, or a dream of some far off south Pacific island? Another cabin, this one on an island, has a goat roaming loose. Some of the cabins are built of logs, exuding all the charm that that manner of construction has. And there are many lean-tos and many more that are like chalets. No two are alike and that makes for interest.

Catfish is from Massachusetts. He was born and raised in New Bedford, right across the Acushnet River from Fairhaven where the great Joshua Slocum rebuilt the hulk of the old Delaware Bay oyster dredger *Spray*, the first boat to ever be sailed around the world by a crew of one. Sea lore runs deep in New Bedford. Even his high school tied itself to the lore of the sea by being known as the New Bedford Crimson Whalers. But Catfish had to come to Alaska as a young man of 18 in the Air Force before he got into boats. When he was young his family was hard pressed financially. The money was simply not there to engage in boating. A dad knocked out of his industrial job by injury to his eyes and a mother housebound with health problems.

Even while he was in the Air Force the majority of Catfish's pay went back to his family. But finally, by scrimping, he felt justified in buying an inflatable rubber boat 5' long and 3' wide with plastic oars 3' long at the Army and Navy Store in Anchorage. His plan was to row across Knik Arm, a treacherous piece of water.

Knik Arm borders Elmendorf Air Force Base where he was stationed and in his off time he often would walk to shore's edge and watch the incoming tide because here the tides are awesome, cresting at 30'. Knik Arm at flood tide would be about three miles wide. If the tide were running, Catfish would throw a stick in the water to gauge its speed. And this caused him to wonder where he would land on the other side if he were to row across. Having made guesses as to how far the tide would take him, he now had to have a boat in which to do it. And this little inflatable rubber boat with the 3' long plastic oars was the answer.

I think the temperature of this water never goes over 40 degrees, even in the hottest part of the summer. The reason for this is that two major glacial rivers dump their frigid waters into the head of Knik Arm. These two rivers are the Knik River and the Matanuska River. The Knik River is formed by the melt water of the Knik Glacier, the Colony Glacier, and the Lake George Glacier. The Knik Glacier is the largest of these three glaciers rising from almost sea level to about 9,000'. The vertical wall of the foot is about 200' high and the foot is about five miles across. A huge flow of water flows from under this glacier.

The large Colony Glacier upstream of the Knik Glacier adds its melt water to the Knik River. And upstream from the Colony

Glacier is the Lake George Glacier, another large glacier. It, too, adds its melt water to the Knik River. The Knik River is about a half a mile across but has only a short run of about 20 miles before it dumps its frigid waters into the head of Knik Arm.

The other major river dumping its frigid waters into the head of Knik Arm is the Matanuska River. Its source is the melt water of Matanuska Glacier, a major glacier flowing off Mt Marcus Baker at 13,176'. The Matanuska River flows like a torrent. And although it flows a farther distance than the Knik River, its temperature probably rises very little over its course due to its speed and volume. The melt water of all glaciers would be right at 32 degrees as it exits the glacier.

Knik Arm itself is simply a tidewater fork of upper Cook Inlet. It is about 30 miles long from mouth to head. On top of being cold, the waters of Knik Arm are so silty from glacial silt that it is said that the silt will weight your clothes and pull you under very quickly. The silt is continually held in suspension by the turbulence of the tides and by new loads being dumped into the arm from the glacial rivers at its head. The waters of Knik Arm never clear up, winter or summer. Its waters have the look of a mud puddle well stirred up in black dirt.

The cold water of Knik Arm is not survivable. The only survivor I've read about was an immensely fat woman. When the small plane she was riding in went down in Knik Arm, she stripped to the bare skin and swam to shore. But the pilot and another man in the plane perished. Maybe an exceedingly fat person could make it, but none have volunteered for a test.

I do know of two men who survived over 30 minutes with their hands locked over an ice cake. But when they were pulled from the water by a helicopter, they could not communicate. They were zombies. Another ten minutes and they would have been gone. These two men were not out on that arm in a boat. The engine had quit on their plane. They dead stuck it onto a bar because the tide was out. But when the tide came in it covered the plane and they grabbed a piece of floating ice as it came by.

Any mature man with any sense is simply not going to challenge this piece of water in a tiny inflatable rubber boat, a boat that could easily capsize and the wind could blow it away faster than one could swim. But Catfish did make it. The tide carried him well up Knik Arm. He landed on the other side and waited for the tide to ebb. Once it started to ebb he seated himself in this toy of a boat and started to row for the other side. The ebbing tide carried him back to almost the same place he had started.

Catfish told me the worst part was sitting on the cold bottom of that rubber boat. It had a piece of cloth about 2" from the bottom that was supposed to be the seat. But when he sat on it the cloth sagged to the bottom. He said it was like sitting on a block of ice the whole way over.

As many times as I've crossed Knik Arm in my own plane, I've never seen a pleasure boat on it. All I've seen are ocean going ships that supply Anchorage with its food and necessities. I am not sure whether Knik Arm has a tidal bore. Certainly the other fork at the head of Cook Inlet does have a tidal bore and this is Turnagain Arm. I would guess Turnagain Arm bore to be 2-4' high and it is as regular as clockwork. It is easy to see be-

cause a road passes along the length of Turnagain Arm. There is no such road passing along Knik Arm. Since Knik Arm is primarily fresh water flowing off of melting glaciers, the heavier salt water of Cook Inlet may run underneath it as it floods into the arm.

The most likely thing that might have happened to Catfish once he placed himself in that little 5' long inflatable boat was to have started rowing across and then to have lost his nerve and then to have rowed back. But he would never have gotten back to where he had started because the tide would have carried him well up the arm by then. He would have been faced with a miserable trek back to the airbase or to the nearest road. And the option of rowing back would be out for the very reason that it was dangerous.

Once out of the Air Force, Catfish headed home to New Bedford and ended up staying with his sister in Newport, Rhode Island. He knew in Alaska there were better things than washing dishes in a Newport restaurant. In the Air Force he had met a guy whose uncle was building houses in Anchorage during the pipeline boom of the '70s and who desperately needed carpenters. Young, willing men with energy is what he needed, regardless of their skills. Richard took the chance and in the fall of '76 he bought an old '67 LTD Ford and drove back to Alaska, sleeping on the back seat.

That job as carpenter panned out and in two years he had earned enough money to think of buying a real boat. And it had to be a sailboat. He could find only two brands of factory new sailboats in Anchorage. The O'Day II was one of the two. He bought it new in

1978 and has had it ever since. She's 16'9" long overall, having a small cuddy at gunwale level forward. Her beam is about 6' and she draws less than 1' with the centerboard up.

The O'Day II has no outboard motor bracket and no inboard auxiliary. When he bought it Catfish made up his mind that not only would he learn to sail but sail without the aid of an auxiliary. He felt that it would make more of a sailor of him and I am sure it has. Causes the ole brain to think, to pre-plan, to not get in those situations from which there is no exit. Catfish showed these skills in ghosting away from the dock as we at last got underway and later in his skillful maneuvering to come to dock after the end of the sail.

Once we were out of Corkey Cove on Big Lake the wind picked up because now we were out where the long fetch of the wind could work. To the northeast we could see about 30 sailboats of the Alaska Sailing Club competing in some kind of race. But Catfish himself is the contemplative type who sails for the communication it gives with elemental nature. The water, the wind, the tumbling wake trailing behind. The feel of the tiller, the tug of the sails. And we can talk. We don't have to compete with engine noise. Our minds can drift to the poetic. And in our technological world, the poetic is hard to achieve. I could only imagine what it would be like to spend the night anchored out on this lake and listen to the call of the loons as Catfish had sometimes done. He said that as he can forego sitting up, there is just enough room under the forepeak decking to be out of the weather in a sleeping bag.

Here I was, a part of the scene and I didn't even know the boat's name, which caused me to ask.

"Poison Ivy," Richard drolly replied. "That's an unusual name," I couldn't help but say. "How did you come to choose that name?"

"Well, when I was a kid back in New Bedford, I was always getting into poison ivy. Somehow I'd find myself in it regardless of warnings to stay away. Something I cannot stay out of has to be *Poison Ivy*."



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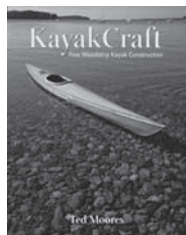


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Peregrine is a Suffolk Beach Punt rigged as a gaff yawl. She is 16' long and has a 6'6" beam. She is an open boat with a boom tent to allow us to sleep on it and has plenty of covered storage for camping, personal, and sailing equipment. She has a steel centreboard and a deep skeg. She was built using marine plywood in 1996 by Lakeland Wooden Boats.

I've always sailed south when sailing from Glencoe on Loch Leven rather than north as one has to navigate three sets of narrows where it's important to get the tidal gates correctly. So when the tides looked right for it at Easter (2007), Ian and myself took *Peregrine* up to Glencoe to sail from Loch Leven, into Loch Linnhe (through the Ballachulish Narrows), then head north up Loch Linnhe through the Corran Narrows and then head into Loch Eil through the Corpach Narrows.

We also wanted to explore possible anchorages on this route as looking at the chart or O/S maps there didn't seem to be much scope for reasonable, secure, sheltered anchorages. We looked to set sail on the Friday

Three Lochs and Three Narrows

By Paul Harrison

Reprinted from the *DCA Bulletin*, Dinghy Cruising Association (UK) Newsletter Summer 2008

and get through both the Ballachulish and Corran Narrows and anchor in Loch Linnhe near the Corran Narrows. The next day the plan was to get into Loch Eil and spend the night there. Then we would reverse the journey, hoping to get back to Glencoe on the Monday to pull out and return home.

The tides on the Friday suggested we needed to be away by 1300h to get the tide taking us out through the Ballachulish Narrows, and the tide was due to change at 1500h, which would then help us to go north through the Corran Narrows. For Saturday we couldn't go through the Corpach Narrows until after 1530h so that gave us most of the

day to explore Loch Linnhe. On Sunday we had all day to explore Loch Eil before we had to get back through the Corpach Narrows by 1600h. This left Monday to get through the Corran Narrows by 1600h to catch the tide taking us back into Loch Leven through the Ballachulish Narrows. Although I've sailed against this tide many times using the eddies to help against the tide, so if we got through Corran earlier and had a fair wind the Ballachulish Narrows should not be a problem.

So after a leisurely start to Friday we set about launching and loading *Peregrine* for the trip. We launched from the slate slip out of the car park in the West Harbour in Ballachulish. This slip is only useable with a 4x4 unless one has a light dinghy as it's steep and slippery due to the fine slate pieces. As the tide was dropping and the wind was onshore (westerly) we quickly emptied the car into the boat and then motored over to the pontoon to sort it all out. While Ian went and parked the car and trailer in Glencoe (at some friends) I finished loading *Peregrine*. Soon Ian was back and we hoisted sail and sailed off the pontoon. It was a nice F2 westerly.

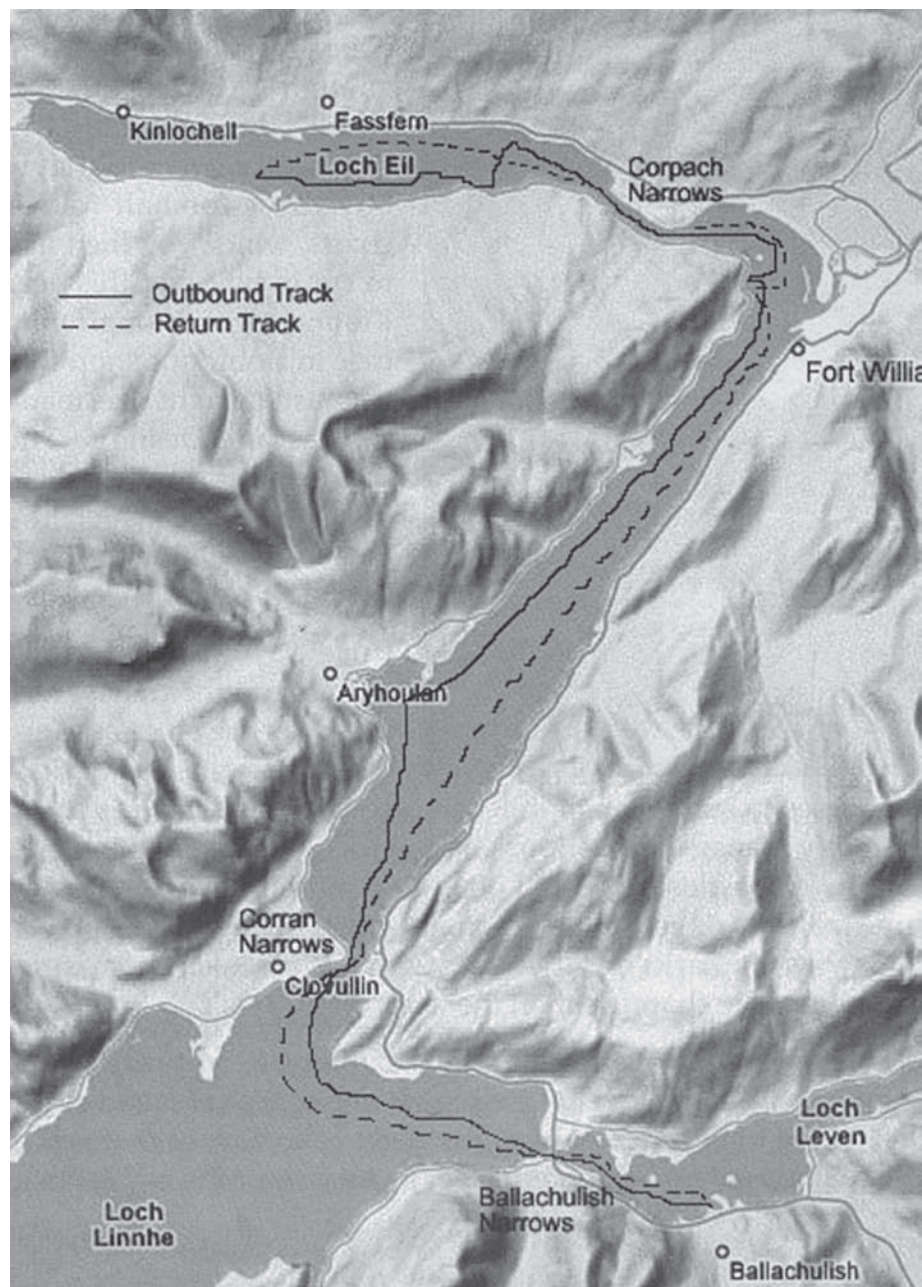
Soon we had reached the Ballachulish bridge which spans the narrows. Some overfalls to the west of this bridge were visible due to wind against tide. The wind was now a steady F3 from the west, so to avoid the overfalls I timed my tacks so that my final tack out of the narrows took me into Ballachulish bay, north of the overfalls. It was a bit shallower than I remembered and I clipped the bottom with my centreboard at one point. From here we tacked along the northern shore towards Onich and then across the shallows (OK for dinghies, not yachts) that run from the point where Loch Linnhe turns north. When doing this it is wise to keep some distance off this point as there is a spit of nasty-looking rocks which we could see at low tide, but other states of the tide could cause a lot of trouble if one ended up on them.

During our sail to this point we noticed we had a lot of water in the bilges. This was not normal so concern descended upon us as we were worried if we had holed her when we launched somehow. I was more concerned as I sleep on the floor boards and would end up with a wet bed. Fortunately it turned out that I hadn't put the bung in properly!

So we now turned north, easing the sails onto a broad reach, letting the tide take us through the Corran narrows and avoiding the ferry that operates here. The wind was back down to a F2 and we gently sailed towards Inverscaddle Bay where we hoped to moor for the night.

With the tide being well out it was quite shallow and didn't look to offer much shelter, so I was reluctant to sail further in. However, to the north of the bay were some low islands, basically rocks, so I decided to anchor behind these to gain some shelter from the wind blowing down the valley at the head of the bay and give me some shelter from winds blowing up or down the Loch Linnhe. The ground was good for anchoring so we anchored and put up our tent and started to cook the evening meal. Now Ian had got a griddle pan and wanted to try it so the night's meal involved belly pork chops. Yum, yum.

While we were cooking the boat suddenly started to rock violently. We seemed to suddenly be on a tidal overfall. It seemed that with the tide coming in and circulating the islands, a line of standing waves had developed where we were anchored and we were



holding side-on to these. Fortunately, 20 minutes later these waves disappeared and we returned to a calm mooring.

Sleep wasn't too bad, we just had a period of rocking as the tide went out and the overfalls returned for 20 minutes. The following morning was cloudy with sunny intervals, with a nice F2 blowing from the southwest. So with wind with us and all day to get to Fort William, we simply sailed close to the west shore, heading up the Loch just under the jib. At one point we had to divert quite a long way offshore to get round a fish farm as many pipes were on the surface between the shore and the farm so we couldn't creep along the shore. While doing this we were looking for possible anchorages but didn't find anything suitable. We eventually arrived at Camas nan Gall opposite Fort William and Corpach. Here we anchored and put the tent up as we would be here for a while as it was lunch time. As we waited for the tide to turn to help us through the Corpach narrows we relaxed and read, but I noticed the wind was getting gusty and stronger, a strong F3 touching F4 from the southwest.

Knowing the narrows run east to west I suspected that we would get a following wind and then a headwind the further we went through and got to Loch Eil, where I would suspect the wind would be westerly. Knowing this I was reluctant to reef as I would need most of my sail power to get through the narrows. So we set off at a great speed into the channel and put a gybe in to put us onto a beam reach to get through the narrows. This bit of the sail was exciting as we were overpowered with the wind in Loch Linnhe. However, we soon lost this wind as we got into the narrows itself and the wind became gusty and started moving towards the bows of the boat as it came off the hills to the south of us. We got about three-quarters of the way through when the wind died completely and the tide was still against it so we put the engine on and motored the rest of the way out of the channel into Loch Eil, where we got a F2/3 westerly wind and we could start sailing again.

We started into Loch Eil, looking for somewhere to anchor for the night. We had got just past Loch Eil Outbound Centre and had seen no bays we could use, then eventually on the southern shore a slight bend in

the shore allowed us to anchor very close in to get behind a bit of a peninsula to give us some shelter. Put up our tent and had gammon steaks for tea on the griddle. More yum, yum. Unfortunately we were not going to have a calm night as we were bobbing up and down in the waves. Oh, well.

We woke to a damp and windy morning. The wind was blowing about F5 from the west. After breakfast we decided to tack up towards the head of Loch Eil to see if any form of shelter could be found on this Loch. It was good sailing but rather wet due to breaking waves over the bows as we tacked up the Loch. Not much shelter could be seen along the shores. It seems that the best we could do was try and tuck in behind a point. Eventually we got tired of this tacking and with the tide on the ebb we decided we had done enough upwind sailing and it was time to head back. We hadn't sailed to the head of the Loch but had managed to get to Duisky before we'd had enough.

As we all know sailing downwind is like being in another world so we hugged the northern shore looking at possible anchorages and hopefully to see a train! Regards anchorages, none suitable were seen but we did get to see a train. Soon we were back in the Corpach narrows and the wind died, but there was enough to keep us sailing. But as we opened up into Loch Linnhe we were hit by the strong winds again, now from the southwest.

Looking at the chart we thought it might be possible to anchor just inside the River Lochy, so working out where the channel was we turned towards the entrance to the river. Now it was half tide and we knew it would be shallow but due to the wind the waves were making it shallower. We got about halfway when it seemed to get very shallow, I think I might have drifted out of the channel, but at this point I decided it was too risky to go further so I turned round and headed back to where we anchored the previous day waiting for the tide at Camas nan Gall. It was now early afternoon and we knew this was the best shelter we could get between Fort William and Corran so we decided we would spend the night here. The afternoon was spent reading, then we had steak on the griddle for tea. More yum, yum. As there was nothing else to do we were in bed about 1930h!

Next morning we woke to a very wet day and still windy from the SW, about F4. It also seemed to be a lot colder. We didn't need to get to Corran until about 1500h and as it would be tacking all the way I decided that we should depart by 1000h. So with breakfast eaten and tent put away, and glad that we wouldn't have to sleep on *Peregrine* that night as it would be very wet, we set off about 0930h.

We took turns in helming as we proceeded down the loch, each having about one hour on the helm. It was wet from both the seas and the weather, and certainly a lot colder, so we were glad to get on the helm as it helped to take our minds off the cold and damp. With the tide in our favour (though it was wind over tide) we made good time tacking down Loch Linnhe. Soon we could see the Corran Narrows, but within a mile of these narrows the wind died and came from different angles, making it hard to make good progress towards the narrows as everywhere seemed head to wind.

It was about 1400h when we started approaching the narrows. The first obstacle was timing the run to avoid the ferry. As we got

closer the tide was taking over and we were just being swept towards the narrows, and these didn't look good! Because we had arrived too early the tide was stronger, the wind to the south of the narrows was still strong, so in the narrows we had wind over tide which caused huge breaking standing waves. In the fastest part they were 5' to 6' high!

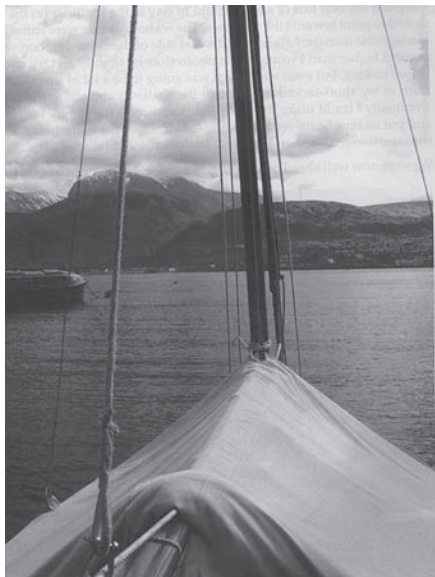
At this point the boat went very quiet. I think Ian might have suggested anchoring and waiting a bit but by now it was in the full strength of the tide and sweeping past the ferry towards the narrows at a great speed. In the time it would take to get the engine started, etc, it would be too late to avoid the narrows.

I decided my best line of attack would be to stay in the shallows on the west side of the narrows, so quickly I tacked to point towards the shallows. The waves this side were still steep, 3' to 4' high, but certainly more manageable than the hellhole to the east side of the narrows. Soon we ploughed into the standing waves. I pointed higher than I would normally to slow us slightly and try and use the tide to take me further south before tacking, but even with this it was going to be a lot of short tacking. Soon we were working as a slick team as we short tacked up through the shallows and using the tide to ferry glide as much as possible. Eventually I could make the ferry glide tack across the channel to clear the headland Rubha Cuil-cheanna and put us on a beam reach heading east towards the Ballachulish narrows. As soon as we had done this conversation returned and we were both elated and relieved after the last couple of miles' sail.

We were now well ahead of schedule so the tide was going to be against us through the Ballachulish narrows, but with a strong F5 behind us I knew that we would have no problem sailing against the tide. So hugging the south side of the Ballachulish narrows we were soon through and heading towards the pontoon and Ballachulish, journey's end. We arrived at the pontoon at about 1500h.

We had an excellent sailing trip with very little use of the engine and we managed to cover 36 nautical miles. We were fortunate with the weather in that it remained dry until the last day, ensuring we had a dry bed each night. To sail these narrows does require favourable tides and it was important that we tackled them with a favourable tide, but one has to watch out for overfall conditions, ie, ensure one passes through them as near to slack water as possible. Suitable anchorages for a boat of our size were limited, but for lighter dinghies it would be possible to lift them up a beach if required. I would certainly recommend sailors to try this as it provides an interesting challenge and one gets to see some wonderful scenery throughout this cruise.

Peregrine at anchor.



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Eel 1898

Reprinted from *Paddlers Past*
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A quiet night aboard at moorings in Marfleet Creek, too quiet, in fact, for when her skipper woke and looked through his glass porthole it was nearly high water and a breathless summer morning. A hasty jump into togs and fevered working of the one long scull propelled her into the last of the flood, but by the time she was abreast of the Victoria Dock it was evident that she wasn't going to fetch the Humber Dock. However, just in the nick of time a stray tug passed and a drop of "lowance" to her men procured a much-needed pluck and she shot between the piers just in time to secure entrance through the dock gates. Here she was unrigged and taken alongside the *SS Flamingo* for shipment to Antwerp.

We joined the *Flamingo* about 11pm on Saturday, July 16, and she sailed about 5am Sunday, reaching Antwerp about 9am Monday. Owing to *Eel* being entered on the ship's manifest, a delay in starting took place until 2pm, waiting for the customs and shipping clerk. Strong turning wind, a bit sloppy, whole sail, as we had a visitor with us, the "Captain," passed Rupelmonde, and sailed through the bridge (open) at Tamise, brought up near a boatyard, but shortly after espying a snug looking little creek we went in there and lay alongside a big lighter whose owner courteously put his side ladder in position for use. It wasn't quite as comfortable as it had looked at high water as we settled down at rather an uncomfortable angle when we grounded.

On Tuesday morning early turned out in pyjamas and towed *Eel* with dinghy out into the river, anchored her, and turned in again. It rained a bit but cleared about turn of tide, 12:20, when we got away on the very first flood. The small river Tamise, a couple of miles above the town, looked interesting so we went up it. It was very pretty and we got along with the strong flood in spite of paltry head winds. Bridges, fortunately not many, were the chief bugbear. The first two or three, which opened promptly, gave no trouble but a strong tide and no wind at Durme and again at Lokeren caused the crew some anxiety, and at the second place we had to get some assistance from natives ashore who took our ropes, hauled us off, and then towed us a mile or two further up. By this time the noble Tamise had shrunk to the dimensions of a good-sized land drain but it wound like a serpent in a fit. Tied up to bank fairly tired.

Awakened next morning, 5:30am, by our native who held up the end of a towline. The flood was just beginning to run (about

4' rise of tide here) and two or three schuyts were trekking up. We came to one very awkward corner where the river tied itself in a knot and went badly aground in very soft and filthy mud with tide setting us on harder and it took some time to get off here. Then a long wait at a tiny low railway bridge, and after that the stream narrowed still more and was less winding and gradually changed into a canal which presently lost its muddiness and became clear and sweet. On we went, our willing native towing well and shedding first his coat and then his sabots as the heat of the sun increased. We reached a lock about 1pm and thought our tow-man well merited the fee he asked. Later on we went through and sailed a mile or so to the junction with the Gand-Terneuzen ship canal. Here we stayed a day and gave the *Eel* a thorough scrubbing and a coat of varnish.

Next day, Friday, July 22, we tacked along the ship canal to Ghent and hooked on to a tjalk for a tow past the docks. Went straight through the Bruges Sluice and got a tow through the town which, at any rate on that side, was dirty and uninteresting. We now should have had a leading wind but before we had gone a couple of miles it flew round with a thunderstorm, and we tied up (near Vinderhaute) in a heavy downpour. The canal is narrow and shallow and we had a very tedious beat next day, finally taking to the tow-line. The canal was pretty but unsailable with any degree of comfort in a head wind as the banks were very high and tree-clad. Next day we made no attempt to sail but walked the boat along to Bruges, about the finest town in the Netherlands, tying up just outside the Lac d'Amour and staying there a day.

Tuesday we started (when we had got our washing) about 11am and sculled by the town on a very pretty canal, taking a tow from a native part of the way and reaching the sluices which connect with the ship canal about noon. Here we were delayed for four hours during which time the wind fell away, and when finally we got through we were glad to accept the offer of a tow from an English yacht, the *Xanthus*, down to Ostende, where we berthed in the dock.

At Ostende we stayed a day, leaving astern of our friend the *Xanthus* which towed us out between the pier heads. Light variable winds took us along very slowly past Blankenberg, Heyst, etc, but wind freshened up and took us into Flushing by about 6pm. We tied up in the ship canal and had heavy rain.

On Friday we stayed over and arranged for a ship carpenter who, on Saturday morning, came and caulked our decks and deck-house top which had opened badly with the hot weather. Then we sailed to Middleburg. As our time was getting short we arranged with a trading steamer which plied to Dort next day to give us a tow there. Passing Veere (which looks worth a longer visit) we went along the Sand Kreek out nearly to Zierikzee, and by Keeten Mastgat and de Kramme (old friends), and past Willemstad up the Hollandsche Diep and de Kil. At Dort we had a very long wait for the Railway Bridge. We spent one day in Dort and sailed down to Rotterdam, where *Eel* was slipped on *SS Minister Tak* for Hull.

(Readers interested in learning more about the Historic Canoe & Kayak Association and their journal should contact: Tony Ford, Am Kurpark 4, 37444 St. Andreasberg, Germany; Tel +49-5582 619; email tford@web.de)

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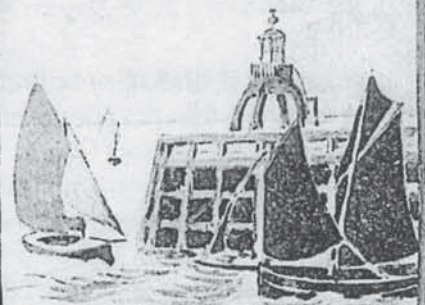
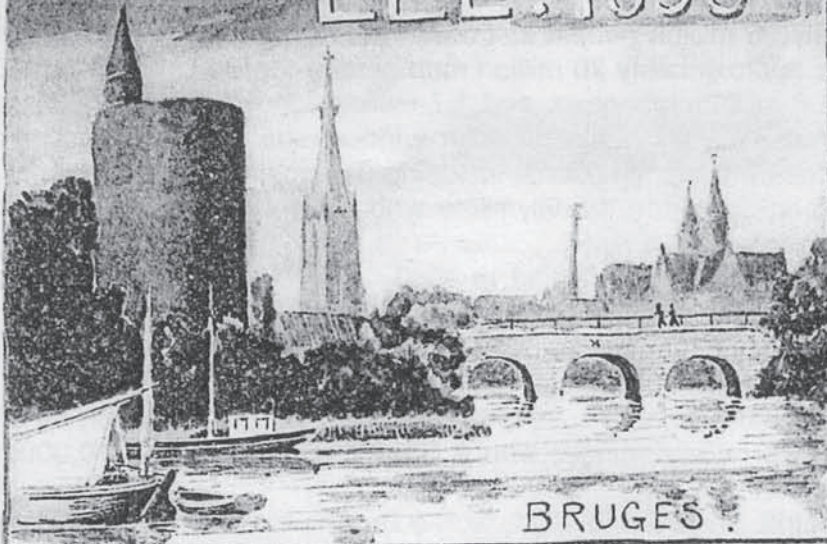
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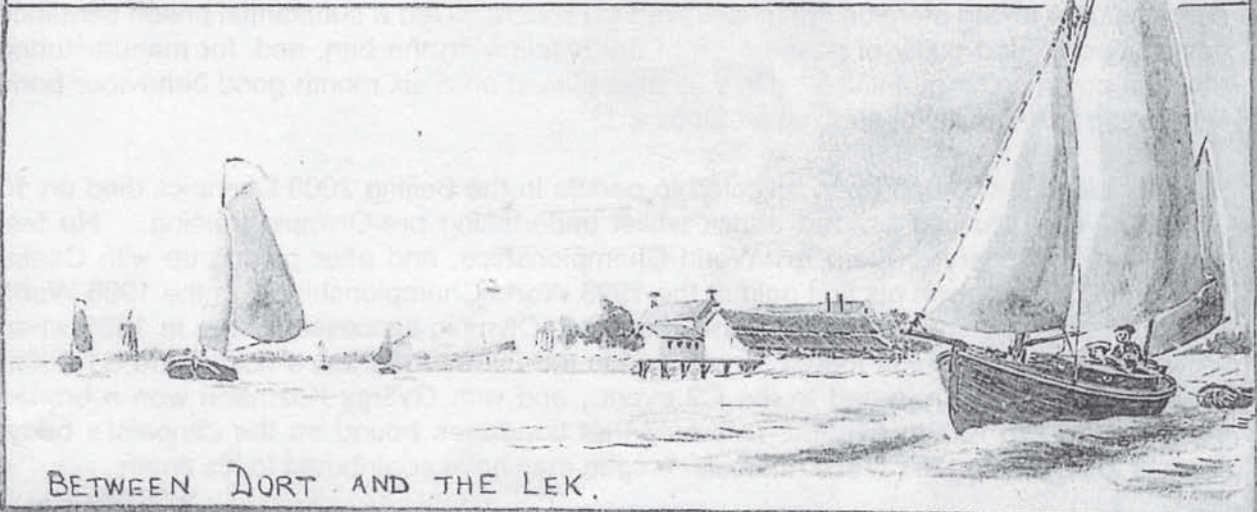
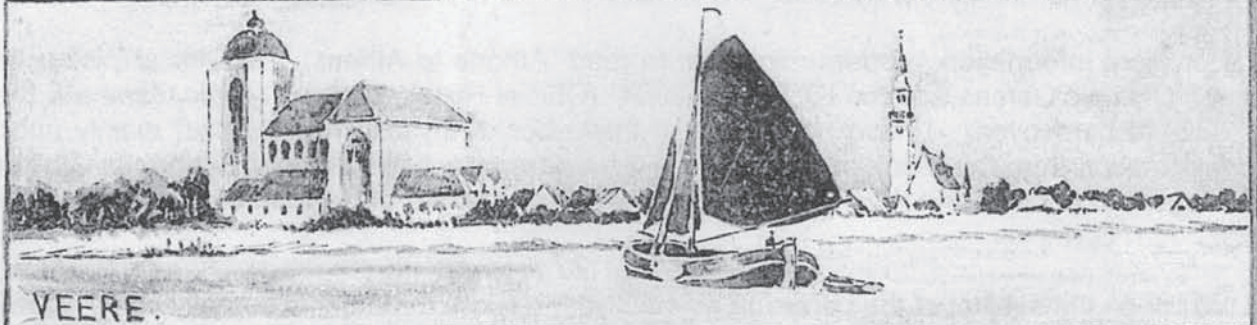
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OSTENDE PIER-HEAD



Wednesday June 14, 2006

I stood on the beach looking across the Delaware "River" towards Delaware... and no Delaware. It's a big river. The waves lapping the beach had a certain "Yoo Hoo" patina and the confluence of the Delaware and the Atlantic is roiling water indeed. Roiling Yoo Hoo, an eighth grader's dream, a rower's nightmare.



I walked up the beach (upstream) about a mile to the jetty at the end of the canal from which I will be emerging as I make my turn for home and conditions looked a bit better. Had I been rowing that day I would have had a 2' chop and a quartering tailwind... manageable, I think, and of course I will be aided, should I make it that far, by 300 miles of judgment and experience under my (hopefully shrinking) belt. This will be a learning experience.



Seeing the Delaware River has sobered me to the challenge that it will represent. It's about a 70-mile pull upstream to the C&D Canal and I think my primary incentive at the poignant moment when I clear the jetty will be the fact that I will have come so far... and only one-third of the journey will remain.

Tuesday, June 20, 2006

Peg and I were at Lake George, new York, attending a memorial service for my Aunt Carol who passed away last week. The visit put me on the water today... this morning... in my guide boat... on my favorite training ground, Lake George, enabling me to identify the myriad muscles (such as they are) that will have to be isolated and overhauled before August 5. I can feel them as I sit here, whispering, "Al, you rowed only a few miles today... and we're here. We need more."

"Sssh," I say. "I'll get to you."

"But Al, this is a rowing adventure. We'll get you for this. We really will. You'll roll out of the boat in Kingston after 50 miles like a whipped Pillsbury Dough Boy."

Rebellious musculature aside, it was a glorious day. I sprayed a little WD40 on the sliding seat, cleaned the bird ka-ka out of the boat, lubed the oarlocks, and within minutes I was rewarded by the snap of the cherry oars

The Big Row

452 Miles in an Adirondack Guideboat

Part 3

By Al Freihofer

against the supple resistance of the lake water. A word about the cherry oars, most of you who have rowed, as I had prior to my cherry oars, most likely recall the physics of rowing as the isometric exercise of putting a stiff object through a liquid. A cherry oar, particularly a slender, 9' cherry oar, provides a truly organic experience on the power stroke. It flexes under load... more load, a little more flex... and at the end of the pull it returns to its original shape with the hint of a whip... even a snap, if you're pulling hard enough. It's like getting a nice reward, a kind of extra propulsive "attaboy," at the end of the stroke and it's simply delightful. That little extra snap on each pull, multiplied by the number of pulls over 450 miles, has got to be good for a few extra miles. I'll certainly have time to create and contemplate the equation during the trip.

I did experience a pang of indecision for a few minutes this morning, however, when my sister invited me to try out her new kayak, one of those long, high-prowed, authentic Eskimos jobs. I was stunned at its speed and comfort and at the way it could track a straight line in a crosswind with the help of a nifty retractable minikeel. An amazing vessel... but one not in keeping with my journey. It can't haul prodigious quantities of Yoo Hoo, I'd look silly sleeping under it, and it too closely evokes the shape of a seal from below... a major consideration off the coast of New Jersey.



Speaking of sharks, this photo by a former student was, I am sure, submitted in good humor if not altogether in good taste. He is actually a very fine lad.

By 4pm Peg and I were back on the plane from Albany to Baltimore, sliding down the Hudson at seven miles per minute. Yes, each of those minutes will be the better part of two hours for me. My lower back and pecs say, "Easily, easily." As we banked over New York City to head down the Jersey Shore, Peg leaned across to the window and said, "Hey, isn't that Sandy Hook?" Peg has declared herself "Chief Safety Officer" for this expedition, she'll be the "Houston" to my "We have a problem" and she has taken a keen interest in learning about the points of greatest peril on my voyage. Sandy Hook is one of them. If there are to be fins, that is where they will be.

And yes, by golly, it was Sandy Hook from 26,000 feet, it radiated as a bucolic golden strand lapped by the ruffles of a millpond. I patted her hand, we ordered some vodka tonics, and flew on. She's my kind of Chief Safety Officer.

Thursday, June 22, 2006

In my idle time I've been making a provisions/supply/equipment list for the row... and I'm beginning to have concerns about both the space I have available and the unforeseen needs that might not be met. I court the prospect of my guideboat looking like a bad out-take from "The Beverly Hillbillies," but hey, Jethro Clappett had the mansion... my boat will be my mansion for about two weeks. Here's what's aboard my imagination so far (working from the stern to the bow):

A dry bag (a bag that keeps things dry that ought not to get wet) will fit, I hope, under the very small deck over the stern of the boat, out of the sun and water. Contents: a wallet purged of all unnecessary filler, spare batteries, an "In Case I'm Found" letter, spare glasses, a picture of Peg (sigh), essential toiletries, a log/journal book, reserve charts, and an Imaginary Letter of Commendation and Support from the Mayor of Troy to the Mayor of Baltimore.

Moving forward, there's about two feet of easy access clear space in front of my feet. Here I will tie down a cooler containing the day's primary provisions; ice, a tot of water (maybe a Yoo Hoo or two), and food representing a high protein, high carb diet. The guys training for an across-the-Atlantic row plan to consume (and burn) better than 10,000 calories each day. I note this with caution, because I'd hate to arrive in Baltimore having gained 25 pounds. I could easily do that if left to my own juvenile culinary tendencies.

On either side of the cooler I will secure other items and devices that will meet my immediate "needs" while underway. I'll want to position my Taskmaster GPS unit within easy sight so I can sustain my desired pace (3.8-4.5mph). I'll be bringing some sort of radio with which to gather the local flavor of the ports I pass. I'll have a floatable "crash bag" containing flares, a whistle, a Navy surplus signal mirror... probably tied to me during the hairiest portions of the trip. Bug stuff, sun stuff, and your goodwill will also be at hand under the gunwales amidships, probably in mesh hanging bags along with a small "sneak" paddle.

Now, moving towards the bow you get to me, the propulsion unit. A silly wide-brimmed hat is a mandatory; frankly, sun exposure is a real danger during two weeks on the water and the hat will be augmented by long-sleeved UV resistant shirts and neck protection. I'll be covered in goop if I'm responsible and I'll be alternating gloves because the blisters will come regardless of how much preliminary callous material I'll be able to build up. I'll alternate lightweight running pants with shorts for additional sun protection and, of course, socks with footgear (perhaps) yet to be determined. Say what you will about my boat, I'm not looking too much like Jethro at this point, eh? Sea Urchin comes to mind.

When conditions call for it I do plan to wear a lightweight CO2-activated life vest. I'll have to ensure that whatever I wear does not restrict my motion in the act of rowing, ten (maybe more) hours a day will turn a minor chafe into a real problem.

Continuing towards the bow, past me and the rails of my sliding seat, I will have to contend with a PVC pipe that is strung between the forward set of oarlocks. This pipe supports a lightweight pusher sail that I plan to use to take advantage of quartering or direct tail winds. To be sure, the very act of bringing this will ensure headwinds all the way but I've been good and I will trust to fate.

Some, like my very own brother, have opined that bringing this sail may compromise the purity of "rowing" to Baltimore. My only response is that when I see the waterways crowded with other past middle age, slightly overweight former sales/marketing types turned teachers undertaking this same 450-mile madness without a pusher, I'll relent. It in no way converts my boat into a sailboat (no keel, no rudder, no centerboard), and conditions have to be just right for deployment to make sense.

Under this PVC pipe will rest a waterproof stores bag containing (only a few) additional items of clothing, a lightweight sleeping bag, spares for the oarlocks and mechanicals (sliding seat and such), lubricant, rain gear, non-perishable food (lotsa beef jerky), basic meds (aka Absorbine Junior), duct tape, reading material (ahh... lots of reading material!) and other items commonly associated with a camping experience, like Charmin. Finally, fully forward at the bow I'll secure a rolled-up sleeping pad and some netting.



Balancing the boat fore and aft is vital for maximum efficiency and, let's face it, the marginal "propulsive unit" powering this vessel is mindful of the importance of efficiency. For this I plan to utilize several plastic gallon jugs. Filling these jugs with water as necessary and moving them fore and aft will materially effect the trim of the boat and they are easy to crush and store when not needed.

So that's the plan. I do plan to weigh the load and simulate it when I get into serious water training in July.

My concession to technology and communications will be my cell phone. Peg, Chief Safety Officer, insists upon it and I can't hope to be able to coordinate a possible mid-journey liaison without it. The phone will also enable me to contact her and Kathy for daily updates and highlights

I'm off to the gym now lest today's Row Preparation be only a cerebral exercise.

Wednesday, June 28, 2006

Shopping spree! Today I visited REI. I had a \$100 gift certificate in my pocket. Total tab? \$420. REI is the type of store that incites needs where before there wasn't even an awareness. For example, yes, I knew I would need a good dry bag... but I didn't know that shopping for a dry bag would be like shopping for sneakers, myriad shapes, sizes, colors, materials and finishes, alternative closing

mechanisms, sub-pockets, strap placements, transparent windows (or not)... so, of course, I bought two. And so it went.

Actually, my final haul pretty much mirrors (and almost completes) the supply list above even though I got a bit carried away on some unanticipated, irresistible doo-dads, the cutest little collapsible anchor you ever saw, for example, and experimental food (globules of electrolytes... gotta try 'em!), some robust, resilient-looking space age foam for the sliding seat (the package's photo of a car driving over it was compelling, if not alluring), and a pillow. Yes, a pillow, which of course rolls up into its own li'l nylon bag. Cute.

Four hundred and twenty dollars aside, I should perhaps congratulate myself on some of the things that I didn't buy. I didn't buy, for example, the most comfortable folding chair I have ever been in. It, too, came in its own cute li'l nylon bag and I actually had the thing in my cart for about 20 minutes. I had visions of curling up in it after a 40+ mile day, Ian McKewan and a saucy Merlot in hand, the sun still a few fingers above the horizon casting an amber glow across a deserted beach... But, too much clutter in the boat. Out it went.

Mark Twain said, "Confession is good for the soul but bad for the reputation" and I hereby confess that I almost bought an \$8.50 clothesline, 15' of line with hearty clothespins attached at regular intervals residing, of course, in its own cute li'l nylon bag. It, too, took a turn around the store with me until I came to my senses and considered what a few clothespins (already on the balance sheet) could do on the nylon line I will have with me anyway. Close call.

I've been hitting the gym pretty hard this week, making muscles ache that ache when I actually row. I know they can't be exactly the same muscles, but they're in the vicinity and if their torture serves to wake up their slothful neighbors, so be it. I'll get some rowing in this weekend. I'm anxious to try out the foam and the electrolyte globules and I hope to see some fruits from my gym time.

Sunday, July 2, 2006

I was at Lake George this weekend and today rowed 26.8 miles in 6:32 through all kinds of conditions, a glorious tailwind with big waves (saw close to 7mph for a while on the GPS!), a stiff crosswind (maintained 4.5mph), and a long pull home against the same wind (3-3.4mph). All of this is a stark reminder of the enormous role that weather will play on my trip. I feel that I'll need to average 3.8-4.2mph if I am to complete this trip in the time available and the fact is that 4.2 is quite sustainable under tail/crosswind conditions. I know it isn't sustainable over an 8-10 hour day with the kind of headwind I faced today.

But I did make two breakthrough discoveries. First, the aforementioned foam padding for my seat is indeed a miracle material. After more than six hours it did not break down or lose its cushioning properties under the stress of my somewhat super-sized derriere, and as I write this (even after a six-hour drive back to Baltimore) the buns feel like they could get up and do it again. The question remains, of course, could they do it again after that, and again, and again, etc. Don't know, of course, but this is the best stuff I've found yet and hope springs eternal. Also, the efficacy of my gym training is, I think, validated, arms, legs, and shoulders could definitely get up and do it again... and, I think, again and again. All in all, I'm feeling

bullish about the trip, today was a vigorous on-the-water workout and I feel good.

Secondly, remember the electrolyte globules? Fabulous!! They're called Sharkies, available at REI, and they are quite restorative, easy to eat while underway, do not cause thirst and, while this may be a back-handed compliment, they don't taste lousy. Of course, popping a little shark in my mouth each hour is a too frequent reminder of the peril that lurks below. It may be that they were intended for hikers, not rowers.

My morning row through one of the world's most scenic and pristine bodies of water reminded me of the awe and the heart-break I will undoubtedly feel during this venture. I expect that I will see shoreline and waters that will rival Lake George... waterways and shoreline that will appear to have been untouched by our consumptive ways. I also know that I will see the effects of our lifestyles and the economy that supports us at most every turn as well. The foil wrapper on the Rice Krispie Treat I ate on the way home will outlive me and perhaps my children, the packaging of our lives is ubiquitous in nature. Reading about the ecological trajectory of the Chesapeake Bay is depressing indeed, and even my beloved Lake George is under unprecedented stress. These things weigh heavily now and seeing them unfold at 4.2mph might be daunting indeed.

Tuesday, July 18, 2006

I'll be training on the water starting a week from today, and rowing hard every day until my departure on August 5, giving me exactly 14 days to get my hands, wrists, and buns conditioned to the rigors of the voyage. Bean and Bob Tarrant, sages of rowing and trainers/coaches extraordinaire, have counseled me that I can lift, run, and stretch but the only thing that truly prepares one for rowing is rowing... so the meat of my physical preparation will take place starting next Saturday. I'll be at Lake George, a pristine and protected body of water which will hardly replicate the kinds of conditions I am likely to experience and one which affords a rower, when he is thirsty, the luxury of just plunging his head into the water for a hearty drink of the best water on this planet, or any other, hardly an act I'll contemplate under the Tappan Zee.

Monday, July 24, 2006

I am sitting at my mother's writing table on her porch at Lake George, facing my training ground for the row, Lake George... 32 miles of crystal-clear water surrounded by majestic (and at this moment fog-shrouded) mountains. I have 12 days to prepare for my start on August 5. I've been here for two days already. I arrived on Friday night. I was watered and fed, lolled around on the porch catching up on familial things and local current events. When I hit the hay on Friday night it was my full and enthusiastic expectation to be on the water at 6am, pulling hard for On-the-Water-Training: Day One. I'd positioned the boat on the dock, weighted and ballasted to simulate my load, packed some food and drink, and laid out the incidentals that a day on the water command. I was ready to go.

I heard the driving rain before I opened my eyes. The wind whipped the curtains inches from my face. I could hear the waves lashing over the dock. Moral dilemma, I will indeed face inclement weather on my trip. Should not Day One of Training also be a test

of my will, my resolve, my perseverance in the face of discomfort? It should have been and I confess that by this criteria I failed Day One of Training miserably. I... (sigh)... rolled over. In fact, I rolled over until 10am, curled up at 10:30 with a hot cup of coffee and my latest Ian McEwan novel, and there I stayed until dusk when I ventured out into the whitecaps in my sister's kayak for an hour of surfing and splashing. Hardly a Day One of Training for the Big Row. I toyed with the notion that Day One was a Success in Exercising Good Judgment... but we know that I simply wussed out.

Yesterday, Day Two of Training, was a different story entirely. I was up at 6:30am, on the water by 7am, and slogged upwind 14 miles... probably a good deal more because of all the detours I made to stay within the lee of land that would shelter me from a strong north wind. On the way up I was buoyed by the prospect of the huge push the gale would give me when I finally turned for home. Predictably, within five minutes of turning for home, the Unseen Hand pulled the plug on the Great Fan and within 20 minutes a tight headwind developed for the trip home. Punishment, no doubt, for the sloth of the previous day. I crawled into bed last night at 9... fed and watered and a little bit sore after what I believe was a 35-mile day, somewhat anxious to know how I would be feeling this morning. Could I get up and do it again, as I will have to for 15 days in a row starting August 5?

So here I now sit on a perfect day at 10:34 on Monday morning. The boat is tethered to the dock, the lake is like glass and, truth be told, I feel great. The blisters that I have to work into calluses have started and the rest of the body parts have raised their collective hands stating, "All present and accounted for sir, and reporting for duty." Today, Day Three, will be a shorter day... I'm anticipating 15-20 miles, my strategy being to alternate shorter with longer efforts to "do no harm" to this frail flesh.

On my way to the lake on Friday I stopped in Troy. I wanted to see what the logistics would be at the Troy Dock for launching early on the morning of August 5. I met the Dockmaster. He would give me no name... just "Dockmaster"... and, truth be told, a title like that might make any of us reticent to lean back on our given names, yes? Some titles say it all in a breath and "Dockmaster" is one of them. Happily, behind the gruff seems a heart of gold. I asked him how I might launch a small boat at 6:30am on August 5 when he doesn't open the gate until 8am. He asked me what it was all about and when he learned I was embarking for Baltimore he asked if he might talk me out of it. Ha ha. Line forms at the right, Dockmaster. Anyway, he gave me his number and he'll be there to open the gate and release me like a farm-fed fish to the sea. Like I said... a heart of gold.

So there you have it. My serious training has begun and I am blessed to be able to work out in a place and among family and friends that mean everything to me. The audacious scale and scope of rowing to Baltimore is revealing itself a bit more to me each day. I will have no "roll over" time... and I'll be sleeping in places (mostly on docks) that will not especially lend themselves to thumbing another few chapters on a rainy day anyway. I will not have mom along to set my training table (mostly baked beans, corn, steak, and vodka tonics... probably a good thing that

this pattern will be broken...). I will not be able to enjoy Peg's calming, supportive presence. But in 12 days I'll be off because the Dockmaster is coming in early.

Saturday, July 29, 2006

Training on Lake George, this is the life! And I've been off the grid. I am at my Mom's place at Lake George, New York. As I sit on the porch I am looking north through a series of rain showers which presently shroud the mountains that majestically flank this 32-mile take. For those of you not familiar with Lake George... my training ground of the last six days... let me just say that 20 strides bring me to her dock. A large tumbler lowered into the water offers the most clear, delicious, truly natural beverage imaginable. The largest predator in the lake is most likely the pike which, I am told, is more scared of us than we are of him. While in my case I doubt it, it's nice to know that a capsizes does not put me on the menu.



The lake is roughly three miles wide at its broadest point, offering a quick sheltering lee in the event of a storm. Additionally, I know lots of people on the lake, a cup of coffee or a restorative vodka tonic is never far from hand. I sleep in a comfy bed each night and my own caring, gracious mom sets a groaning table for my training each day. I am not going hungry. If I get thirsty, I lower my head over the side of the boat and drink deeply. If I get hot, I take a dip in the same fresh water that perked my coffee in the morning, free of worry of toxic hazards or marine predators. I am working up to my row in a halcyon environment that bears little resemblance to what I will be facing starting a week from tomorrow. Nightly shelter, fresh water, friendly fish, ready rescue... these will be but fond memories once I shove off from the Troy Dock at 7am next Saturday. But then, the adventure has been the allure. Really, it has.

"Then is this indeed training, Al?" one might ask. After all, Rocky went to Siberia to prepare for his epic battle with Drago. I, on the other hand, nestle into warm blankets each night, full of steak and creamed potatoes. What's with that? A good question. A fair question. And yet I would submit that if Rocky had had my mom with him, he wouldn't have gone two rounds.

Truth be told, I've been doing a lot of rowing. I've had three 17-mile days and a 35-mile day interspersed with several shorter sprint days. I made the mistake of waterskiing yesterday, an activity that awakens 54-year-old muscles that are best left sleeping. Happily the blisters on my hands have gone to calluses. My lower back and derriere are developing greater tolerances for the seat. My arms, shoulders, and legs have not complained. In short, I'm getting ready.

My 17-mile days are instructive. I typically finish by noon. I'm tired but not exhausted. The prospect of getting back in the boat at, say 2pm, and doing it again before dark is not daunting. Since I'll have to average about 32 miles each day to get to Baltimore in time for school, this 17-mile leg thing seems to be a sensible practice for this, my first week of on-the-water training.

A highlight each day is always my first stop at Brian Rooney's house, two miles up the take. He and Cecile always have the (very) early morning coffee ready to go, and Brian then offers to be my "wing man" for the next few miles of my training in his own pristine wooden guide boat. Watching him pull that baby through the water is downright motivational, cherry oars piercing glass, the cedar cutwater raising a feather of transparency with each stroke... if I look half as competent (and elegant) as he does, my arrival at Baltimore's Inner Harbor in a few weeks might be worthy of a photo. Hey, it could happen.

Thursday, August 3, 2006

If my training over the last ten days has illuminated anything (other than the myriad weak points of this aging body), it has demonstrated the sheer magnitude of how far 450 miles is in a row boat. As I've suggested before, this trip will need to be attempted as a series of 32-mile day trips if I am to make it all the way, 450 miles seems dauntingly far but 32 miles each day seems plausible, don'tcha' think?

I visited the Troy Dockmaster for a second time this week and the City of Troy has bequeathed a Key to the Dock to me so that I might get a very early start on Saturday. Not exactly a key to the city, but more useful.

Tomorrow, the day before I start, is my 55th birthday. Family and friends will be gathering for pizza and creme brulee by the lake, the final Training Meal of Choice, and I suspect I'll start the day with a final short row to say goodbyes to my favorite summer places. Lake George has been a great, if an unrealistic, environment in which to prepare. Last night was spent on an island about 15 miles up the take with Peg, Kathy, and friends. I know I'm only deluding myself if I think that this counted as preparation for my future overnights at docks and campsites along the way. We enjoyed all the comforts of home and a perfect evening punctuated by a tremendous thunderstorm that dropped virtually no rain. Certainly, once I start I will not be so lucky. The Weather Channel promises a pretty good day on Saturday, cooler with a light wind from the NNE, which is perfect for my purposes.

In these final hours before my departure I'm receiving all sorts of advice about items to bring along. This well-intentioned counsel is bumping into my determination to keep the boat as tight as possible. Tonight's suggestions included a flare gun (I will only shoot a hole in the boat, or myself), a 20' telescoping flagpole with distress flags, wing mirrors so I won't have to keep turning around, and a wheeled dolly to portage the boat if necessary. I would note that none of these suggestions convey a sense confidence, nor do any of them include items that might facilitate celebration in Baltimore should I make it. Sigh. It's Shark Week on "The Discovery Channel" and I'm surprised no one has offered ideas for protection on that score as well.

Blisters are calluses... I'm as ready as I can be.

(To Be Continued)

May 11: We went to our boat at Edenton in western Albemarle Sound, North Carolina. We would not have left on Saturday, even if we could have, because of predicted evening severe thunderstorms, but the truth is we were totally unprepared to do anything of the sort. We normally sail from March 15 to December 15, but for many reasons, the last time we had the boat out was the beginning of November and we had much to do to prepare for even for a short trip.

Also, someone has coined the term "Mal de Port," meaning that the longer one is safely tied up in port, the more reluctant one is to leave. Amen! Sunday would have been a good day to leave, the winds were perfect for an exciting sail down the Albemarle. We are not into exciting, a wise sage once said, "While sailing, anything that does not kill you is, by definition, fun." (Well, actually it was me who made this observation.) We have had all the fun we could ever want.

Monday looked perfect, winds 10-15 from the north and we were headed east. Perfect. We headed out early Monday and going through Edenton Bay I, keeping a lookout, said, "I think you should move a little to the le..." Bam, wham, damn (George Carlin could have said it better). Here we are now up on two tree stumps, like on pedestals. I had nightmare thoughts of having to, once again, get into the dinghy to lighten the load and raise the waterline so that Kay could power off and having Kay speed away leaving me stranded again in the dinghy, feeling much like a somewhat pudgy teddy bear riding in a little red wagon being pulled by a kid on a bicycle with a mischievous grin on HER face.

After a while we managed to back off and I am glad it happened so early in the trip, we always run aground at least once and it was nice to have it over so soon. I truly believe that even if we had a hovercraft we would find a way to run aground,

We knew that the next day we had to run the Albemarle-Pungo Canal and both thought that we remembered from last year a high bridge under construction to replace the existing swing bridge (a most unpleasant bridge to negotiate). As we went up the Albemarle, going south, we called boats heading north from the canal to ask them about the bridge. None, save one, answered, and when he answered I, already deaf in one ear, thought I was losing the other until I noticed he was flying a Canadian flag and realized he was speaking French.

The rest of the trip was uneventful except that the 10-15mph wind turned out to be 0-5mph until, of course, we anchored and it became 15-20mph. We made the trip in record time, 60 nautical miles in nine hours averaging 6.7 knots according to the GPS, courtesy of the newly painted boat bottom.

May 15: It is strange to be back here on Pungo Creek off the Pungo river since this where we started our sailing lives at the Pungo Creek Marina, as did several boats currently sharing space in Edenton with us at Edenton Marina. It had been great fun to have been here but eventually the marina was destroyed by storms and subsequently closed down with the death of one of its owners. We are anchored across from it and all I see now is rows of pilings. Very sad.

We had (for us) a relatively simple trip today. The one exception was when preparing to enter the canal (we must negotiate a long narrow channel) we encountered a tug pushing a barge coming out. The problem was that the tug was taking the middle of the channel

Waterlogged

Being a Chronicle of Ten Years of Misadventures Cruising Chesapeake Bay and Pamlico Sound

Part 5

Pamlico 2001

By Carl Adler

leaving us half of what we should have had available. We could have lived with that but, alas, at that point a very slow moving trawler decided to pass the barge from behind, on our side, forcing us out of the channel. Fortunately we never hit hard aground.

I am amazed at how much courtesy on the water has improved over the past few years. With only three exceptions every boat we encountered went out of their way to ensure the comfort of other boaters. One power boat nearly ran us down on our side of the canal forcing us over to the wrong side and badly rocking us. A big motor yacht slowed down as we approached to reduce its wake, only to have a sailboat with too much testosterone decide to pass it right into our bows. The power boat immediately pulled over to the stump-lined shores and stopped, leaving room for the two sailboats to pass each other. As we passed the power boat we tipped our hats.

But the best was the first. A big cigarette type boat was approaching us from the south and came off its plane to reduce its wake for us, then a somewhat smaller and less powerful motor boat took the opportunity to accelerate and roar by it on the other side, badly rocking the bigger boat (which mostly spared us since the big boat was between us and the offender). Another hat tip and a smile on my face when I heard the roar of the big boat's engines as it started to fly down the canal and I imagined what would happen next. (I guess that is at least three "Our Fathers" for penance but it was worth it.)

The only neat boat we saw was a sailboat that had two masts of exactly the same size so I don't know whether it was a ketch or schooner but the real strange thing is that it had a spreader wider than the masts were high.

I believe I read that there are 4 million crab pots in Pamlico and Albemarle Sound, by actual count 25% of them are in Pungo Creek.

Any young couple wishing to marry should take a two-week cruise on a small boat. If they still want to be married when they return they will be married for life.

Neat boat names: *Yesterday's Dream*, a Hunter 42 sailboat; *Good Vibrations*, a Carver motor yacht.

May 17: We left our anchorage yesterday in Pungo Creek at 7:30am and arrived at Oriental at 3pm, a nice trip with only one close call. Starting down the Pungo River, as we approached Marker 7, which marks a long shoal extending to shore, so did a commercial trawler coming from the east. For whatever reason at that time, he decided to take in his nets. He was about 50 yards from Marker 7 as were we. As he appeared to have turned parallel to our path, we continued and inexplicably he then turned straight for us pinning us between him and the marker. As it turned out there was only one person aboard the trawler and he was working aft on the nets. The "helmsman" was

moving the boat about randomly and our direction, if not our number, came up. Standing on the back of our boat I could have touched his boat as he passed behind us.

One thing we noticed on the Albemarle, as well as on the Pungo, was the common occurrence of pelicans. I don't have recent experience on the Pungo but ten years ago they were a rare sight. In ten years on the Albemarle I can only remember seeing one, but starting at Columbia, about 10 miles east of Edenton, they have become quite a common sight. A most welcome development.

We traveled down the Pungo River, across the Pamlico River, up Goose Creek, and then through the Hobucken Canal to the Bay River, and out of there to the Neuse River and eventually Oriental, North Carolina (which is frequently described as the sailing capital of the East Coast). This was our third day on the Intracoastal Waterway and we have not seen another boat of any type heading south. Many boats heading north, none south. I guess we always go in the wrong direction. During the whole trip we had not encountered any sailing wind at all until we came out of the Hobucken canal into the Bay River where we had winds of 10-15 on our beam. Finally the sails go up (for the first time) and the mud dobber nests come raining down. Sadly the wind dies to nothing in less than a half hour and it is back to the motor.

The next time we felt wind was in the entrance channel to Oriental where, of course, it is unwelcome. The only boat of note seen during this day was nearly identical to the one I mentioned earlier, the one with two masts of identical height and a spreader of equal width to mast height. This boat also had masts of equal height but the only spreaders where about 1' long, 2' below mast top.

The Hobucken Canal, like the Pungo-Alligator Canal used to be, is unpleasant because of the presence of a swing bridge in the narrow canal that only opened every half hour. Trying to keep a sailboat in place with a current sweeping by, wind blowing, and other boats maneuvering nearby is no one's idea of fun. Now that both bridges are gone the only barrier between Albemarle Sound and Pamlico Sound is the Alligator River swing bridge which opens on demand and has plenty of maneuvering room. No problem.

With the newly opened high bridge at Edenton which opens easy access to the wide and deep Chowan River on the western end of the Albemarle, cruising waters are now open on the Albemarle, 100 miles east to west and 180 miles north to south from Elizabeth City on the upper Pasquotank to Swansboro.

May 18: When we first came into the Oriental Marina we had a 38' Maine lobsterboat tied up next to us. It was being taken north from Florida to Maine by a couple as a favor to a friend. Sort of like taking "Coals to Newcastle." An impressive boat all around but the couple themselves own a lobsterboat which at 48' would really be something worth seeing. This boat was later replaced by a Grand Banks Fast Trawler, an attempt by Grand Banks at competing with the very popular Hinkley Picnic Boat. It had much the same look as the Picnic Boat but was not nearly as graceful in appearance.

We hope to leave tomorrow for Beaufort, North Carolina, weather permitting (but that looks grim).

Best boat name, on a Manto 42 sailing catamaran which really can "fly," *Our Tern* with the "T" in a script facsimile of the bird itself.

May 19: Our fourth day on the Intracoastal and still the only boat heading south. We left Oriental at 10:15am and were docked at the Beaufort Locks at 2:00pm. Prior to leaving we spent a lot of time meditating on our situation in life at the moment. We were in a slip roughly pointed east, 50' north of us was a concrete breakwater, south was the way out, and the wind was blowing south to north (of course). Fifth feet is not enough distance to back and stop and move forward into a contrary wind. Directly behind us, that is west, was a public dock about 70' away, however, a boat tied up along its side reduced the distance to about 60' and shortly before we were to leave another boat rafted up alongside the first boat making that direction also impossible.

The only way out was south going backwards until the public dock was cleared, then executing a "script V" maneuver to the west, going into it backwards, and coming out of it forward. Which was executed flawlessly. Someone even said over the radio, "Nicely done *Spindrift*." Shortly thereafter our good friend Chuck Bland on *Loon*, a Pearson 40 in a nearby marina, called on the radio. He had been visiting earlier and knew we were in a tight spot. Chuck, "I heard the radio message, I assume Kay was at the helm..."

Carl, "True."

Chuck, "...and you were down in the cabin."

Carl, "Heartless calumny, I was up on deck glaring at any piling with the temerity to approach us."

Chuck is not the only one who shares the view that I am not the prime weight carrier on the boat. Before we left I was standing with several friends at the marina and another friend and his wife walked up. The friend was carrying a boat brush and held it out to me saying at the same time, "Carl, do me a favor, hold this for a second." Upon my cooperation he said, "My God, it does fit your hand after all."

From Oriental to Beaufort we crossed the Neuse River to Adams Creek and then to the Adams Creek Canal. From whence we entered the Newport River and then under the high bridge into the Morehead Turning Basin and around Radio Island to Taylor Creek and Beaufort. The only tricky part is the Newport River, wide and mostly shallow and dotted with a bewildering assortment of markers guiding the boater through various intersecting channels. We made it through, possibly for the first time, without even the slightest misadventure.

Upon entering the turning basin we belatedly remembered that we had said in the past that we never wanted to be there on a Saturday or Sunday. Talk about boating chaos, dozens, possibly hundreds of boats, seemingly heading in every conceivable random direction, made navigation a challenge. Nonetheless we made it to the Beaufort Docks in a freshening breeze (of course) and prepared to enter an inside slip. Beaufort Docks, as usual, sent a couple of dock hands to help us dock but unfortunately, at the same time as we were attempting to dock a 65' sailboat with an apparent death wish decided to attempt a docking on the adjacent face dock.

He came in at what would be for us maximum speed with a headsail flying shouting, "I do not have a reverse." This, naturally, acted as a magnet for every available dock hand, including mostly, ours. The first docking attempt, theirs not ours, could best be described as a grazing collision followed by a less than graceful escape. The dock hands, while this was occurring, were shouting useful instruc-

tions to the captain, none of which could be repeated here. On the second attempt he came in again much too fast but at least without the headsail. It was quite a sight to see a half a dozen dock hands grabbing lines and running down the docks holding them high and leaping so that the lines cleared the piling tops. They were trying to outrace the boat to the far end of the dock where they would (and did) make them fast, slamming the boat into the dock port side to. Quite a crash. What really blew my mind is that he left after a couple of hours. Meanwhile, we were safely docked and enjoying the show.

May 20: We were pleased when Bill and Marci Byrd, having read that we would be here, joined us Saturday night. Fortunately they arrived at slack tide since we had forgotten to bring a boarding ladder necessary for boarding the boat at or near high tide. We have several, since we always forget to bring them, this time I could not find one to buy. Effectively we are trapped on (or off) the boat six to seven hours a day.

On the trip yesterday we saw what has to be the strangest sailboat I, or probably anyone else, have ever seen. I posted a full-sized image on <http://CarlAdler.org/Image07.jpg> and asked anyone who chose to do so to please notice the large leeboard and tell me the purpose of the "Ferris wheel" on deck. Several expressed opinions, the most popular of which was that it was for very large squirrels.

As fate would have it, one of the people receiving the message had been on the boat and even wrote an article about it. The boat is evidently a Dutch canal boat. I believe this is the barge we saw at St Mikes a couple of years ago. They travel up and down the East Coast (don't know their limits) and put on theatrical productions. As I remember they originate out of Canada. The time we saw them I believe they were putting on something written by Farley Mowatt. The Ferris wheel would be part of the production backdrops, etc, nothing to do with the operation of the barge. If this seems odd on the outside, the interior looks like something from a Middle Eastern nomad's tent.

Looking around the Beaufort Docks I see that all the other boats have their mosquito screens in place! When we bought *Spindrift* we had screens made for every opening. We have never used them. No matter how bad the mosquitoes they never bother Kay or I. I am convinced that it is because we both eat lots of garlic and I mean lots of it. Don't believe it? Where do you think the legend that garlic repels vampires comes from? Now if only I could find something to eat that repels biting flies?

Boat names (a study in contrast): On a power yacht, *Good Sheppard*. On a dark hulled sailboat, *Dark and Stormy*.

May 23: We were supposed to leave Beaufort yesterday (Tuesday), but alas, the winds presented a challenge we were not willing to stand up to, sad to report. When we arrived on Saturday we were preceded by the arrival of a large sailing club and consequently ended up in a slip normally reserved for more maneuverable motorboats, or perhaps more maneuverable senior citizens. To back out to the left was impossible because of the concrete wall less than a boat length away, and to go straight back and execute a left turn was not much better owing to a over-long power catamaran less than 50' behind.

So the only option was to back out to the right between the narrow line of berthed boats on each side and execute a hard right at

the end to extract ourselves. That is, we had to back east and then north in a 20kt north wind without running into a piling, boat, or person and reducing them or us to flotsam. We both generously allowed the other the honor of the attempt but both of us politely demurred, not wishing to deprive the other of the honor. So rather than leave we suffered another day by drinking beer and eating oyster burgers, not to mention reading an entire book each.

Our plan was to leave this morning at around 6am. I awoke at 5:30am to thunder and lightning and... WIND! Drats! By 7:30 the thunder was gone and the lightning was gone and "the wind done gone" (with apologies to the author of the book we will probably never have the chance to read), shortly thereafter we were also done gone.

During our stay in Beaufort, besides overeating and generally over indulging in anything 60ish-aged people can still enjoy overindulging in, we saw or learned several interesting things. The highlight of a trip to Beaufort is always a shopping trip to the 'Pak and Sav', using one of the three free marina loaner cars. The one I enjoyed most is the one without a floor we were loaned a couple of years ago. Kept us on our toes, so to speak. Then, of course, there is the one that has a broken fuel gauge that always reads empty (and we have no clue, nor does anyone else, as to the actual fuel level). This time we got an ancient Pontiac station wagon with a bashed-in back and a driver's window which could not be closed. Pretty lucky, I guess.

We did an extensive shopping excursion, Kay at the aforementioned 'Pak and Sav' and I at the ABC store. Returning to the boat with dozens of bags I devised the plan to save time and trouble by dropping all the bags not containing glass through the front hatch. What did I learn from said experiment? The answer is simple, if I drop a dozen eggs in a standard egg carton 7' onto a cabin sole only one in three survives intact.

The weather today should have been great. Basically 10-15 from the north switching to 10 from the east midmorning and clearing. Regrettably mid-morning turned out to be 5:00pm and we spent all day motoring north into 15kt winds and waves at 65° ambient temperature. Still we covered, according to the speed log, 69.1nm in five minutes under ten hours, not too bad. As I write this Kay is using the grill to cook a rack of lamb to be served with new potatoes and, for a green vegetable, Greaves mint jelly with genuine mint leaves, which all goes to prove we have to suffer to cruise.

May 24: We will leave today for the Alligator River marina near Albemarle Sound. We leave with regret because we have learned that our friends, David and Audri Watkins, will be here tomorrow on their trawler *CiDiDa*. We have to be back in Greenville on Monday for an important appointment and I want to leave a cushion for picking the right day for the Albemarle. In the past we have turned our boat over so that the mast was underwater, I have been washed out of the cockpit (with lifeline attached, thankfully) midway between Bermuda and our coast, but the only time we have really been scared on a sailboat was once in the mouth of the Alligator River and we will pass on that this time if we can.

Some more on Beaufort. While there we saw what for us was a great looking sailboat. The boat's name was *Columbine*, I wonder if by coincidence or tribute? The emblem was a

"Y" with a "V" in the crook of the "Y" and a star in the "V". I hope someone can identify it for us. Also, I have posted a picture on <http://CarlAdler.org/Image07.jpg> of a motor sailer(?) we passed on the Pungo River yesterday. I really liked it and tried unsuccessfully to contact them to find out its make/model. Can anyone identify it? (Note that it trails its dinghy backwards.)

Neat boat names: On a trawler going by, *Pride*, which, while not notable in itself, would have been so if they had had the foresight to name their dinghy *Fall*. Opportunity lost! On a motor yacht that looked as a cross between a sleek yacht in front and a condominium in back, a name to make you think, *Summer Snow*. And possibly our favorite sailboat name ever, *Rhumboogie*, a rhumb line being a straight line course between two points on a standard chart. Cute,

May 25: We left Pantego Creek at 8:00am yesterday. Pantego Creek was a good place to anchor, great holding for anchoring and quite pretty, especially at night. We were encouraged to use it by Skipper Bob's *Anchorage Along the Intracoastal Waterway*. We have many books of this type but this is by far the most useful. Further most of the information is current. If we had the latest edition when we were going south we would not have made the mistake of anchoring at Pungo Creek since the 2001 edition (which we now have) notes the extraordinary number of crab pots present there.

The boat in the slip next to us at the Alligator River Marina, a Hunter 36 with a dog aboard named, what else, *Hunter*, also was anchored in Pantego Creek Wednesday night. The boat *Summer Snow*, the large and somewhat different-looking boat that was near us at Beaufort also is here. The stern has been modified by the owners which explains why it looks like two different boats joined in the middle. The unusual name was inspired by their home in Colorado.

Despite the fact that yesterday's winds were supposed to be from the southeast and, in fact, were at most locations in eastern North Carolina, the winds at the Alligator River were from the north (7-12mph) which meant several more hours of motoring into the wind. I do not believe that the NOAA weather forecasts have been correct for a single day on this trip. This is hardly news as it is usually the situation. On a trip long ago, when we were constantly being frustrated (deluged, battered, swamped...) because of highly inaccurate forecasts, putting into Cape Lookout from the ocean we came upon a NOAA boat coming out. Kay wanted me to go over to them so she could throw stones at them. Fortunately stones are hard to come by on a sailboat.

I should not complain about the adverse wind, we were lucky. Another sailboat coming out of the Alligator River/Pungo Canal at about the same time broke its prop on a floating log and had to be towed 20 miles to the marina. Talk about spoiling one's day. I am sure when the owner named the boat *Serendipity* he had another meaning of the word in mind. Later that day the Coast Guard dragged in the log, it turned out to be a tree complete with root system.

When we entered the canal going north yesterday we faced the same situation that we faced when we entered it a week and a half ago going south, a tug and barges at the most critical point of access. Access at both ends is a bit tricky and it is not where we want to meet a barge. But other than the

beginning the trip was uneventful with very little traffic either way. A few of boats were large yachts and being passed by them in a narrow canal with stumps along the edges is always a "wake me up" experience but really not a problem. We made the 20 statute miles in 2½ hours for an average of 8mph, not bad for a 33' sailboat with an 18hp motor.

While we were in Beaufort there was a constant movement in an out of large yachts (~100') on a daily basis. Typically each had a captain, some crew, and an owner in his 60s plus, usually a young blonde lady who I always assumed was a daughter or granddaughter of the owner. But now I am not so sure, one showed up here last night and its name was *Trysting Place Too*. My faith in human nature trembles as I contemplate the implications. I did always wonder why all daughters on large yachts were blonde?

May 26: Yesterday started well, but certainly ended unpredictably. We were the last boat to leave the Alligator River Marina and thus the focus of all spectators. We executed a perfect extraction and departure thanks mostly to Kay ignoring my shouted instructions. Not a small accomplishment, at that particular marina we have witnessed many fights between husbands and wives trying to get their boats out of the slips, including one that was so intense that they pulled over to the side to continue it, leading to the wife leaving. When the Hunter 36 left before us the wife was at the helm and the husband assumed the glaring at pilings position. He also shouted instructions which his wife with equanimity ignored. They also had an easy exit, I sense a trend here.

The mouth of the Alligator was placid, a first for us. After we cleared the several billion crab pots in and around the entrance the wind came up and we decided to raise sails, a novelty for us on this trip. Somehow I managed to get the main halyard tangled around the steaming light on the front of the mast at the first spreaders and the lazy jacks attachment on the side of the mast just below the second spreaders. It took about an hour to get everything untangled and the sails up, just in time for the wind to die. I was so aggravated after all the struggle that I was going to sail even if there was no damn wind.

We sat there for a hour and a half gently rocking back and forth when happily the wind came up (and up and up...) We flew up the Albemarle at 6-6.5 knots and later 6.5-7 knots and then 7-7.5 knots and finally we hit 8 knots. It was a great sail but I was getting worried, the forecast for the day (that is, yesterday) was 10-15 from the south and for the next day (Saturday) 15-20 from the SW, the winds were already 15-20 from the SW and what would tomorrow bring? Our plans were to pull into the Scuppernon River off Bull Bay near Columbia and anchor there, to be joined by friends the next day (that is today).

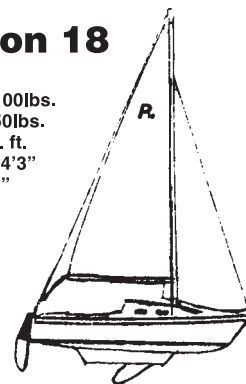
We had to drop our sails to head into Bull Bay and as we did the wind built and now was in the 20-25mph range and when a gust hit 32mph we said enough and turned around for Edenton. We had to be back in Edenton no later than Sunday and if this was supposed to be a good day what could we expect for Saturday and/or Sunday for which the forecast was not so good? So we returned home 12 days and 351.2 nautical miles later. Today (Saturday) I awoke to clear skies and no wind. Sometimes I wish that sailboats had stones after all.

(To Be Continued)

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Once again Norm made me do it. I do not know how he did it but he convinced Paul and Deborah Follansbee to allow us to use their Shearwater *Wandering Bark* for a week's cruise on Penobscot Bay. Not only that, he convinced the Follansbees that our wives, Mary and Tiiu, could spend the same week in their summer home in Winterport, Maine. This is the story of our mini opus cruise (christened by the SWS Editor as the "2008 Magnum Opus") and the shore-based adventures of our wives. Since I cannot find my cruise logs I am going to write from memory about some of the humorous events that occurred and impressions the cruise made on me. The truthfulness of my yarn must be taken with a grain of salt.

Mary, Norm, Tiiu, and I spent two days driving to Winterport. We stopped a lot to let Katie, our little 15-year-old dog, get acquainted with the New England topography. Paul and Deborah met us at their delightful 18th century summer home on Saturday, August 9. They checked us out on the house and the boat, then left to look at *Red Zinger*, a Phil Bolger-designed boat that was for sale. Norm and I launched *Wandering Bark* later that afternoon at Stockton Springs at the mouth of the Penobscot River. Harry and Alice Mote in their Shearwater, *Ardea*, Leo Smith and Sandy Lommen in their Martha Jane, *Scout*, and Bob Ahlers and Carol Moseley in their McGregor 26, *Time Enough*, met us there. It was time to go cruising.

We awoke Sunday morning to a dense fog in Stockton Springs. Welcome to Maine! The fog blew off enough by 1000 so we got underway. Norm and I told Mary and Tiiu we would meet them in the nearby port of Castine for lunch. We had an easy downwind sail to Dice Point. That was the easy part. Rounding the point we headed up into Castine harbor against a 2kt current. We arrived at the floating dock a little late. Docking space was at a premium. We tied to a boat yard's mooring buoy, with their permission, and took the dinghy ashore. Harry and Alice, Leo and Sandy, and Bob and Carol joined us at a water-side restaurant. The seafood was delicious.

After lunch we said goodbye to our wives, like whaling sailors of old, and got underway to sail two miles to the southern end of South Cove. We sailed through the harbor and a racecourse filled with dinghies from the Maine Maritime Academy. We anchored for the night in 25 feet of water, not three feet like on the Chesapeake. With a 6/1 scope that is a lot of anchor rode. Dinner was canned soup.

Monday morning was a repeat of Sunday morning. Fog until about 1000. We sailed back through Castine harbor and around Holbrook Island. The anchor was put down in a cove off the Holbrook Island Sanctuary. Dinghies were readied and we all met ashore to take a long walk up the road and through the woods. It felt good to stretch legs. That night we ate peanut butter and crackers and canned soup. Mary sent a picture to my mobile phone of a large steamed lobster on a plate. I sent her a text message that said, "Save some for us!" She responded, "Too late."

It rained really, really hard that night. And the next day, too! Norm and I and the others spent all Tuesday at anchor... eating peanut butter crackers and canned soup... and not being able to stand up. That evening Mary sent another picture to my mobile phone. This time it was of a half-eaten blueberry pie. I called her and said the six-pack of Sea Dog Wild Blueberry wheat ale we had purchased in provisioning the boat was very good. Would she pick up a case

2008 Magnum Opus Penobscot Bay

By John Zohlen

Reprinted from *The Shallow Water Sailor*

for our trip back to Maryland? The blueberry beer was the only alcohol we had on board. Two guys and six bottles of beer on a seven-day cruise. What were we thinking?

Wednesday was spent sailing around Cape Rosier. We anchored at the head of Orcult Harbor. Everyone, except me, wanted to go ashore and hike down the road to Bucksport Harbor for dinner. They were back two hours later. Apparently there is only one restaurant in Bucksport Harbor and they could not be seated until about 2100. Sandy and Leo rescued us from our peanut butter and canned soup diet. That night Mary sent me a picture and text describing their tour of the Winterport winery. She said they had tasted some great blueberry wines. Norm and I had to trust her on that one.

Wandering Bark was the first to weigh anchor Thursday morning. We sailed down Orcult Harbor and crossed the western end of Eggmoggin Reach. To the north, *Scout* and *Ardea* were some distance behind but still visible. We looked to the east and saw a fog bank rolling down the reach towards us. It was like a silent, white dragon coming at us. We watched as it swallowed up *Scout* and *Ardea*. Gone! We felt secure in spite of the fog because *Wandering Bark* had a depth sounder installed and Norm and I each had brought our handheld GPS units. Still, we did not want to get swallowed up!

Wandering Bark spent the next two hours running before the fog bank. Like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid! First SW, then S, then NW around Cape Rosier with the fog bank chasing us. We were never more than a thousand yards in front of it. We finally turned NE and tucked inside of Holbrook Island and docked at the sanctuary's pier. There we ate lunch and chatted with a sailor from Belfast, Maine, who had brought his dog ashore in a dinghy.

Throughout our cruise we had found large fields of mooring buoys. In fact, some fields were so large that we could not safely anchor in or near them. The sailor told us that it is an accepted custom in Maine to tie off to an unused buoy as long as there is a person aboard capable of moving the boat should the owner arrive. He said only once in eight years had he been asked to leave and then the owner directed him to another buoy close by, indicating the owner was out of town.

Eventually the other three boats joined us at the pier. We all set off to explore the island, walking through fields and woods and eventually coming to the Penobscot Bay side. The beach was littered with driftwood and millions of mussel shells. Sandy and Leo harvested some mussels (low tide) and we walked back to the boats. We all motored north up the eastern side of the island and rafted for happy hour and steamed mussels. That did not last long. The western skies became very black and threatening. *Wandering Bark* and *Ardea* left the nest and motored quickly to the cove we had anchored in Monday night. We knew it had good holding ground.

The skies opened up just as we anchored and were putting up the mosquito netting. It rained hard until after dark. Norm and I were

just opening two MREs (meals, ready to eat) when Bob arrived in his dinghy to say, "The Admiral would like to invite you to dinner aboard *Time Enough* in an hour." The contents of the MREs were shoved back into their bulletproof packaging in a heartbeat. Norm and I enjoyed a wonderful dinner with the Admiral (Carol) and Bob. We were to pay for our enjoyment. The 50yd distance between the boats was a gauntlet through millions of mosquitoes.

Fortunately it was dark but the picture will remain vivid in my mind. John rowing to set a new dinghy speed record and Norm smacking my forehead trying (not sure?) to keep the mosquitoes off me. That night I talked with Mary on the mobile phone. Seems she and Tiiu could not find the wild blueberry beer in cases. They had to go to the microbrewery in Bangor where it was made in order to buy a case. Once again, Norm and I were going to have to trust them on that.

Friday morning was like Sunday morning and Monday morning and... FOG. But this time it was very thick fog. We waited until about 1000. We could finally see the opening between Holbrook Island and Cape Rosier. We thought we could start using dead reckoning. Motor west for one mile and then turn WNW for five miles to Stockton Springs harbor using the GPS and depth sounder. And that is how our cruise ended. The fog lifted just as we made our entrance to Stockton Springs. We hauled out and joined the other crews for a lobster dinner at a nice restaurant in Bucksport. It was a fitting end to a great week of cruising with some great sail mates. The menu? You guessed it... steamed lobster and blueberry pie. My that was good! Hey, they did save some for us!

Katie dog and the four of us took two days to drive back to Maryland. One of the highlights of our return trip was the three hours spent in Freeport at the LL Bean store.

This cruise left me with some new experiences in small boat sailing and navigation. The upper reaches of the Chesapeake Bay are my principal cruising grounds these days. The tides in the Bay are 1' to 1½' at most. Water level is influenced more by the wind. A prolonged NW wind (fall and cold fronts) will empty the Bay and summer winds will hold water in the Bay. The bottom is mud and sand. I typically sail with no clue as to water depth because if the boat grounds, it is easy to get off. No harm, no foul. You can see only about 3-6" below the water surface in the summer time. This is because of all the biological activity.

Penobscot Bay is very different. The water is much clearer down to at least six feet. The tides we experienced in August were eight to ten FEET! The current in Castine Harbor exceeded two knots at max ebb. The bottom is HARD rock and gravel. We really had to know where we were and where we were going. Grounding in Penobscot Bay can ruin a whole day, particularly in someone else's boat. The upper Chesapeake Bay is only about three to four miles across. There are dozens and dozens of rivers, creeks and coves, all with beaches and wooded shoreline that offer protection from the elements. The shoreline around Castine, Cape Rosier, and the western end of Eggmoggin Reach is very hostile, deep water to rock strewn beaches and cliffs. Again, we really had to know where we were and plan for where we wanted to go. I can count on one hand the number of times I have experienced fog on the Chesapeake in 25 years.

Dealing with a boatyard to get things done on our boat can be difficult at times. The urgency of the job and a shortage of materials or manpower can be the determining factor as to whether the yard boss can satisfy our needs or not. At times like these, patience and understanding of the other fellow's problems are required by both parties. Difficult as it may be at times in the US, having to get our boat serviced in a foreign country can be much more trying. Not only are the raw and finished materials of the type we need more difficult and expensive to procure, but the method of doing business, the monetary system, and even the measuring system the boatyard uses can be entirely different than what we are used to.

Then comes the biggest hurdle of all... a different language. Talk about a communication problem! I was luckily (unluckily) in England when my wooden 26' cutter *Bourisheen* was run down and damaged at her moorings by a dredger. With all my other problems I, at least, didn't have a major language problem to deal with. That doesn't mean I didn't have a communication problem, however.

Late on the day of the accident (happily we weren't on board) my wife and I walked down to the town quay to view the remains of what a few hours before had been a beautiful sailing yacht. *Bourisheen* is a masthead cutter with a 7' beam weighing 3.55 tonnes. Constructed of double diagonal planking on oak framing with a full length iron keel, she closely resembles the former midget ocean racer *Sopranino*. Standing on the quay we could look down and see the devastation the dredger had wrought.

The mahogany hatch cover lay twisted open, ripped off its hinges by the force of the collision. The mast was broken and was lying lengthwise along the top of the coach roof where the harbor police had placed it and the boom. The foredeck, which took the brunt of the collision, resembled a concert stage after a revolt by the horn section. Parts of the broken pulpit, both forestays and running lights, were scattered about the torn bow.

After selecting a yard in Cowes that specialized in wooden boat work and gently pleading my case for urgent assistance, *Bourisheen* was lifted onto the ways two days after the accident. There, two men who I had persuaded to meet with me gathered to assess the damages. One was a marine architect and surveyor, the other the owner of the boatyard. I stood well in the background and let them do their thing while I looked the premises over. Because it was an old yard that mostly built and repaired wooden boats, the owner collected some of the finest apprentice-trained boat builders in the U.K. Although the yard is small and the demand for wooden boats is not what it was 50 years ago, skilled workmen still wait in turn for possible job openings.

In England, boat builders serve an apprenticeship in a yacht or boat building yard before being considered qualified tradesmen. The length of a boat building apprenticeship at the time was four years. The apprentice is there to learn his trade as well as work for the yard and he is put under an older, skilled boat builder teacher who tells him what to do on each job. In the beginning he usually stays with one man for two or three months which settles him into the routine of work after leaving school. The first jobs he is given are simple and straightforward of the fetch-

A Lifetime on the Water

Part 9

Getting our Way in a Foreign Boatyard

By Lionel Taylor

ing variety. Gradually he is given small jobs to do himself and, as he becomes more experienced, he tackles more complicated and difficult assignments. In those busy days of early fall the yard was a beehive of activity and I let the owner know that I was well aware of my good fortune in getting such prompt service, in view of the fact that some local jobs may have been put off to accommodate me.

I had to remember to not talk to any yard personnel working on my boat. I had to find the owner or one of his few yard foremen. That is usually different from what we do in the States. Further communications were difficult. It was not just having to translate the Isle Of Wight dialect above the customary boatyard din, but it was also having to remember that the identical word in "American" didn't always have the same meaning in the King's (or Queen's) English. Sometimes an almost new vocabulary was required.

This was especially true when conversing in technical marine terms; a turnbuckle became a bottlescrew, a gasket a joint, a bolt circle a PCD (for drilling holes), aluminum aluminium, and a ton a tonne of 2,200 pounds. Of an even more technical nature, industries in the UK utilize different standards than we do in the US to identify materials, fastenings, and other hardware. A simple 1/4"-20 thread becomes 1/4"-19 in the British Standard Pipe System (BSP), a 1/4"-26 in the BSP (fine) System and an M3 by 0.05 in the Metric System. Unfortunately these fastenings are not all interchangeable equivalents. Time and requirements dictate, in part, which system is used.

Because of her age, *Bourisheen* had hardware that must have used them all! Because the accident that took place in Cowes harbor occurred in September, I was anxious to get *Bourisheen* back in the water before winter closed in. From the beginning, consideration and cooperation were the watchwords of the yard. The owner was prepared to begin the necessary repair work as soon as the survey was completed, although he knew that insurance companies could take some time in settling the bill.

A day or so after the survey had been completed and the result of the findings and recommended repairs had been sent off to the dredger's insurance company, initial work started. Later that week I received a letter of "Agreement to Responsibilities" (customary in the UK) from the dredger's owner admitting his skipper had been at fault for the collision. It was now up to his insurance company to agree to pay for the repairs quoted in Surveyor Greenfield's letter.

This was easier said than done. Lloyd's of London, the principal marine underwriter in the UK, had had a disastrous year and it finally necessitated my hiring a solicitor to collect the damages. After the hull was repaired and painted, the rigger's work ground to a halt without a new mast to replace the broken one. I began to find out about the difficulties of obtaining parts for a one-off design. Ian Proctor Company, Ltd, had to extrude my mast as a special order. Little did I realize that it would take several months before the new mast would finally be delivered. Winter would regretfully overtake me and I would be forced to return to the States before *Bourisheen's* repairs would be completed.

As a result of my experience, I felt I should make some recommendations for anyone finding themselves in a foreign country with a boat that needs some yard work:

1. Take time to locate a boatyard that is capable, cooperative, and efficient in undertaking the necessary repairs.

2. If there is to be a claim against responsible parties, get the local harbor police or Coast Guard to substantiate the facts.

3. Before leaving home, be sure any insurance policy covers the boat for foreign travel.

4. Contact the insurance company immediately after a loss to help with a claim and to expedite repairs.

5. Plan to spend as much time in the boatyard as possible to monitor the progress on the boat repair. Not only will this enable catching any possible errors or misunderstandings before they have gone too far, but you will also will enable a better understanding of how the yard operates, its limitations, and possible liabilities. Temporarily live close enough to visit the yard every day where repairs were being made.

6. Hire a marine surveyor as soon as the boat is hauled and get him together with the yard boss to determine the exact certified extent of the damages.

7. From the above, make a list of long delivery time hardware that will in the end determine the length of the yard stay. Although many US companies have offices in foreign countries hardware for older or one-off boats may be hard to come by. That was a serious mistake I made with my mast replacement. If I had ordered my new mast right after the accident, I might have been able to get *Bourisheen* back into the water before winter.

8. Be careful of personal injury in an old boatyard. There are many safety hazards lurking on the floors, walls, ceilings, and around the boats. Don't add yourself to the repair list.

9. Don't express your opinion if you feel that a boatyard at home could make the repair faster and better than what the yard in a foreign country is doing. Remember that few boatyards overseas specialize in yacht repair. The bulk of their business could be commercial vessels and the methods of handling their work could be vastly different.

10. Remember that weather is always a factor in boat repair. Early fall gales and temperatures slowed down the Island's hardware delivery and *Bourisheen's* haul-out and paint work.

11. Above all, be patient and cooperative. Be prepared to spend some time nattering about everything but the problem at hand. One might think of oneself as the only one with a boat that needs urgent repair but this is not so. Don't end up being labeled an "Ugly American"!

The International Scene

The shipping industry might be described as a house of cards and the cards are beginning to tumble. Shipping rates are sharply down after reaching record highs only half a year ago, financing for new ships is hard to find, some companies are already in bankruptcy, ships are being laid up, but there is some good news, the probable non-delivery of perhaps 25% (or more) of the ships now on order at shipyards around the world may help solve a shortage of experienced mariners to man the new build fleet.

After careful consideration of the current economic mess, an American shipping company walked away from a \$53 million deposit for six new Suezmax bulkers. In reaction, the company stock went up.

The energy area is healthy, so far. The price of oil, although dropping, allows continued exploration but there is a shortage of deep water drilling rigs and a shortage of skilled crews for them so costs are high. A rig can be rented for \$600,000 a day while an anchor handling tug (it deploys and retrieves a rig's giant anchors in thousands of feet of water) goes for \$300,000 per day and more. (The 23,500hp *Maersk Attender* earned £200,000 (\$322,577) per day for four days' work attending a disabled tanker. That was roughly equivalent to four months' earnings a decade ago.)

A rarely discussed problem is that many oil platforms in the North Sea and elsewhere are aging and rusting badly and many have sunk into the bottom as much as ten metres. These multiple factors place them at increasing risk from waves which now can sometimes reach platform decks.

US Coast Guard boarding and inspection teams must act more professionally, that is, be polite instead of officious. That was the word from CG Headquarters. And the Coast Guard stated that crews of visiting ships must be allowed to go ashore, although permission is more a matter for Immigration than the Coast Guard.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

It was a hard and grievous month.

Ships sank: Off China the capsizing/sinking of the container ship *Xin Ming Fa 17* killed five and 146 containers went missing.

Near Hainan Island the *Hue 90*, carrying 400 tons of coal, sank and a nearby oil platform was asked to send help to the sinking site.

Dredgers had a bad month: Near Kolobrzeg in northwestern Poland the dredger *Rozgwiarda (Sunfish)* suddenly capsized and sank in the Baltic Sea. The bodies of two crewmen were recovered and searching went on for three others.

In Portway in Lancashire, UK, the hopper dredger *Abigal H.* sank after being moored at a quay overnight. Nobody was on board.

In the Georgian port of Kulevi the Ukrainian dredger *Skadovsk* ran aground during a storm and sank while being pulled off by a tug. Three died.

Ships collided: The container ship *Beluga Sensation* meant to stop but went astern, collided with the quay and damaged it, then collided with the cargo ship *Jerome H.*, breaking it free from its moorings. It scooted across the Kiel Canal and grounded on the Holtenau side, damaging both its stern and a canal-side restaurant.

Off Japan the ro-ro/pax *Shuri* struck the fishing vessel *Kohei Maru*, sinking it. Six crew members of the FV were rescued by the Coast Guard two hours later but three were dead.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

In the English Channel the Egyptian bulker *WadiHalfa* collided with the coastal container feeder vessel *Scot Isles*. Minor damage, no injuries.

Off South Korea, and on its maiden voyage, India's largest tanker, the VLCC *Desh Viraat*, collided and sank an unspecified Cambodian ship. All 12 on board were saved.

Ship ran aground: In the busy Gulf of Finland the Russian cargo ship *Lotos* ran aground and two tugs were unable to free it. A larger tug was then added, no reports as to any success.

In bad weather off the Zululand and Mputaland coasts a Cyprus-registered fishing vessel went aground and two empty barges were driven ashore after they broke free from the Caribbean-registered tug *Thunderer*.

In southern Russia the Turkish-flagged *A plus-1* went aground when it missed a turn in the Azov-Don channel.

In Vietnam the bulker *New Oriental*, carrying 11,500 tons of iron ore from Thailand to China, ran into double trouble, a bad engine and bad weather, and went aground. A Vietnamese tanker was soon offloading its supply of fuel.

On the River Tay the wheat-carrying *Celtica Hav* went aground when the tide fell lower than expected. It was parked just above a pipeline carrying ethane, propane, and butane liquids from a Shell refinery but the line was buried about 10' deep and enclosed with concrete so all was well.

At Flushing in the Netherlands the container ship *Kota Lagu* went aground but soon got off, just another routine grounding.

Ships hosted fires or explosions: The container ship *APL Peru* had a fire in Hold 5 at sea somewhere between Hong Kong and Seattle but the fire-suppression system worked.

In Halifax local firemen fought a stubborn blaze on the ex-Canadian Coast Guard vessel *Tupper*, now named *Caruso*, while moored at Dartmouth.

The year-old freighter *Ing Hua Fu No 9* blew up when chemicals or steel in its hold caught fire at Southpoint (part of the Port Klang complex in Indonesia) but none of the crew was killed, they had hurriedly left just before the bang.

Other nasty things happened: In years gone by heavy rolling caused by large swells would sometimes shake the masts out of a becalmed large sailing ship. Recently something like that happened to the *HeavyLift Ancora*, a Suezmax tanker converted into a semi-submersible. It was enroute to the UK from the Gulf of Mexico when it had engine problems and stopped. Heavy weather caused it to start rolling. Its deck cargo, the large liftboat *KS Titan-1*, broke free, slid to port and off the deck, and then its three towering spuds caused it to flip topside-down and it sank. It was to have supported construction of an offshore wind farm off Wales.

At Beirut a container fell while being unloaded from the *MSC Eugenia* and damaged 12 other containers in the hold.

Off Scotland the Russian cargo ship *Me-khanik Semakov* informed authorities that it was having engine and fuel problems during bad weather, they would be fixed within the

hour, and a sistership was standing by. Time passed and no report of any progress so the SOSREP (the UK's final authority concerning any marine problem that threatens to become a pollution problem) ordered the drifting ship's owner to hire a tug. No tug was available so the UK-maintained Emergency Towing Vessel *Anglican Prince* took the merchant ship in tow.

Humans took a beating, too: A crewman stabbed and killed the master of the general cargo ship *Paxi* during a fight off the Spanish coast and the suspect later slashed his wrists.

Life-saving devices can be deadly. A man was trapped and seriously injured by a watertight door on the Cross-Channel ferry *Eurovoyager* but wasn't discovered until the vessel was five miles from its destination at Ramsgate.

And in Italy a shipyard worker tried to squeeze through a watertight door that closed on him. He died and the launch of the cruise ship *Ruby Princess* was put off. It was the yard's second fatality this year, a welder working on a steel plate was run down by a yard truck in April.

But radio is wonderful. Falmouth Radio in the UK received a report from the *Katya Zelenko* 241 miles off Kenya that a crewman was sick. Falmouth Radio then determined that the frigate *HMS Northumbeland* was only 150 miles away and had a helicopter on board. The sick man was winched from his ship and transported to a hospital at Mombassa.

But the month's BIG news happened at Gibraltar. Two ships went adrift in stormy weather the equivalent of a Category II hurricane. The *Tawe* simply grounded in Algeciras Bay but the empty 36,000gt bulker *Fedra*, its engine under repair, drifted in spite of an anchor down and efforts by two tugs to get her under control. She grounded at Europa Point, the top of her stern superstructure level with the lighthouse perched high on the Point's cliffs. The *Fedra* soon broke in two from battering by waves. How to rescue its crew of 31? Five were rescued by a Spanish rescue helicopter but it had to make an emergency landing when salt water entered its turbines. Its rescue diver was left onboard the *Fedra* in the rush to land. A crane was then brought to the scene and operator Raoul Munoz, blinded by driving spray and wind but guided by signals from others, successfully hoisted a group of six, then four more, then five, with the rescue diver coming up last. But conditions had worsened so efforts were stopped, the cliff was crumbling away, and the bow section of the *Fedra* was surging in and out and threatening operations. Eleven others remained on the ship. Would they last out the night? They did and Munoz snatched them in one quick hoist, all eleven men fitting into the cage by lying atop each other.

Gray Fleets

The destroyer *HMS Nottingham* is going to be scrapped. Six years ago the recently updated warship managed to hit a charted rock off Lord Howe Island in the Tasman and the resulting 160' gash nearly sank it. Saved by valiant damage control work, the 1980-built vessel was taken back to the UK on a heavy-lift ship (big bucks!) and repaired (at a cost of £39 million), saw four more years of service, and was then mothballed.

Another disabled warship went back into service. The nuclear submarine *USS San Francisco* ran into a submerged seamount near Guam at speed in January 2005 and was nearly lost. One man was killed and 100 more injured. The sub made it back to

the US, the longest non-stop voyage by any un-submerged US submarine. It was decided that it was cheapest (at an estimated \$79 million) to use the nose off the *USS Honolulu*, a younger sister ship that was due to be decommissioned in 2006. (Similarly, in 1956 the bow of an unfinished *Iowa*-class battleship replaced the bow of the *USS Wisconsin* after it had collided with a destroyer.)

Building two competing versions of the US Navy's new Littoral Combat Ships has been erratic, with unexpected delays while officials pondered on what to do next, so Bollinger, a major shipyard in the competition, filled schedule gaps by building 193' platform supply boats on speculation for oil field support. They are selling well.

In the Black Sea the destroyer *USS Barry* ran aground while preparing to dock at the Turkish port of Samsun. Tugs soon freed the vessel.

In competition with builders from Russia and Korea the Italian builder Fincantieri won a contract to build a fleet tanker for the Indian Navy.

India's Controller and Auditor General found that India's submarine fleet was in disrepair with less than half available in case of war and the sub fleet at only two-thirds of the level approved 23 years ago.

White Fleets

A crewman on the *Queen Mary* drunkenly strangled his female boss and recent, but former, lover.

A UK subsidiary of Carnival will cease operation at the end of 2008 and its two ships will be transferred to Australia in 2009 and 2010.

In the States, Majestic America will cease operation as soon as the 2008 cruises are completed. There has been no buyer for its seven ships and its legendary sternwheeler *Delta Queen* can no longer legally operate.

More than 1,200 people paid for a four-day mini-cruise to Ireland and back but bad weather kept the *Thompson Celebration* at Liverpool. Most stayed on the ship for the four days and enjoyed the usual cruise amenities, even though the scenic highlight outside was a large pile of scrap metal.

Bad bugs bugged people: The *Caribbean Princess* arrived at Halifax with 111 of its 3,200 passengers confined to their cabins with norovirus-caused distress. The *Volendam* arrived at Dunedin, New Zealand, with 60 passengers having been or being sick, probably from the norovirus. The *Zuiderdam* arrived at Port Everglades with 10% of its passengers sick.

Carnival Corporation will eliminate or reduce fuel surcharges for those traveling on the ships of its Carnival Cruises, Costa Cruise, Cunard Line, Holland America, Princess, and Seabourn subsidiaries.

The *QE2* was launched 41 years ago and has since travelled 5,861,005nm at speeds up to 32.5 knots, both records for vessels in cruise ship service. Some of its crew was on the *QE2*'s first trans-Atlantic trip in 1969. Now the ship goes to Dubai as the basis of an entertainment complex. The turnover date, had you wanted to hoist a glass to the old gal, was November 28 at 1400 hours at the Port Rashid cruise terminal in Dubai. The ship's trademark funnel will be cut off and used as an entrance to the complex. The stack will be replaced by a four-story penthouse complete with swimming pool, of course. The lifeboats will disappear, additional cabins will be built

back aft, and the engines will give way to a large entertainment venue.

Those That Go Back and Forth

The big (35,222gt) ferry *Fantastic* made an exciting entrance into Genoa while Force 10 winds were prevailing and one engine and one stabilizer were out of service. The ro-ro/pax dropped an anchor, the ship heeled 20 degrees, and then hit the quay hard enough to damage onboard vehicles and the vessel itself. And the dropped anchor damaged underwater electric cabling and water piping.

In the Philippines the Coast Guard had to rescue 24 passengers from the drifting ferry *April Rose* after it became disabled when salt water entered the main engine.

Also in the Philippines the ferry *Don Dexter* or *Don Dexter Cathleen*, "a large wooden-hulled outrigger" with an authorized capacity of 100 persons, was capsized by a sudden gust of wind in otherwise calm weather and at least 42 died while about 100 survived. The gust, locally called a "subasko," was apparently a sudden and short-lived whirlwind. Two days later another Filipino motorized outrigger ferry capsized during a storm and at least 12 died.

Legal Matters

A US court awarded \$80 million in damages to three Cuban dockworkers who had been held in virtual slavery by the Cuban government and a Curaçao ship repair company. They were among 50 to 100 "trafficked, captive, and forced" Cubans who worked under prison-like conditions from 1991 to two years ago to pay off a debt of \$20 million owed by Cuba to the company.

A Maltese company, a Greek company, and the chief engineer of the *Rio Gold* pleaded guilty in a US court to using a "magic pipe," falsifying records, and lying about the disposal of oily waste water. The fines totaled \$755,000 and probation time totaled nine years.

And the chief engineer of the reefer *Snow Flower* faced up to six years in jail and a \$250,000 fine while the Danish ship owner was fined \$1.4 million for their roles in a similar "magic pipe" offense.

A year after the *Cosco Busan* oil spill in San Francisco Bay six crew members are still being held by the US Government as material witnesses in the upcoming federal trial of the pilot.

Illegal Imports

Chinese custom agents found \$200 million worth of smuggled goods on a river trade vessel heading for Zhaoqing, Guangdong.

At Southampton, UK, police arrested seven people for bringing in £1.2 million worth of cocaine aboard the cruise ship *Arcadia*, which had just returned from a 22-day cruise to the Caribbean. Four of those arrested had 30kg of the drug strapped to their bodies. About the same time Rotterdam police stopped the import of 300kg of cocaine.

"Anywhere is better than where I am," is a thought of many. Some get to "anywhere" but many don't. For example, the Spanish Coast Guard intercepted a boat crammed with 73 African illegal immigrants, eight of them babies.

Nature

Getting "free" power from the ever-restless sea has been tempting inventors, developers, and entrepreneurs for many years. Devices under trial or being installed include turbines of various kinds, flappers that react

to waves, floating buoys, and so on. One of the more interesting concepts is the *Anacanda*. It's a 600' rubber tube that has one end secured to the sea bottom and the other end floating free. As a wave passes it creates a matching wave inside the flooded tube that is pushed along until it exits through a turbine at the tube's anchored end. A generator there creates electricity that is transmitted to the shore and customers.

Metal-Bashing

No/yes/no, what goes on anyhow? Bangladeshi scrappers broke up the tanker *Enterprise* even though a court order said not to. The owner of the ship-breaking firm said he hadn't officially heard about the order. But the same court had earlier said no, then had a panel of experts inspect the ship (they found a clean ship), after which the court decided that scrapping was OK after all. All because Greenpeace claimed the tanker was full of toxic substances.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

In Thailand police recovered the hijacked tug *Whale 7* and barge *Sinobest 2503* and arrested five robbers. The vessels had been renamed as *Saga 01* and *Sinoveht*.

Elsewhere, Nigerian and Cameroon nasties continued to be nasty to oil production vessels. Off Somalia piracy and paying ransoms steadily escalated and has become an international big business. Nearly 100 ships have been attacked there so far this year with more than two dozen hijacked and the world's nations have been stiffening their resolve to do something really effective. The US, the UK, France, Kenya, India, South Korea, Japan, and even Somalia itself were among those doing something reasonably effective. Private security groups have also been involved. And some hijack attempts were foiled because of the presence of naval ships, helicopters, and even unmanned surveillance aircraft.

Odd Bits

Want to buy a mega-yacht? A court recently decided that Iraq owned Saddam Hussein's 270' *Ocean Breeze*. The ex-*Qadissiyat* has several swimming pools, a mosque, a missile launcher, and a mini-sub.

The US Coast Guard now classifies paddleboards as vessels when used beyond the confines of a swimming, surfing, bathing area, or surf-line zone. That means each board must then carry a sound-producing device, visual distress signals, and proper navigation lights.

Jacques Piccard died at age 86. In 1960 he and Navy Lt Don Walsh reached a depth of 35,800' in the Pacific's Mariana Trench, a record that still stands.

A Japanese shipping line is now issuing life jackets with radar reflectors in addition to the usual light-reflecting pieces of tapes.

Head-Shakers

US security personnel will start using a sophisticated X-ray device at the Port of Los Angeles to inspect trucks delivering supplies to cruise ships. Nothing unusual there except the device is made in China by a company that is headed by a son of the President of the People's Republic of China.

Getting ready for a nice sail from the River Exe, the British owner of the 28' yacht *Quantum Meruit* touched a seacock and it disintegrated! He stuck his depthfinder in the resulting hole while he used the radio, which luckily was within reach, to call for help.

An oyster pirate is a skipjack that is built a little narrower in beam than a standard skipjack that has a 3-to-1 length to beam ratio. "Night scrapers," or poachers, would use these fast boats to dredge (scrape by hand rollers) over beds reserved for hand tonging. The speed was necessary to outrun police boats. These smaller skipjacks were built intentionally for the illegal work.

Dreamcatcher is a half-scale replica (interpretation) of *Messenger*, built in Oriole, Maryland. The plans come from the Smithsonian and can be found in Howard Chapelle's book, *American Small Sailing Craft*, and also in the Time-Life book, *The Classic Boat*.

A poacher would change the name of the boat when they came under suspicion. This bateau *Messenger* was converted into a pleasure boat and given the name by her last owner. She was blown up in 1942 by a gas explosion.

Dreamcatcher was built using $\frac{1}{2}$ " plywood for the hull, $\frac{3}{8}$ " ply for the deck, $\frac{1}{4}$ " for the little cabin, and $\frac{3}{8}$ " ply for the transom, all covered in 6oz fiberglass cloth and saturated with epoxy. I used PT yellow pine for most of the deck beams and supports. The backbone, strongback, forefoot, centerboard trunk, and billet were standard dimensional lumberyard building stock. The bowsprit is Douglas fir. The mast and boom are solid Hem-Fir, whatever that is. The rudder and centerboard are plywood glued up to $\frac{1}{4}$ ". The tiller is sapele, the mooring post is sapele.

The fastenings are deck screws and the like. All the side and bottom panels, as well as all beams, supports, etc., are glued with thickened epoxy. The interior of the hull got 3" tape and epoxy on all seams. There are two layers of tape on the outside of the panels. The cockpit has cedar floorboards and it is lined with $\frac{1}{4}$ " tongue and grove cedar.

Dreamcatcher "Oyster Pirate"

By Greg Grundtisch



The construction of the pirates is the same as standard skipjacks. They have the herringbone bottom, sometimes called file bottom, and the forefoot being log or "chunk" built, pieces of log drift bolted to-

gether and hewn to shape. Pine was used in most instances and oak used for the centerboard, skeg, and rudder. These vessels were very heavily built due to the stresses put on them by the strain of dredging.

Skipjacks have a large sail area to give power in dragging the scrapers. Both sails have lazy jacks to aid in taking in sail quickly without furling. The following is a quote from Chapelle's *American Small Sailing Craft*, "The boats can be capsized and so the crew do not hesitate to tuck in a reef when the rail begins to go under." Jesus!

Two sail bateau is the name used for skipjacks back then. The main sail was described as a leg o' mutton sail. The jib has a club on the foot. *Messenger* was built around 1900.

Dreamcatcher has an LOD of 18' with a 5' beam. She weighs approximately 500 pounds. *Messenger* is 35' 7" LOD, 10' beam.

Statistics and More

The sails are of 100% cotton. The main-sail has seven mast hoops and is lashed to the boom. The jib is hanked on and has a club on the foot. The sheets and topping lift are synthetic line from the home improvement store. The halyards are manila. The bowsprit has a single chain bobstay and $\frac{3}{8}$ " wire rope for whisker or side stays.

The hardware is bronze if I had the parts and stainless if I had to buy from the home improvement place. They sell shackles, thimbles, wire, and other boat parts in galvanized or stainless at prices much lower than the marine stores.

I tried to keep things as much to scale as the drawings showed but not everything scales down as to be practical. The foot well and the cabin are good examples. The foot well would have scaled to about 18" square and would

have been useless in the location the drawing shows. It would not have been deep enough. I made it a lazarette 20" square. The cabin scaled to about 68" and is too narrow to be used for sleeping. The cockpit became a little longer than scale just to gain some room. The main traveler had to be moved because of the change in the footwell. Its present location needs to be changed also. It gets in our way when shifting from side to side.

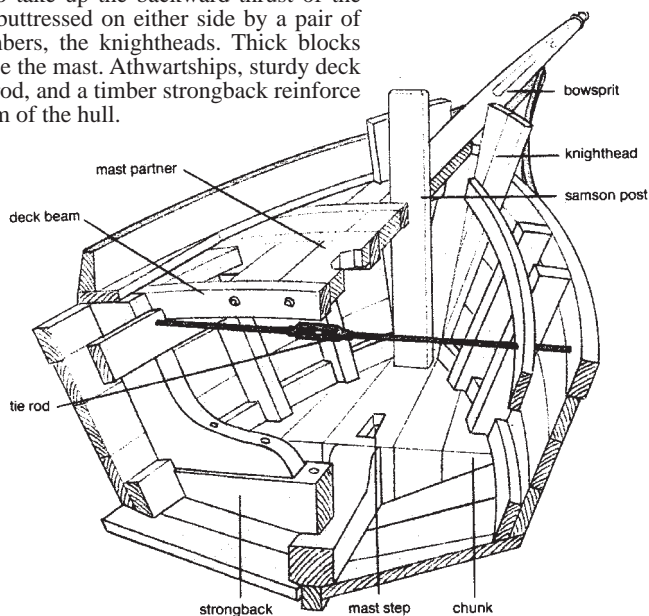
I used manila to keep things traditional looking as well as deadeyes and mast hoops. It looks great but rigging and bending on sail takes time. The manila is very messy and rough. The running lights are in boxes hung on the shrouds above the top deadeyes. The shrouds are $\frac{1}{16}$ " ss wire rope, $\frac{1}{32}$ " would have been sufficient. The solid mast and boom are still too heavy, even after I chose to not use Douglas fir in favor of the Hem-Fir, which is not very good wood for this application. The birds mouth method is probably the way to go for this. There is no ballast. I'm not sure what was used at the time but she definitely needs some. The centerboard needs to be heavier too. I have ten pounds of lead in it to keep it down but much more is needed for ballast.

Keeping things looking traditional has some drawbacks. The main one is that rigging takes a lot longer. I had hoped she would be a trailer sailer but getting set up every time I want to sail will be time consuming. Changing to a more practical setup will save time, but at the expense of a vintage look. If I was to keep her in the water all the time on a mooring or slip the look could be kept. But a small motor is needed. Rowing the traditional way is difficult and practically impossible if the wind is over 15mph.

The cabin is actually in the way when raising or lowering the sails. I have to slide the hatch and stand over the centerboard trunk. The height of the boom scaled down became too low over the cockpit. The jib cannot be reached out on the bowsprit. A downhaul is needed but that won't keep the lowered sail under control. There is no practical way to furl the jib. No place forward of the mast to stand. Adding the traditional jib lazy jacks will help, or a non-traditional roller furler.

So it is a question of tradition verses practicality and simplicity. Traditional looks great but being a trailer sailer boat will save some dock fees and some time. For now we are going to stay with the traditional look and see how things work out after a season of sailing her.

The skipjack's bow reveals extra solid construction to support the boat's large mast and heavy bowsprit. Five massive pieces called chunks make up the forefoot and the largest in the center provides a mast step. A samson post, also anchored in the central chunk, rises vertically through the deck to take up the backward thrust of the bowsprit which is buttressed on either side by a pair of other vertical members, the knightheads. Thick blocks called partners brace the mast. Athwartships, sturdy deck beams, a metal tie rod, and a timber strongback reinforce the sides and bottom of the hull.

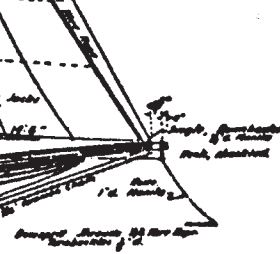
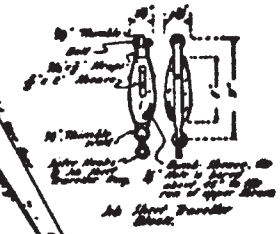
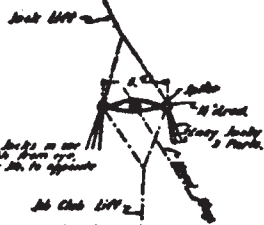
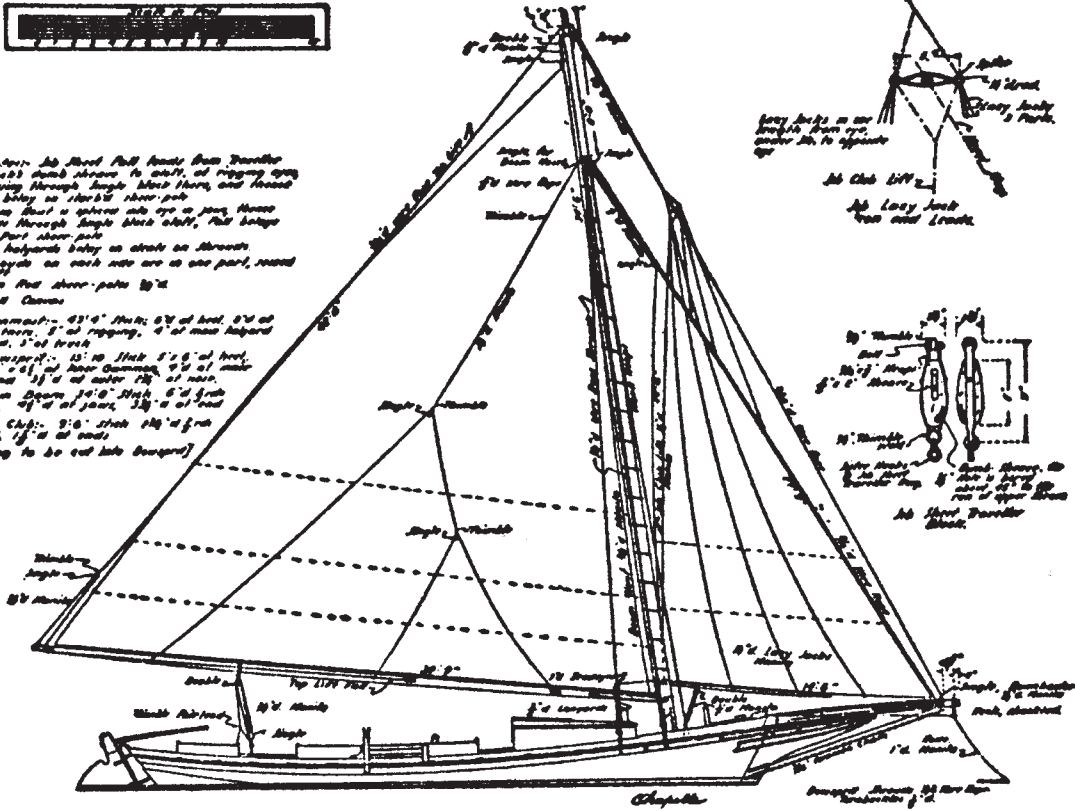


MESSINGER

Fig. as taken off

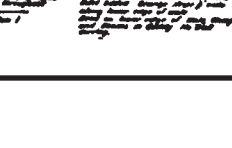
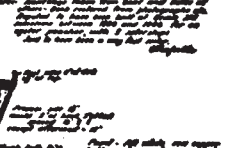
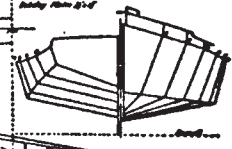
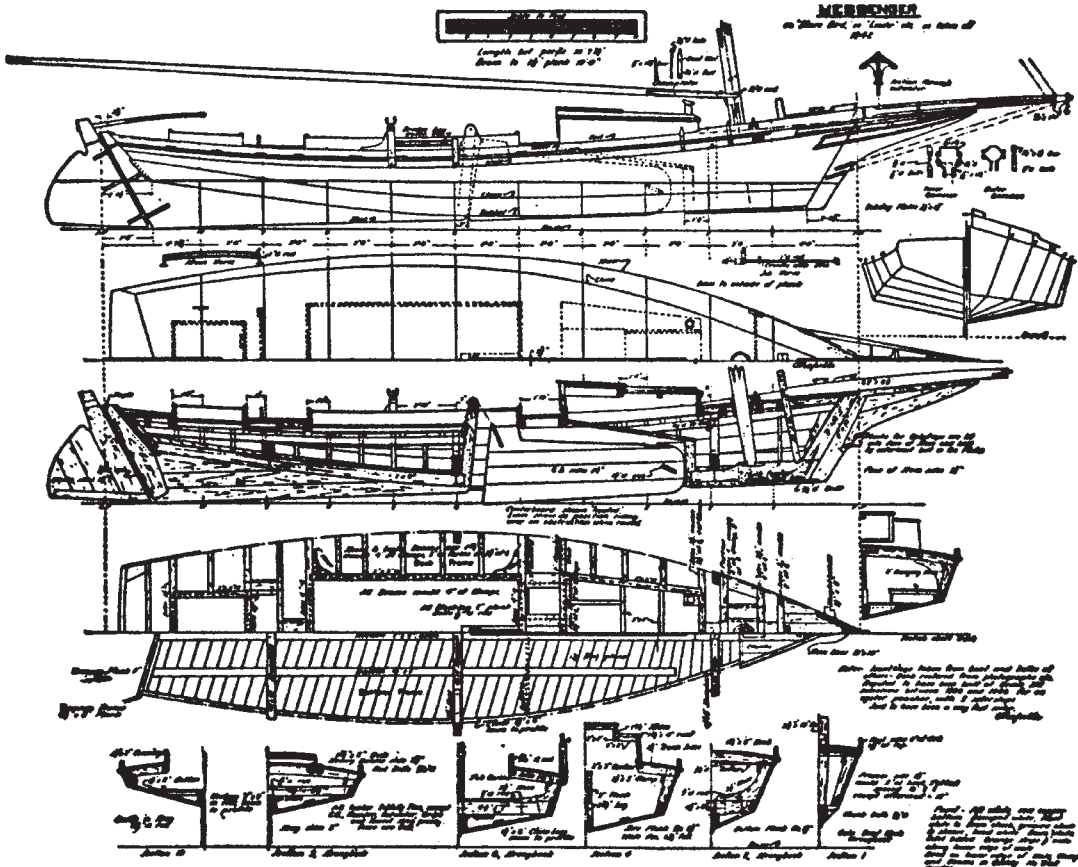


Notes: 1. The Mast is made from Traveller Block and is set in a hole, all rigging being passing through single block there, and fixed to hole in short's shear-pole.
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MESSINGER

as shown in 'Lumber' etc. in table of



Dreamcatcher finally got into the water. We launched her in mid-August but because of too much wind, or not enough, and rain on available sailing days, it was October 6 before our maiden voyage. And a memorable one it was.

The day was sunny, 61 degrees, and wind at 10-12 knots as reported by The Weather Channel. So the lovely and talented Naomi and I prepared *Dreamcatcher* and rowed her away from the dock and out of the marina. We raised the sails, *Dreamcatcher* caught the wind, and off she went. And she looked so pretty, too. If you took a picture of her in some of the areas around here you could easily believe it was 1901.

In the light wind she moved along better than anticipated, and when we got away from the protected marina area and into the full effect of 12kt wind she took off fast, very fast.

Dreamcatcher is very tender. We learned a little about this when we launched her and found that when we are both on the same side her rail will go under, and if we do not get to center quickly she likely will go further. So when her rail went under in 12kt wind with one of us on each side we were only a little surprised. With both of us on the windward side the rail was close to the water but not quite under. This while fairly close hauled. I then let out the main sheet and got *Dreamcatcher* in a more comfortable position and off we went to enjoy an afternoon of sailing.

We decided to change direction and head toward a more attractive area of the Buffalo waterfront. What we then found out was that *Dreamcatcher* will not come about. We tried a half dozen times and she just would not do it. She would quickly turn, and as she got directly into the wind she would stop dead and fall off. We could not get her to go through the wind and off on a new tack no matter what we did to coax her. So we just decided to simply jibe her and head in the other direction. And so we did. For the next 30-40 minutes we sailed and jibed and began to enjoy this pretty little vessel.

I want to digress for a moment and mention why this skipjack does look so good. A large part is due to the skill and talent of some of the Messer-advertisers on these pages. Stuart Hopkins of Dabbler Sails made a beautiful set of sails from a cotton sail of '50s vintage. It fit and set perfectly. His sailmaking skills are second to none. The Winters brothers made the stern cleats and fairleads. These are handmade of ash with stainless hardware for mounting and flawlessly finished. The mast hoops and deadeyes are from Pert Lowell Co, always quality traditional products from them. They build Townies, too. Thanks to them all for making *Dreamcatcher* look so good.

I also want to thank Mr Bob Hicks. He generously donated *Dreamcatcher's* backbone to me. This backbone keel, with hewn chunk forefoot, also had the stem, billet, stern post, and frame strongbacks, all completed by him. This is the most difficult and time consuming aspect of building. How he was able to get it built from the plans provided by the Smithsonian, I am still not sure, but he did and it was dead on accurate. It made my job so much easier.

Thanks also to Mr Tom Gruenauer, a very knowledgeable and talented antique boat restorer. He helped me with getting out the transom shape by showing me how to correctly use the table of offsets. But more im-

The Semi-Final Report

portantly, he taught me how to use the "magic monkey stick" (tic-stick). This helped to take measurements directly off the drawing. A big time saver.

Most importantly, I have to thank the lovely and talented Naomi. She not only tolerates my boat building plans, projects, and ideas, but she encourages it! It was her "encouragement" in the cold winter months that got me out of this warm house and into a freezing shop. Without her encouragement I would still not have *Dreamcatcher* finished. It's encouragement like, "Get off your lazy transom and get out there. So what if it's cold? I thought that's what the wood stove is for, dammit!" The thought of going into an 18° shop in January doesn't come naturally to me. I need encouragement. Fortunately for me she has plenty to offer. Digression over.

After some more testing and sailing we thought we should find a place on shore so Naomi could get some photos of *Dreamcatcher* under sail. We tried several more times to get her to come about but nothing doing. It just wouldn't happen. So we jibed once again. But this time, as we began the jibe, the wind caught the sail sooner than we expected with a strong gust. We were caught on the wrong side. Naomi got up over the centerboard trunk and on the high side but *Dreamcatcher* kept going over. The rail and washboard were under in literally two seconds. In the third second the cockpit began to fill and it was all over. And so was I. Right into the drink. Naomi managed to keep out of the water and get on the side of the hull still floating with the help of the mast and an air pocket.

Looking back, these were some of the problems that caused the mishap. First, I couldn't let out the mainsail. This was due in part because the mainsheet kinked and wouldn't go through the block. My weight, when leaning over to release it, let in more water. It didn't really matter as the boat was so far over, the boom was in the water with the wind still pressing and the rudder was almost completely out of the water and steering was lost. *Dreamcatcher's* tenderness was once again very evident. Could this have been prevented? "You betcha!" Sorry, I had to use that phrase.

Obviously, as the one at the helm, I am ultimately responsible for this capsize. And on a test sail I should have expected the unexpected. I should have forced her to come about with the oar. I also have a block on the main sheet that is a bit too small and likely not needed. Its location on the cockpit floor needs re-evaluation. This, combined with cheap line from the home improvement store that tends to easily kink, is something to consider, too. A farsighted captain would have. Live and learn. In the words of Capt Roger Duncan of East Boothbay, Maine, "Knowledge learned is knowledge earned if the price doesn't come too dear."

Needless to say we didn't get the photos. The two cameras, along with the emergency radio, went into the water. The emergency radio we found to not be waterproof as we were led to believe. That could have been a real problem under different circumstances. Fortunately Naomi was well prepared. She had her cell phone in a waterproof belt

pouch. She called 911. After trying to explain our location and plight to the dim operator for literally ten minutes (that could have been a problem, too), she finally got us to the Coast Guard. After re-explaining the situation, help was on the scene in about four minutes. It was actually the County Sheriff's Patrol that got there first. Two deputies got us aboard and back to shore. They also helped us gather up some of the floorboards and other items we could collect. They were two very kind and understanding sheriff's deputies. We had to call the Towboat to refloat *Dreamcatcher* and tow her in.

This happened on a Monday at the end of the season. There was no one on the water but us, save one sailboat that somehow didn't see me waving an 8' oar. Had it been a weekend or earlier in the season there would have been plenty of help around and likely someone willing to tow the boat back to shore. No one would have been the wiser. Timing is everything.

Dreamcatcher was brought back to the dock by the Towboat. No damage was done except for two small tears on the mainsail. This was done by the recovery guy for reasons I can't guess. Fortunately Stuart Hopkins had sent along a couple of leftover pieces of the cotton sail. The repair will be easy. It will actually add to the vintage look. So our outing was ended with a bit of drama. It got us in the *Buffalo News* and Channel 7 News. Everyone we know saw it or told about it to others. That internet gets news around fast. We got our 15 minutes of undesired fame. And Naomi does look very good on TV. Me, not so much.

The little skipjack is now here at home. The next likely sailing day will be in the late spring of '09. We had hoped to trailer her back for one more day of sailing but it is now the third week of October, it most likely will not happen this season.

That is the sad ending of our season with *Dreamcatcher*. I had hoped for more sailing adventure to report, and thought I would be reporting on how grand a boat she is. But sadly and embarrassingly, I capsized her and she sails no more this season. The final report awaits. She sure did look glorious and sailed fast while it lasted. That's the truth. Happy sails!



This narrative describes the pleasures of building and sailing a small sailboat designed for camp-cruising. This particular sailboat design (Houdini) was conceived by New Zealand designer John Welsford (www.jwboatdesigns.co.nz) as a diminutive, seaworthy trailer sailer capable of taking a small crew of adventurers to different sailing venues.

Building *Jackrabbit*

When I first cast about for a small boat to build during my most recent flare-up of boat building-itis (a symptom of “boat-on-the-brain” disease) I had never heard of John Welsford and his designs. I was looking for a sailboat with camp-cruising potential, a large cockpit, and a beamy hull capable of safely carrying a relatively large payload of adventurers and their gear. Also, the boat had to be easily trailerable behind a modestly powered family car to carry her to different sailing venues.

Nautical aesthetics matter a great deal to me and I wanted a traditional looking boat, something in the vein of an American catboat (a type which greatly appeals to me) with a jaunty sheer and a four-sided sail. I had considered a number of Phil Bolger’s designs, having built several in the past, but wanted to try something a little different this time around. Then I read a couple of articles in *Watercraft* magazine describing John Welsford’s Houdini design and felt that here was a boat that met all of my criteria and which seemed to be within the limited scope of my boat building abilities. And so I ordered a set of plans through Duckworks and began gathering some building materials.

The plans were fairly detailed and accompanied by a written description of the building sequence. The hull was built using meranti plywood ordered from Noah’s and white ash for all structural framing members, including the keelson and stringers. My choice of ash for this purpose was based on its ready availability, strength, flexibility, and gluability (its poor decay resistance was compensated for by thoroughly coating with epoxy). The exceptions were the skeg and outer keel which were made of South American mahogany due to the abuse these members would suffer from groundings and so on, negating the effectiveness of any epoxy encapsulation.

I made several deviations from the plan. First, I omitted the designer-specified anchor well in the foredeck, preferring instead

A *Jackrabbit* Start

By Burton Blais

to keep the small Danforth on a specially made bracket mounted on the forward bulkhead with the rode and a 10’ length of chain stowed in a bucket, providing ease of deployment from the cockpit. Another omission was the drainage well in the cockpit floor which I felt would be of little value in the event of shipping a large sea (minor dollops of water are easily mopped up with a sponge whereas a diaphragm pump will suck up larger quantities right off the floor). Lead pigs (65lbs each) were bolted to the bottom on each side of the centreboard case beneath the cockpit floor.

The space enclosed by the floor, sternsheets, and forward section is intended to form a continuous watertight compartment providing buoyancy in the event of a capsize. I fitted plastic ports (the type used on kayaks and canoes) to provide access to the bilge area and for servicing the centerboard pin. These subsequently proved not to be entirely watertight but hopefully will sufficiently retard the influx of water to keep the boat afloat while bailing her out. Access hatches in the forward bulkhead and sternsheets were made watertight using closed cell foam weather stripping against which the covers are tightly pressed when closed.

During construction some difficulty was encountered when attempting to bend the forward bilge panels to meet the stem. The broad panel of stiff meranti plywood simply could not be induced to take the required twist, and after breaking three pieces I began searching for an alternative approach. I considered strip planking this section but in the end settled for ripping the plywood diagonally into approximately 5” wide strips running from bottom to stringer. This solution worked well with the whole section being reinforced with two layers of glass cloth and epoxy both inside and out (plus the sheathing layer applied to the whole exterior of the hull). The only drawback to this approach is that it resulted in an unfair chine line at the forward section which was very difficult to correct with repeated applications of thickened epoxy and a belt sander. I am still not completely satisfied with this line’s final appearance.

I had originally wanted to follow the purist’s path and equip the boat with a set of oars for auxiliary power. However, after careful consideration and consultation with some sailing buddies, I decided that this hull would not likely row well and opted to outfit her with an outboard motor (a brand new Honda 2hp, reliable, good on fuel, and relatively non-polluting) on a transom-mounted bracket. I have not regretted this decision (though I did eventually fit her with oars for extended cruising under circumstances where gas might not be readily available).

The exterior of the hull was sheathed in fiberglass cloth and epoxy with several coats of epoxy on every other surface. She was painted using one part polyurethane marine paint (which experience has taught me does not stick well to an epoxy-coated surface without a primer coat) with Cetol or varnish applied to accent coamings, rubbing strips, tiller, and other features. The mast is an aluminum tube, as suggested by the designer, with spars of varnished spruce (construction grade) painted white at the ends to give that traditional flair.

When it came to choosing a name I thought about what I hoped to achieve in this boat. I wanted to broaden my sailing horizons, to make my way along the rivers and lakes of eastern Canada relying primarily on the boat and whatever gear I had aboard. While sailing is my summertime passion, cross-country skiing is an important focus for me during the long Canadian winter.

I thought of my hero, Hermann “Jackrabbit” Johanssen, who pioneered skiing in the northeastern United States and eastern Canada during the first half of the 20th century. He met many Cree people during his ski trips through the Canadian wilderness and learned to admire the way native people cherish nature. The Cree were also impressed by this man, giving him the honorary title “Okamacum Wapooes” (Chief Jackrabbit) because of the speed with which he travelled through the bush on skis. Just like the jackrabbit, who is at home moving speedily through his native woodland environment, I hoped that my little boat would be at ease scudding across the waters.

Sailing *Jackrabbit*

Jackrabbit was launched on a Saturday morning in June in the beautiful St Lawrence River near Morrisburg, Ontario. The weather

Anchored at the bottom of South Bay.



Docked at Waupoos Marina.



er was hot, hazy, and humid with the wind SW in the 10-15kt range, which prompted me to tie in the first reef. She was rigged on the trailer and the lot was backed down the launching ramp without ceremony. After admiring how she floated in good trim and testing her initial stability by walking around inside the cockpit (she is somewhat tipsy, but in no danger of capsizing even with my 220lbs on the rail), a friend and I set off on a daysailing adventure, motoring out of the protected harbour into the chop of the wide river (the 2hp Honda motor pushes *Jackrabbit* along very nicely).

The only snag in the whole affair occurred at the beginning when I attempted to raise the sail while transiting the harbour exit. Before leaving the dock I had clipped the halyard to the hoop which slides on the mast but had neglected to also attach the spar. So when I attempted to hoist the sail, the hoop duly slid up the mast, leaving the sail in the cockpit. Once up, the hoop was irretrievable. I quickly climbed onto the foredeck and, hugging the mast, tried to reach the hoop on my tiptoes with hands outstretched. With my weight placed at such a height above the waterline the boat became highly unstable, at one point going over so far that the starboard gunwhale was in the water. Since this strategy was ineffective we resorted to the expedient of returning to dock and finding a long object (in this case a leaf rake) to bring down the mastheaded hoop. I resolved then to carry a boathook on future outings!

The rest of the day was great and I had the best sail in a very long time. It had been years since I had sailed a dinghy (my other boat at the time was a 28' sloop with a fixed keel) and the ability to go just about anywhere without worrying about going aground or damaging the keel was very liberating.

When we initially raised the sail the wind had momentarily lulled and I thought *Jackrabbit* was a bit slow, but I left that first reef in as I expected the breeze to freshen and did not know how she would behave. I had no difficulty adjusting the tack downhaul and boom outhaul to give me a nice sail shape. When the wind did pick up to 10 knots and above she sailed superbly, picking up considerable speed and pointing much higher than I expected for a lug rig. Even when the wind started gusting 15-20 knots later in the afternoon, the boat felt very safe beating upwind (with still just the first reef tied). I found that simply letting out the main very effectively reduced the degree of heel in strong gusts while still allowing her to move speedily through the water.

We beat upriver all afternoon and when it was time to return on a downwind course I took the precaution of tacking on a series of quarter reaches (the breeze was really start-

ing to pick up as we headed in with a thunderstorm heading our way), doing "chicken" gybes (or wearing ship) to bring her about on each new tack. Throughout the afternoon other sailboats would come over to have a closer look at us and we got many compliments from people both on the water and on shore as we were making everything snug on the trailer. An excellent start to *Jackrabbit's* career, I thought.

Earlier in the year I had scheduled an eight-day cruise to the eastern end of Lake Ontario in my HR 28 sloop. My sailing buddy John and I had stocked up on supplies and I had already booked my vacation leave at work. I had been experiencing problems with the inboard Atomic 4 gas engine which were being attended to by a mechanic who promised everything would be in order in time for our cruise. The day before we were set to depart I got the news from my mechanic that the head gasket was on backorder until the following week with the result that I would not be able to motor the 40 miles upriver (against the current and predominantly southwesterly winds) to Lake Ontario.

John and I were devastated as we had been planning this cruise for a long time, looking forward to visiting a number of interesting places on the lake including Main Duck Island, which stands 20 miles offshore, and the shores of the Prince Edward County peninsula, the southernmost extension of Canada into the lake. My wife Lisa, seeing our disappointment and recalling how satisfying I had found my inaugural sail in *Jackrabbit*, suggested that we trailer the boat to Lake Ontario, establish a base camp in a tent somewhere on shore, and explore the lake in a series of day trips. I was eager to test *Jackrabbit* in a serious sailing venture and had wondered when the opportunity would arise. Now my wife pointed out the obvious and John and I eagerly altered our plans accordingly.

We arrived at the Waupoos marina, located in the large bay formed by the eastern shore of the Prince Edward peninsula, known as Prince Edward Bay, and arranged to set up our tent in a nearby field. We then rigged and launched *Jackrabbit* and, although it was already late afternoon, immediately set out on a brief sail to get a feel for the area. That day we experienced fairly light and variable winds but managed to sail along the inside passage between Waupoos Island and the mainland. John was initially concerned by the boat's tippy behaviour at the dock but we soon learned to distribute our weight properly under sail to keep the boat in good trim and moving along comfortably.

The next day we logged about 15 nautical miles exploring South Bay, looking into the mouth of the Black River and circumnavigating Waupoos Island in a 10-15kt breeze. We were able to sail her in a variety of conditions and learned to appreciate her exceptional behaviour on all points of sail. She proved to be very stable and slipped through the water gracefully, taking the gusts and chop without any difficulty whatsoever, increasing our confidence in her abilities.

On the third day we decided to sail across the wide mouth of Prince Edward Bay, a distance of about ten nautical miles which at one point would have us several miles offshore. Our destination was the southern tip of the peninsula, a place known as Longpoint Harbour, homeport to the last remnant of the commercial fishery on Lake Ontario. This harbour is known for its remoteness and the

narrow breadth of its entrance. Few yachties ever go there. We had been to this harbour several years earlier in my Tanzer 22 sloop and wished to see it again.

The night before we set out had been blustery with a strong southeasterly wind working up large swells which we were to confront the following day. By morning the wind had abated somewhat, dropping to about 15 knots, but large residual seas remained. We tied in the first reef and set out on a long, close-hauled tack toward our objective, visible as a very hazy shoreline extending far away on the horizon. When we cleared the lee of Waupoos Island we began to experience large swells, our bow lifting as they rolled beneath us with a hiss. But she took it all in very good stride, meeting each wave and never falling off her course toward the distant point. She rode comfortably over the 4' swells with the occasional six-footer (the proverbial "rogue" wave) and never once gave us cause for concern over our safety.

We were both impressed by how high she pointed and what little leeway, if any, she made. In fact, on a close-hauled point of sail she seemed to crab to windward. As we eventually neared our objective we turned onto a run for the narrow harbour entrance. To the east of Long Point lie two large islands, Timber and Swetman, creating a tunnel effect accelerating the wind and driving us inexorably toward the entrance with large following seas. In this we turned head to wind, dropped the sail, then pointing our bow to enter the harbour under motor. As we neared the entrance we were struck by how narrow the gap appeared and it occurred to us that perhaps the harbour had fallen into disuse and the entrance had silted over the years. Indeed, as we crossed the gap one of our underwater appendages rubbed the gravelly bottom.

Once inside the harbour we were surrounded by calm and made our way to the old government dock where a steel trawler was made fast (though how such a large craft negotiated the narrow, shallow gap was beyond our comprehension). We had been three hours at sea and desperately needed to stretch our legs by taking a short walk along the rocky shore. The force of the wind and waves beating upon the shore at this point was impressive, making us not a little apprehensive about departing this safe harbour for the return journey.

After clearing the harbour entrance we met a steep wind-driven chop head on, causing the boat to hobby-horse violently, making it difficult to go forward in the cockpit to hoist the sail. Matters were further complicated when, as I hauled hard on the halyard the spar stuck, causing the bronze snap hook I used to clip the halyard to the spar and mast hoop to fail. In an instant I found myself in the bottom

View from the cockpit.



Plenty of sprawling room.



of a wildly pitching boat with the sail and spar in my lap. With some difficulty I was able to retrieve a spare shackle from my ditty bag and finally got the sail aloft, after which we turned on a quarter reach back home.

This time we took the swells on the quarter and John, sitting on the cockpit floor, was amazed to see how the towering waves would appear poised to wash into the transom cut-out, only to roll harmlessly under the buoyant stern which would rise easily to each swell. We returned home by rounding the weather side of Waupoos Island and made the boat fast to her dock in the marina, deeply satisfied with her performance under challenging conditions.

On the final day we returned to a more detailed exploration of South Bay, sailing along the bluffs forming much of the large-

ly uninhabited north shore for a distance of about five miles until we reached the bottom of the bay. Here we dropped the anchor and waded in shallow water to a grassy bank, making her stern fast to a rock. We then walked about half a mile through a meadow in which a wide path had been mowed to the waterfront, emerging behind a small rustic church. Next door we visited the mariner's museum, chronicling the area's extensive history of fishing, schooner days, and shipwrecks. We returned for the last time to our base camp at the Waupoos marina on a gentle breeze. The next morning we broke camp and got the boat back on the trailer, making our way home with feelings of exultation at having fulfilled our original goal of doing some serious sailing on a great inland sea. The world is indeed a bigger place in a small boat.

The Delta Class

Reprinted from *The Model Yacht*
Newsletter of the US Vintage
Model Yacht Group

During the waning days of MYRAA there were attempts to revitalize the organization by introducing new classes, a move that previously had been strongly resisted by the "Old Guard" of the organization. One class that did make it was the Delta Class, which was 600 square inches of sail area with no other restrictions.

Rating rules based on sail area alone were advocated strongly by L. Francis Herreshoff on the grounds that the sail area was the one measurement directly related to power. He convinced the Marblehead club, who instituted the Marblehead 450 Class, 450 square inches of area and no other restrictions. This class was rendered obsolete by the M Class in 1932.

Besides 450 and the Delta classes, there was the stillborn V Class (750 square inches) and the X Class (1000 square inches). The only one to have any following at all was the X Class, examples of which are still free and radio sailed in San Francisco. In addition, two Lassel X Class boats have been restored in San Diego and are generating interest there. What is certain is that sail area only classes can generate uncommonly handsome boats with long, unrestricted overhangs.

A design to Delta Class by Harold Kethman was published in *Flying Models* magazine for April 1954. This design has many interesting features, not the least of which is its extreme simplicity. The hull is well balanced because its forebody closely matches its afterbody. As a consequence, the vane gear does not rely on a skeg but rather steers the boat with a balanced rudder.

The rig is worth studying by anyone restoring, or designing a replica of, 1950 era boats. Given her length, she qualifies as a Vintage M, provided the metal fin keel is replaced with a wooden one. Bulbs of six pounds or so are available commercially.

Giving up 200 square inches of sail area is not such a terrible disadvantage with such a light skimming dish hull, and certainly one would be hard pressed to find an easier hull to build. As designed she is significantly stronger than she needs to be for a radio boat, $\frac{1}{8}$ " bulkheads and a $\frac{1}{16}$ " skin should be adequate. With a slightly deeper keel she might even be able to carry a bit higher sail plan of a full 800 square inches.


We have a copy of pages from Harold Kethman's files on which is written a note that the lower shroud is not necessary. In any case, if you build one, either as a windler or as a VM, make sure you keep that great 1950s looking fin profile!

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Design by Harold C. Kethman (1954)

(Readers interested in learning more about vintage model yachting history should contact Earl Boebert, 9219 Flushing Meadows NE, Albuquerque, NM 87111, boebert@swcp.com




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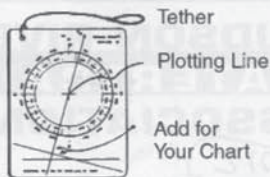
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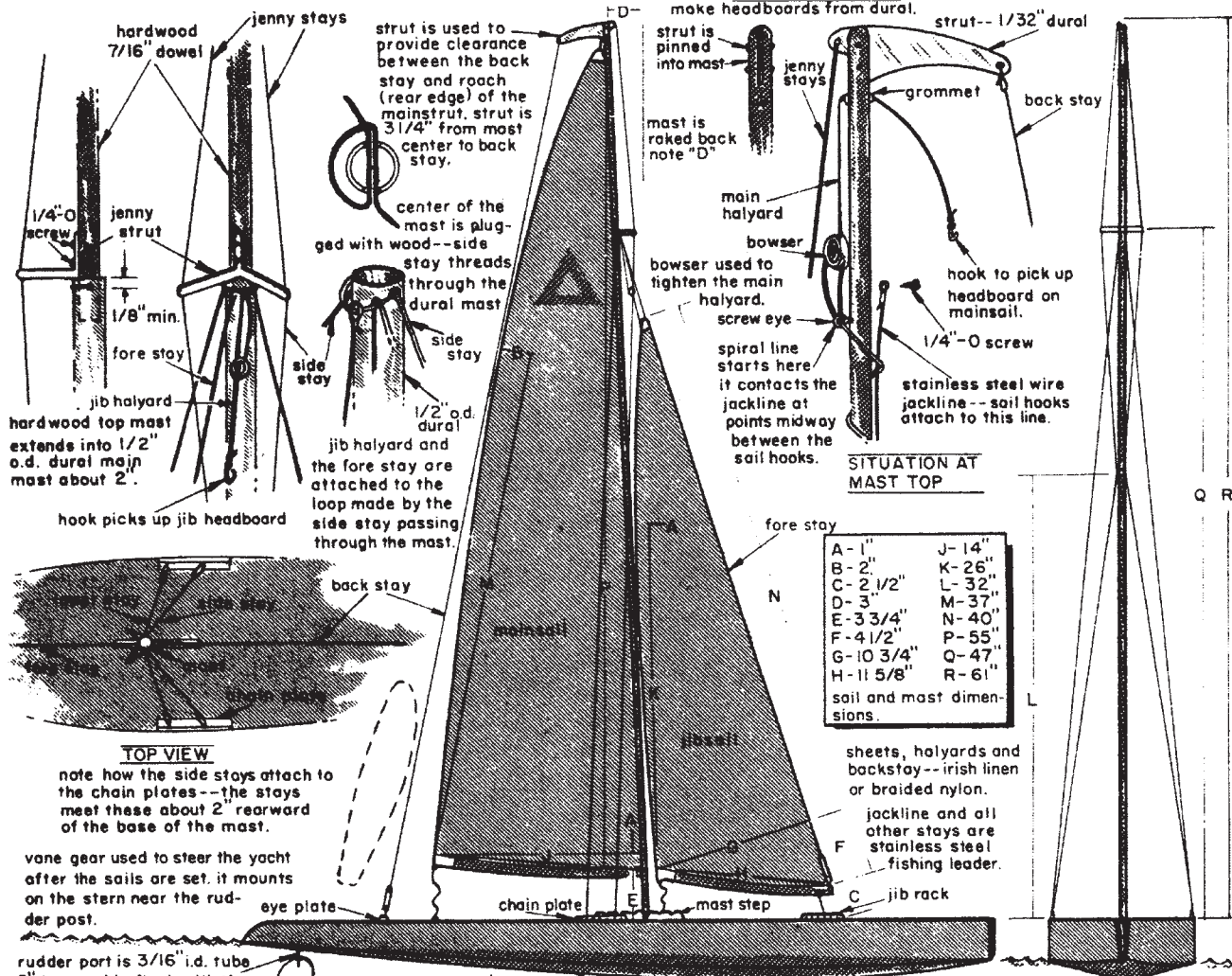
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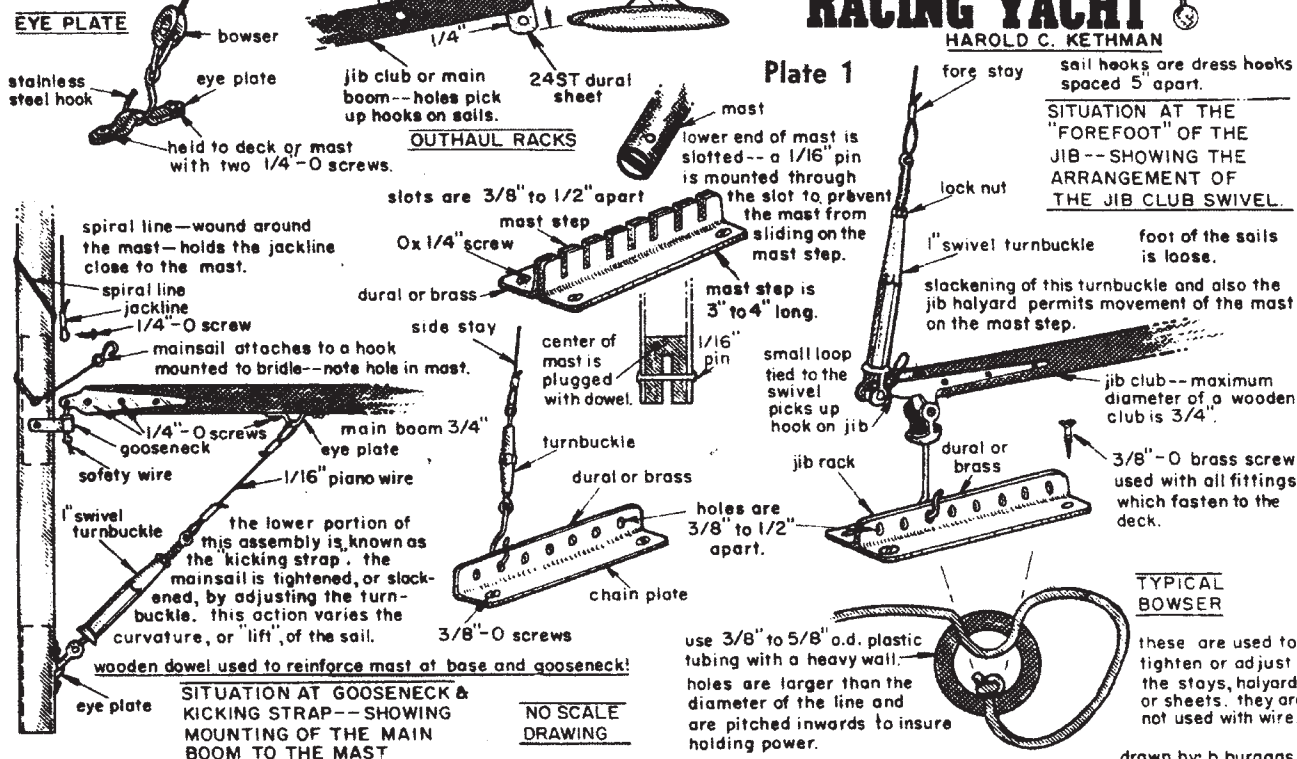
A-1"	J-14"
B-2"	K-26"
C-2 1/2"	L-32"
D-3"	M-37"
E-3 3/4"	N-40"
F-4 1/2"	P-55"
G-10 3/4"	Q-47"
H-11 5/8"	R-61"

sail and mast dimensions.

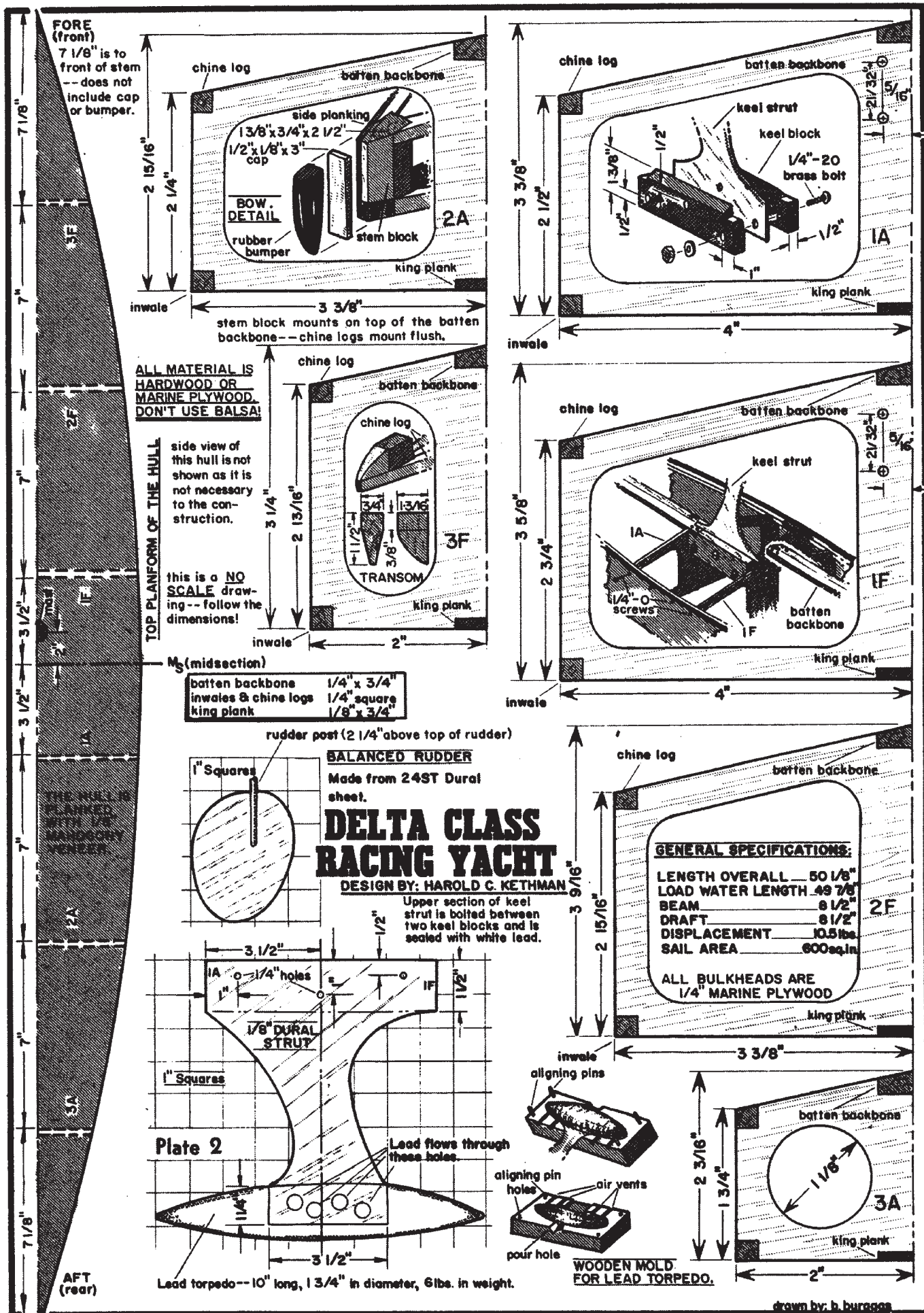
DELTA CLASS RACING YACHT

HAROLD C. KETHMAN

Plate 1



drawn by: b. buraads

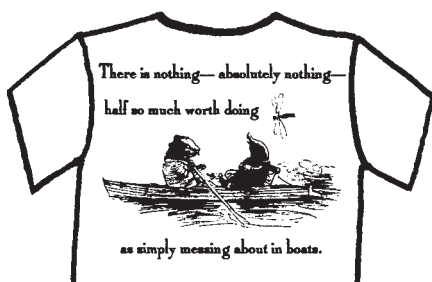


We thought it was a pretty long list of boats that the Mystic Seaport Museum wants to dispose of, about 20 in all. But after a look at all the boats the Museum is NOT disposing of, well, the list looks a whole lot shorter. Visitors to Mystic typically get to see only the "out front" few watercraft that have been restored or otherwise placed into an appropriate exhibit. Across the street in the Rossle Mill and the Tin Shed and the Quonset Hut are boats, boats, boats, racked up two or three or four high, stacked in long rows over the cluttered mill floor, covered with plastic awnings or just sheets against the leaking roof. Mystic is running out of space to put the boats they decide to collect. Hence this really rather modest clearance sale.

It's not entirely a sale. Some of the boats are for sale. Others, mostly a raft of South Seas and South American dugouts are looking to be "placed." We asked Ben Fuller, the Curator responsible for all this collection about that word "place." "Ben, suppose a guy who is opening a Polynesian restaurant came along and offered to buy that 13'11" Samoan outrigger canoe for a salad bar? Would you sell it to him or "place" it with him?"

"Well, probably not for use as a salad bar," Ben responded. "But if he had in mind using it as part of the decor we might talk about it." These dugouts are not just plain old hollow logs, they are mostly intricately decorated and carved craft displaying great creative efforts on the part of their builders out there in Polynesia or down in those South American jungles. That's why Mystic has them now. "A lot of those came home to the US from World War II as souvenirs and later on someone cleaned out the garage decided to get rid of them," Ben explains. "In the '50s and '60s we were putting together a collection of watercraft intended to show the differences from around the world in small boats." Not any more. Mystic is now focused on its own indigenous types of watercraft. And so, goodbye outriggers and dugouts... maybe.

"You could visualize our focus today as one of those topological models, perhaps," Ben went on. "Over New England there's a big hump of interest. As you get up towards the Canadian Maritime provinces it flattens out and ends. Over towards the Adirondacks,



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PHILIPPINE OUTRIGGER DUGOUT
TWO OTHER OUTRIGGERS

By Bob Hicks

the same thing. Down around Delaware Bay we reach the southern extremity. Beyond these sort of borders the building techniques and designs substantially change."

Today Mystic continually receives offers of historical boats. Many are not of interest, the Museum already has one, or several, or the boat doesn't fit that model Ben described. But others do fit and Mystic's purpose as a repository for such craft compels acquisition. And that means having room for the flow to collect. There appear to be hundreds of boats in those storage areas, we didn't ask or try to count. But there's a whole lot. And the areas are marginal shelter.

Small craft people who attended past winter small craft weekends got to see much of these as the Rossle Mill was opened just for those affairs. Last March this was not held as the storage area was undergoing revision. Some of it was rented out, museums always seem to need money, the rest was a mess from the concentration of the boats from the no longer available space into what was left. Now, a \$50,000 roofing job is needed before the storage regains some semblance of adequate protection for all the boats.

But back to the clearance. For sale are several boats donated to the Museum or

built there. There's a really nice Beetle Cat, a bronze-fastened one, for \$2,800. They already have a Beetle Cat, donated a few years ago by Concordia in recognition of Leo Telesmanick's 50 years of building them. There's a double ended gunning dory built to plans by John Gardner, it's a rowing only dory, for \$900. Two complete 15' sailing skiffs, patterned after Pete Culler's Good Little Skiff, but larger are offered at \$1,000 each, a real good deal for someone wanting such a craft, good sailers, good rowers, Museum built, but plain workboat finish.

Then there's a project boat. This is a 14' hard chined centerboard sloop to be gaff rigged. It is patterned after Goeller's Sea Mew and will use the Herreshoff 12½ rig. The Museum accepted this several years ago from the widow of its builder as it represents a really interesting small, but heavy traditional sort of boat and the construction to date is of superior quality. The backbone is in place along with the frames and centerboard trunk. The spars are finished and most of the necessary wood and hardware to finish her out is included. The plans encompass some 30 or so pages of drawings, sketches, lists of materials, detailed notes, etc. It was a retirement project for a craftsman who unhappily failed to live long enough to complete her. Ben says he's open to offers on this one, you'd have to see it to fully appreciate what this is. It's one really BIG 14-footer!

Also there are a couple of building jigs, one for a Seaport-built Whitehall, the other for an Ames Salmon Wherry. Ben invites offers on these also.

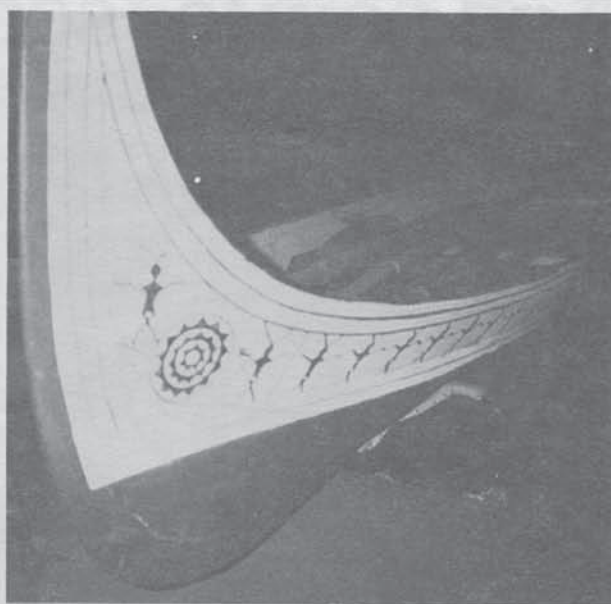
On to the dugouts and outriggers, along with one or two other exotica. The dugouts and outriggers range from 12' to 25' in length and most have a large amount of ornate carving, trim, etc. Included are several rigged for sailing. Ben wants to talk with anyone who thinks he has an appropriate use for such craft, not necessarily as museum displays. The boats are essentially seaworthy, some work might be required on some but they are not ancient derelicts. Some are embarrassingly ornate and I think it would be sort of fun to have one just to take along to traditional and antique boat meets for sensation value.

The exotica include a 15' English workboat and a 15' Norwegian Bindal's boat, much like the faering sort of boat, pointy up-swept ends, broad flat low amidships gunwales. Then there is the 13' Turkish caique. This one is very fancy and has a history that goes back to when it was reportedly built for Kaiser Wilhelm prior to World War I. An 18' British longboat completes the exotica.

Well, serious buyers or "placers" are invited to call Ben Fuller at the Seaport at (203) 572-0711. Ben's a busy guy so don't just call him if you're only looking for a gam about the boats. HE WANTS TO MOVE THEM OUT and this means he'll be happy to hear from anyone who has some serious intent, either the money for those for sale, or the proposal for those to be placed. Ben did say that he would consider money for some of those also if the purpose was not too inappropriate.

If I didn't already have too many boats I'd sure grab one of those 15' sailing skiffs quick. Or if I had time for a winter building project (I have three ongoing already) I'd make him an offer for that marvelous little gaff sloop project.

(Editor Comments 2008: Before you reach for the phone, remember that this is a 25-year-old report).



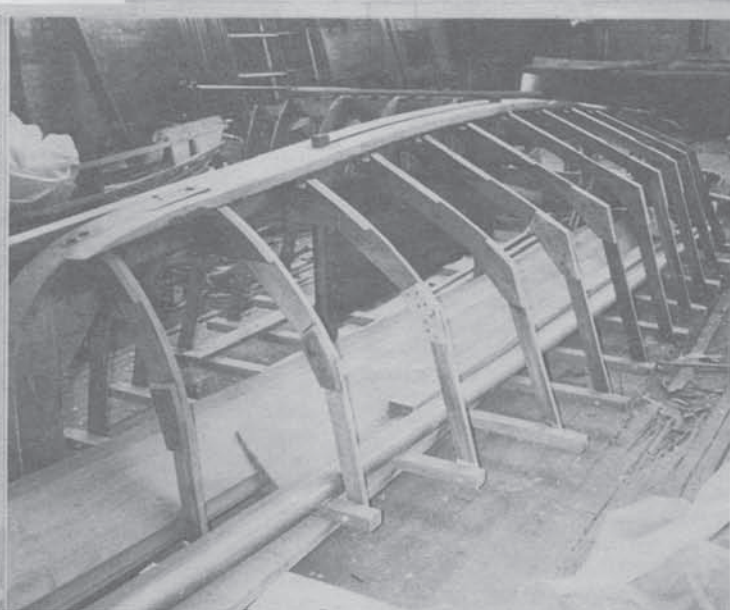
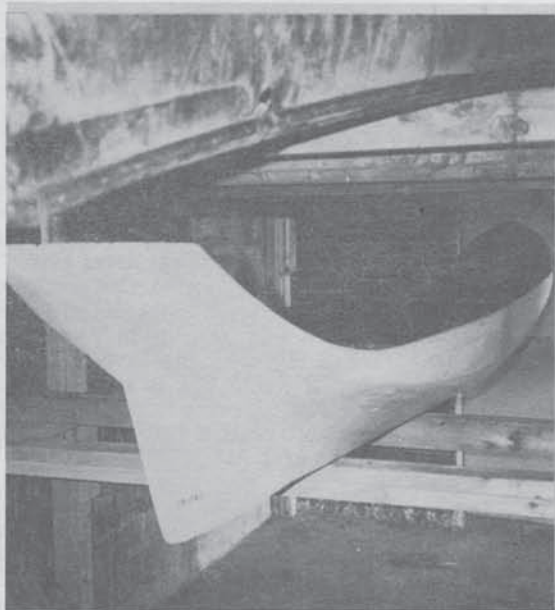
Above: *Tom Cod*, one of the two 15' sailing skiffs.

Top right: A fancier dugout.

Middle right: The Bindal's Boat.

Bottom right: The 14' gaffer under construction.

Below: one of the plainer dugouts.





Desperate measures taken by South Street Seaport to support the dryrotted foretopmast in 2006.



Jim Barry giving instructions prior to getting started.



The Wooden Spars Come off *Wavertree*

By Martin Sokolinsky

On a pleasant morning in mid-October the weekend volunteers at the South Street Seaport were waiting for help to arrive. The wooden upper masts of the *Wavertree* had to come down. Everyone knew that they were rotten, particularly the foretopmast. Instead of solid wood, this mast was a painted shell concealing rot that looked like coffee grounds. In fact, one volunteer climbed to the foretop and shoved his whole arm right through the lower end of the decayed spar.

Charlie, the waterfront director at the South Street Seaport, sent an urgent message to master rigger Jim Barry of Rhode Island, can you strike our dry-rotted wooden spars using only traditional methods? We simply lack enough trained personnel to get all that top-hammer to deck without an accident.

Wavertree, a full-rigged iron ship, had once had her masts taken down the hard way. In 1910 she was dismasted off Cape Horn. Her falling mainmast sent iron yards weighing two tons each crashing down in a tangle of sails and rigging. Several crew members wound up in the hospital in Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, their ribs and legs broken.

In accepting this particular South Street Seaport assignment, Barry would be putting his career, perhaps his life, on the line. Museum ships like *Wavertree* are like bridges, if you don't keep painting them they rust and they fall apart. With only three paid hands covering five old vessels, it's impossible for our waterfront crew to provide constant maintenance. And nothing is quite as treacherous as lowering dry-rotted spars or walking out on a hollow steel yard when braces, lifts, halyards, or sheets are being maneuvered.

I was aboard the ship, awaiting Barry's arrival like the other weekend volunteers. All of them were at least 30 years my junior. Me, I was just there to write an article about a Rhode Islander coming to drop the *Wavertree*'s upper masts and yards. And unlike the others I hadn't donned any climbing harness or steel-toed boots. I'd come armed with nothing but a notebook and camera.

Before Jim Barry arrived the Museum's veteran waterfront supervisor, Charlie, had asked us weekend volunteers to lower the spanker boom and then shift it forward from the quarterdeck to the main deck. It was an insignificant task compared to what Barry would be facing. But the exercise did give us a foretaste of things to come. Using the quarterdeck capstan we were raising the 1,200lb boom from its gooseneck until, Bang! A large snatch block popped 6' in the air when an eyebolt pulled out of the rotten deck.

Barry appeared shortly before sundown that October day. This wizard from Rhode Island had sent aloft 19 spars on the *Wavertree* for Operation Sail in 2000. And he managed to get it done in just three weeks. Later he restored the rigging of Philadelphia's *Moshulu* and ditto for the *Glen Lee* in Glasgow, Scotland, and did a makeover on the sloop-of-war *Rose* for the film *Master and Commander*. He also served as chief rigger for the Johnnie Depp movie *Pirates of the Caribbean*.

This time Barry brought an entourage of eight riggers. His stable of young acrobats had odd names like Karinna, Cully, Theo, Prairie, Shannon, and Kirsten. They wore climbing harnesses and carried sheath knives and marlinespikes. Could this group of recent college grads be the Wunderkindern that put up 19 spars aboard *Wavertree* in 2000?

The South Street volunteers knew that the iron three-masted ship *Balclutha* in San Francisco had faced a similar situation in June 2007. Her foretopgallant mast was so badly dry-rotted that it had to be sent down. And her rigging crew (US Park Service staff and weekend volunteers) also tried to employ traditional methods, that is, no cranes or cherry-pickers. No sooner did they attempt to strike *Balclutha*'s spars than the decaying topgallant mast snapped. Both mast and yard were canted at a 90° angle, caught in the tangle of stays and shrouds. Fortunately no one was hurt, but the San Francisco rigging crew had to make an urgent call for a barge-mounted crane.

Next morning Barry mustered his rigging crew on *Wavertree*'s main deck. The young men and women looked well-rested. They had mates cabins aft (luckily the cabins beneath our poop deck usually leaked like a sieve). "OK, we'll start taking off the wooden yards today," Barry told them. "After that we'll be dropping the topgallant masts. But none of these topmasts are coming out. It makes more sense to let the shipyard use powerful cranes to bring them down."

I breathed a sigh of relief. Barry had decided that *Wavertree*'s 53' topmasts were too decayed to allow his spunky riggers to deal with them. Instead they would only drop the 49' topgallant masts, each weighing something under one ton. Of course, all the wooden yards had to come down as well.

"We're relieving each topmast of a three-ton burden," Barry told the rigging gang. "And in addition to their weight, topgallant masts exert considerable leverage on a ship's topmasts. So your work in the next week or so should render them a lot safer."

Communications between aloft and the deck were interesting. At first I saw Barry's crew using small walkie-talkies. But after that day people seemed to forget about these devices. One fellow told me they kept getting the channels mixed up. So they started shouting, "aloft there!" And someone high in the rigging would respond, "deck aye!" I had lots of trouble distinguishing where voices were coming from, for example, whether they were from the mainmast or the mizzen. But after all, hadn't the doctor recently advised me to obtain a hearing aid?

Barry sent two young riggers up to each topgallant mast where they stood on the spreaders, those long angle irons about 3" wide. And I mean they really stood. Like for a whole day. First they lowered wooden yards to deck. Next they stripped the mast of its gear using large adjustable wrenches and crowbars. I had to marvel at how Barry's youthful gang, perched on the spreaders, always managed to hang onto tools. Nothing ever slipped from their hands, although once the fairly heavy iron pin on a parrel basket of the mizzen lower topsail yard shattered and made a dent in our temporary plywood deck. Fortunately wire-rope lifts still supported the yard and no one was standing directly underneath.

Left: Michael (a Seaport staff employee) unshackling headstays prior to lowering the foretopgallant mast.

The riggers aloft next sent the topgallant mast down with the heel and head lines (made of 1½" double-braid Samson rope). Mostly wire standing rigging was sent down. Sometimes, however, Barry felt it made more sense to keep the wires aloft and thus avoid cluttering the main deck.

Corrosion affecting metal fittings and dry rot in the 30-year-old deck were Barry's constant companions. But the riggers relied on the iron fife rails around the three masts, on the ship's mooring bitts and our huge anchor windlass. For example, when lowering the foretopgallant mast, Theo put a few turns of the heavy Samson top rope around the gypsy of the windlass and, working alone, was able to ease it off a few inches at a time. Meanwhile, with a couple of hands tailing on a tag line gradually pulled the spar forward until it came to rest on deck.

When his young riggers were starting to lower the mizzen topgallant yard Barry saw how it sagged at either end, suggesting that the center of the spar was rotten and might crack in half. As a stiffener, a 15' length of 4" pipe was sent up and the crew fished it to the middle of the yard. In the end, they managed to bring down that decaying spar in one piece.

My problem aboard *Wavertree* was Jim Barry's dog, Jack. This was because I remembered that our mainmast had no ratlines (rope steps) leading from the topmast rigging to the spreaders. Of course, athletic people like Barry's crew might be able to haul themselves up the sides of the ladder, they didn't need any rungs. But it seemed rather inhospitable of us. So with Barry's permission I climbed up 100' to measure the distance between the shrouds. Then I came down and started eye-splicing the two rope ratlines. That's when his dog started snapping at me.

Nobody seemed to pay attention to this. Barry's girlfriend, Karinna, explained that the dog was just feeling neglected. But I still had to walk in a wide circle to dodge Jack's teeth. The overly playful pet managed to get a mouthful of my trousers while I was cutting Dacron rope with a propane torch.

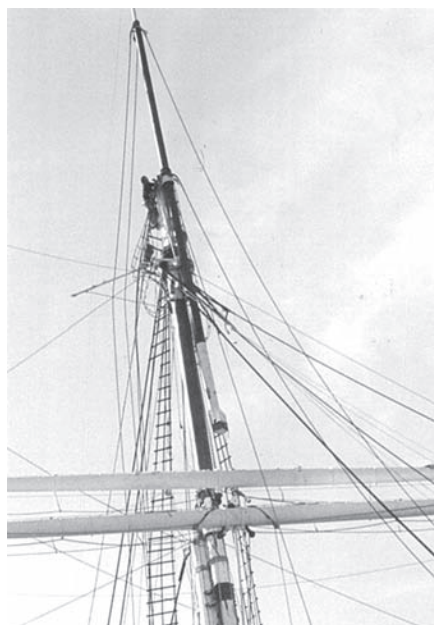
I was almost glad to get back aloft and away from Jack's mood swings. Hanging safely off a spreader 100' in the air, I called down to have my bucket of tools sent up on a gantline. Because there was so little time I was using my sit-harness in lieu of a bos'n's chair. But somehow I felt comfortable enough, wrapping black friction tape around the futtock shrouds and then clapping on marline seizings. Finally I stepped on each new ratline, testing them with my full weight. They were just temporary but held OK.


Wow, when I'd entered the #2 train on my way to South Street that very morning a young man had offered me his seat! I felt great. When I got down to the table in the ship's saloon the riggers had all but finished lunch. But I felt as if I had just scored a touchdown. I forgot I was supposed to be writing.

Top right: Jim and Prairie prepare to fish a stiffener along the dryrotted mizzen topgallant yard.

Middle right: Jim on the main upper tops'l yard shouting instructions to Kirsten. Cully is in the futtock shrouds. The topgallant mast was jammed, they freed it in an hour.

Bottom right: The foretopgallant mast coming down.





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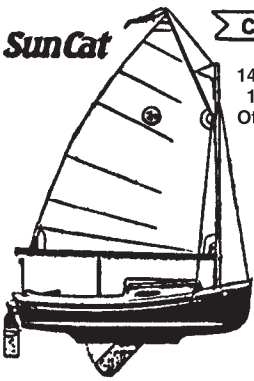
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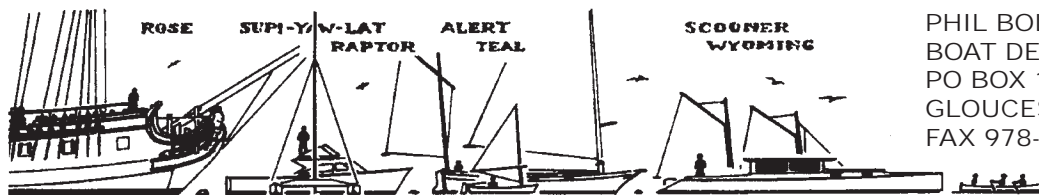


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As the low design number indicates, this is an old design, dating back over 30 years. Every now and then some people get together and build one, usually for some special event. Gene Darnell of Arlington, Virginia, led a 2008 project and wrote as follows:

"You may recall that we purchased the plans sheet to build Navel Jelly and compete in the Associated Builders & Contractors Boat Battle. The competing teams are allowed some prefabrication and on race day the boats must be assembled in 90 minutes on the beach at Breezy Point on Chesapeake Bay, south of Washington, DC. Prefabrication consisted of gluing up the sides, bottom, and frames. We used only gorilla glue on the butt blocks with no mechanical fasteners. We assembled the hull using construction adhesive and flathead drywall screws. I don't think we took on more than a quart of water. I have enclosed four pictures of the process.

We considered the effort to be a great success. In addition to a terrific team build-

Bolger on Design

Racing Rowing Boat

Design #296, Navel Jelly

31'0"x4'3"

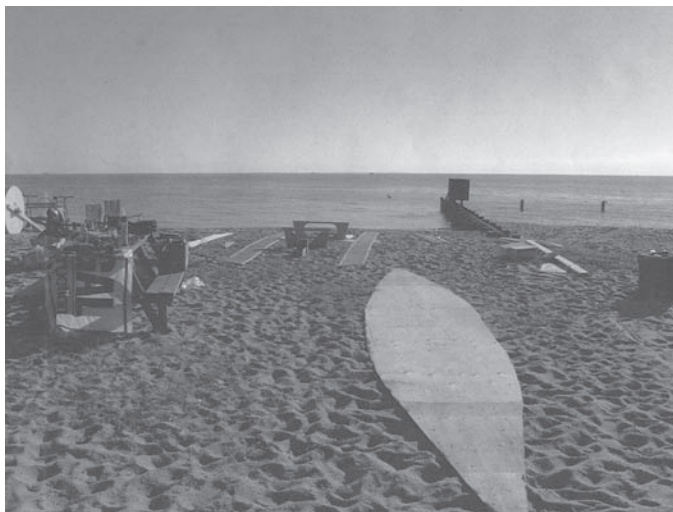
ing experience, we won two of the five races: the two-man race and the two-man/four-man relay. I hope you enjoy seeing our results."

Indeed. We especially like to hear about good results produced with minimum expense and effort. The prototype of this class was designed to compete in The Great Race at Westfield, Connecticut. The boat was designed in four days and built in two. They handsomely won the race against a motley field of 90-odd boats. Gene didn't give any figures on the Virginia boat but the prototype weighed 182

pounds with all materials bought in local stores. In the Westfield race it averaged just under 4½mph over a seven-mile course carrying six times its own weight.

The design was an example of a real "instant boat." It's an overgrown cousin of the ubiquitous Teal dinghy, our Design #310. This is a 12' long double-ender, the rowing version uses two 4'x8' sheets of plywood. There's a 15-footer, #287 Surf, and a 20-footer, #316 Zephyr. We hear that the record time for building a Teal, from picking up the tools to launch (unpainted and all stuck together with Sikaflex) is under two hours. There's a 26' version, Design #517, built for the Philadelphia Special Olympics. That one was designed to pull six short oars to give that many a workout. The original Navel Jelly was modified another year to pull ten 7' oars in place of the designed four 10' oars and two paddles, but the weight was too much and she did not win that year.

Comparing Navel Jelly with a conventional free-form equivalent, like a Cornish Gig,



there's about the same capacity though the gig will handle an overload better. The gig will be faster, perhaps quite a lot faster in choppy water when the coarse bow shape of the flat-bottom hull has to be driven through the wave crests. For ultimate seaworthiness, though, there's not much to choose between them (if the Navel Jelly holds together). The gig is a serious art object with all its intricate curves in the lapstrake planking and bent frames. A cleanly finished Navel Jelly is far from ugly, especially afloat and in action, but no rationale can put it in the class of the gig for aesthetic satisfaction.

The gig may be ten times the material cost and 30 times the labor effort (to say

nothing of the demand for boat building skills). The boat Gene Darnell and his friends built would not have existed if it had to be a Cornish gig, the circumstances and allotted time flatly precluded a boat like that. Even if the time had been more or less open, as amateur projects usually are, it's likely that none of those people wanted a boat enough to invest the money and skilled effort in the art object. 'The artist Whistler fantasized a golden age when "the people ate and drank out of masterpieces of art because there was nothing else to eat and drink out of." One may doubt it, thinking that there was never a time or place when or where, if the choice was be-

tween a less-than-masterpiece or nothing, the former would not be often accepted.

Or it may be argued that Navel Jelly is, or at any rate could have been, a masterpiece of a different category, that a cheap mass-production cup or dish can be an art object if the rather common association of great art with rarity is not accepted. The legendary English gardener who said, "This flower is lovely, what a pity it's so common," was far off the track...

Plans of Navel Jelly, our Design #296, are available for \$75 to build one boat, sent first class mail (air mail outside the US), from Phil Bolger & Friends, Inc, PO Box 1209, Gloucester. MA 01930.

I read Gary Gillespie's article (*MAIB* October 2008) on the conversion of an inboard powered boat to outboard power and figured a response was in order after doing a little homework. I always question the reasons for doing things like that when I see an antique car that has been modified, so I thought of Gary's cabin cruiser in the same light. I like inboards.

My philosophy with machinery (and nearly everything else) is that the best way to do something is always the best way. Sometimes the way it was done in the first place is the best way, but sometimes not. Of course, there are times when the cheap way out is appropriate.

I'm a schoolteacher so I will go to my highest authority for definitions. According to the Massachusetts Department of Elementary and Secondary Education (Dept of ESE, some call it "The Department of Easy") there are five components to any transportation system. These are: Structure, Suspension, Guidance, Propulsion, and Control. Of these, the last three are related to the outboard vs inboard debate. I won't discuss the inboard/outboard system here except to ignite controversy by declaring the I/O as having no advantages.

Propulsion should be incredibly simple in a boat. The propeller needs to go around. If necessary, it needs to stop going around and sometimes spin backwards. That's it. That also takes care of control, pretty much. Compared to the propulsion and control needs in a car, there is nothing to it.

There is a problem with propelling a heavy powerboat at speeds acceptable to the average impatient person. The structure of the boat must continually push water out of the way and that requires a great deal of power. High speed boats require some sort of propeller. The propeller needs to spin at certain rates with a certain amount of twisting force called torque. Torque + Rotational Speed =

A Look at Propulsion

By David J. Hagberg

Power. Internal combustion engines are the common power units today.

The general public (read, car owners) love gas engines and dislike Diesels. So powerboats manufactured for the recreational market have gas engines. Mr Gillespie was entirely right when he listed the liabilities of the old 318 V-8 in his Trojan cruiser. The weight, fire hazards, service access, and complexity were unacceptable. However, an iron V-8 is capable of outlasting a pickup truck, and Mr Gillespie's engine lasted for 30 years in marine conversion mode. That's a long service life.

Cadillac and Oldsmobile introduced the "modern" V-8 (gas, OHV, high rpm, short stroke) in 1949 so they really are old technology. They work but are heavy and use a lot of fuel. The compact Diesels of today produce much more power to weight. In a boat, weight is the enemy.

Consider this: Diesel fuel contains approximately 18% more energy in it than a like volume of gasoline. (155x10⁶ joules/gal Diesel fuel vs 132x10⁶ joules/gal gas.) That says it's a better fuel. It is also difficult to ignite if it's floating in the bilge, which is not true for gasoline. Unfortunately the general public thinks that the word "Diesel" is German for "disagreeable black smoke."

Old Diesels certainly did smoke, make noise, vibrate a lot, and start hard when cold but that is no longer the case. Two-stroke gas engines (like the outboard Mr Gillespie put to use) make lots of smoke and combustion is not efficient because exhaust does not evacuate the cylinder as well as in a four-stroke. Two-strokes are simple but last I heard two-stroke outboards were being phased out. Four-stroke outboards are much more com-

plicated. Thanks to the electronic injector pump and turbochargers today's Diesels are powerful, easy to start in all kinds of weather, durable, and simple.

All of that doesn't matter, though, if there isn't an efficient way of putting the power to the water. For simplicity a straight inboard drive wins hands down. The only moving parts in the water are shaft, propeller, and bearing. An outboard, on the other hand, must have a watertight and oil tight bevel gear set, forward-neutral-reverse, water pump, and exhaust outlet in the water. Remember, propulsion in a boat should be simple.

Mr Gillespie cites the outboard advantage of beaching the boat with the motor tilted up. The late Penn Yan company from the Finger Lakes region of New York used a great idea that was borrowed from the ultimate "beach and back off" boat. Tunnel drive was used in the DUKW amphibious craft (think D-Day) and Penn Yan sold a lot of straight inboard boats in the 1970s with that feature. Beaching and backing off is easy. The engine is also quite accessible for service.

The late Robb White used a similar system in his Rescue Minor but with a modern Kubota Diesel. His fuel economy was spectacular and the boat only needed a few inches of water. One manufacturer today makes boats with an inboard system called "pocket drive," which is a shallower tunnel than what was found on the old Penn Yans.

So what's the best way? "The Department of Easy" admonishes us teachers that there are many problems that can have more than one correct answer. Mr Gillespie chose one answer which works for him but altered the character of a vintage boat. A remanufactured 318 with new manifolds would be authentic but my vote goes to a straight inboard Diesel. Unfortunately a Diesel is expensive to install but that is the hallmark of the best boating equipment.

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The pontoon boat was not my idea. I bought the boat as a peace offering for my dear wife after the capsizing of our sailboat, *Blue Goose*, but that's a different story. After we survived the sailboat incident she vowed to set foot only on boats that don't heel. Since there was no budget for a new pontoon boat, we looked around and found a 37-year-old Kayot at a reasonable price. This boat is 20' long and built on steel pontoons. When we brought her home she was in shabby condition but the purchase price included a trailer and the original 40hp Evinrude in running condition. We spent several weeks and a few hundred dollars refurbishing the boat and trailer before our first launch. The boat got new paint, new carpet, new control cables, new awning, new steering wheel, and new captain's seat.

We found that top speed on the water was 13mph (measured by GPS) and that to travel at top speed we had to put up with a trailing cloud of blue smoke and considerable engine noise. The important thing was that she didn't heel and with the engine shut off she was a pleasant, stable picnic platform. We enjoyed a few outings on our local lake before the old Evinrude overheated and seized up. Faced with a repair job, I realized this was my chance to eliminate the smoke and noise problem by converting to electric power. Since I had an old golf cart motor that had been gathering dust for several years, that was the logical heart of the new drive system.

The first step was removing the gasoline engine from the Evinrude lower unit, leaving a (more or less) flat mounting surface with the

The Electric Pontoon Boat

By John V. Wilhelm

splined drive shaft protruding from the lower unit. I fabricated a steel mounting bracket that bolted to the same attachment point that once held the engine block. This bracket was made so that its upper surface would mate to the threaded holes in the golf cart motor and securely hold the motor with its output shaft aligned to match the splined drive shaft from the Evinrude gear box. I salvaged the end of the ruined crankshaft with the splined hole in it and, using a lathe, machined a coupler to connect the two shafts. Since the electric motor would have no need to discharge exhaust gases into the water, all exhaust duct was removed from the lower unit to reduce drag.

We wanted to test the practicality of driving this big, heavy boat with a golf cart motor before spending any more money on the project, so we used three 12v batteries from other vehicles and wired them in series to provide the 36v required. To start and stop the motor during this test phase I temporarily ran the electrical power through a large residential disconnect box with a ganged knife switch to open or close the circuit to the motor. This meant that the was either running at 100% or it was off.

The initial test run went so well that we actually used the boat for two or three outings

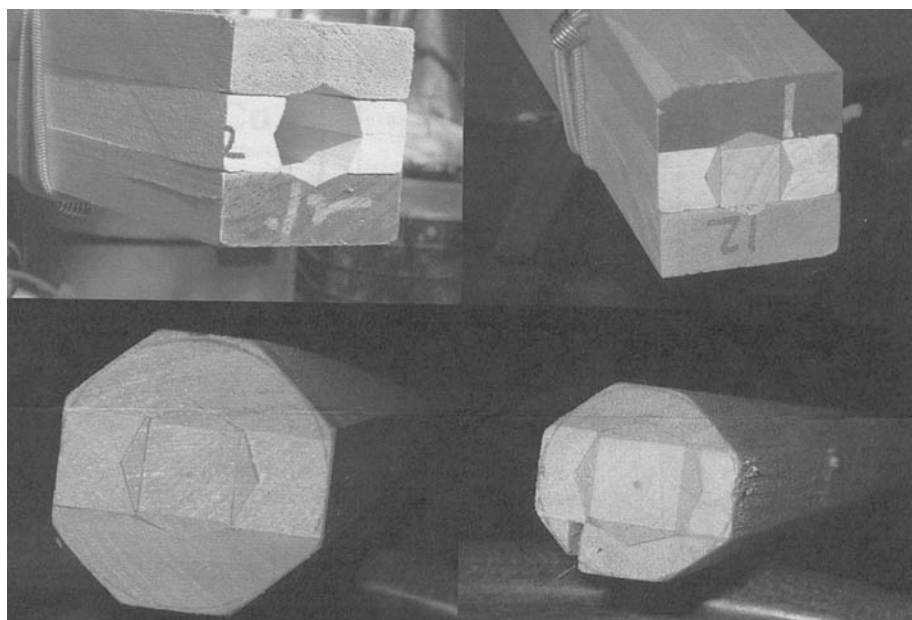
with this crude setup while we looked for a more permanent solution. We were fortunate enough to find a friend who was parting out a wrecked golf cart and we picked up a speed controller at no cost. We bought three heavy duty 12v deep cycle batteries and a "smart charger" that will keep all three batteries at full charge as long as the boat is plugged in to 120vac power. When the speed controller was installed I eliminated the reversing switch circuit so we could use the mechanical forward/reverse shifter that is built in the Evinrude gearbox. Doing so allows us to use the new single handle shift/throttle cable assembly which was installed just before the gasoline engine died.

Testing on the water has shown that top speed is about 6mph without a cloud of smoke, without the oil sheen in our wake, and at a decibel level low enough to allow civilized conversation. Even with the lower top speed Karen likes this propulsion system better than the original. By using scrounged, recycled components the total cash outlay for this conversion was around \$500.

I plan to test the theory that if the battery bank became depleted on a really long boat trip we could get back to the dock using our Honda generator to feed the charger while motoring, but so far we have not been on the water long enough to run the batteries down below a usable state of charge. Overall we are pleased with the conversion and would recommend it as long as speed is not your top priority.

A Simple Four Piece Hollow Mast with Octagonal Core

By Phil Maynard
Submitted by Mike Wick



I need a new lighter mast for my Whisp and I previously made a two-piece hollow mast with a three-sided core but I now have a better method using four pieces with an octagonal core. Using two 1"x3" and one 1"x2" poplar, I ripped the 1"x2" in half and then ripped shallow 22½ degree V grooves in all four pieces on a table saw to achieve the eight-sided hollow core. I have made a 16' unstayed birds mouth mast which I like very much, but it was more difficult to achieve the accuracy I thought necessary to insure good glue joint integrity compared to this method which has all factory edges as the primary glue surfaces.

It does not "snap" together like the birds mouth and additionally all the tapering is then done on the outside just like a solid stick. With this method the core is a constant cross section so end plugs and blocking are the same diameter which makes them easier to fit compared to a tapered birds mouth. I added a top end plug and a longer one at the bottom to get me above the mast partner as well as short 1½" plugs approximately every 1½' between the lower plug and the 8" snotter plug. I used a square plugs with 22½° shims I cut at the same time as the grooves.

Since the taper is all on the outside, the mast gets stronger at the base, not just from the increase in diameter but also from the increase in stave thickness which could be an advantage for unstayed masts. In rough eight-sided condition it's 6.4lbs and tapers from 2" to 1⅞". This method is wasteful compared to birds mouth or box so my guess is it's best for small masts with 1" by stock. It would be interesting to see an engineering analysis with varying tapers/blank thicknesses/diameters compared to equivalent birds mouth taper/stave thickness/diameters.

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"What is your position?" asks the Coast Guard radio operator. "I am the Vice President of..." is the reply. Versions of this joke have made the rounds over the years but the underlying need to communicate in a meaningful manner still exists. When I worked in the GIS Unit of the Florida Division of Emergency Management everyone was cross-trained in a number of jobs so that the unit could keep running if someone was missing for any reason.

Since we all came from a microcomputer background, hardware, software, and LAN operation training was mostly review of what the new products did (or did not do). In addition, we had training in aspects of emergency management outside of our area of specialty. While we would never be "experts" in the endeavors, we had training in basic incident command, logistics support, and response coordination, to name a few of the activities. The idea was that we could pitch in when others needed help. And we would all be speaking the same language, in terms of technical phrases used, when communicating about what was being done or needed to be done.

"Eyes see, hands do" is a saying that reflects the opposite of the "not my job" attitude. If you see something that needs to be done and you have the capability to do it, in most cases you should. In the world of small boats you may not want any passengers doing something without you either knowing about the activity or asking the person to do the activity. I moved my boat from our dock to a nearby (two-hour trip) marina for new bottom paint and some repair work that needed to be done with the boat out of the water. My passenger was a neighbor who has a sailboat and a small power boat and has years of experience on the water. His approach was for me to tell him what I needed done and he would do it. He would also point out things that required attention before doing anything. His approach and help was appreciated.

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

The voyage required a trip up a channel that I had been in only once before while my neighbor uses it about three times a month (another reason to have him along). Since Panacea is a very small, low-use commercial harbor, the channel is just a part of the larger chart for Apalachee Bay. That part of the chart is not that easy to read. But with the NOAA charts online option I could blow up that small portion of the chart to a readable printed copy to take on the boat.

With personal computers there are a number of ways to get the screen image to paper. If the program that lets me view the material online permits a direct print, I am in business. If the program does not permit sending directly to the printer, I can do a screen capture, bring the file up in a graphics program, and then print from that program. In my case, the desired part of the chart had been expanded on the screen and the screen capture option used to save the image. I then opened the graphics program, pasted the image, and printed the expanded chart.

My neighbor and I made sure where we were on the chart (very shallow water on both sides of the channel) and he used the binoculars to find the next mark while I steered the boat. Since one of the reasons to take the boat to the marina was to have the non-operating depth sounder removed, the added eyes were very helpful in staying in deeper water.

Of interest when one is a passenger and is asked to do something is knowing what is

actually being requested. "Pull on that line," is not as helpful as "pull in the jib sheet a few inches" or "please tail the line while I crank in on the winch." There is also the assumption that you, the passenger, know how a particular boat is set up in terms of where the lines run or are fastened. A jib sheet and a main sheet are fairly obvious, but which line on the mast is the main halyard and which is the jib halyard might not be as obvious. This is really true when the halyards run back to jam cleats or other arrangements on the cabin top.

To help keep things easier on our Ranger 26, the spinnaker halyard was twice the size of the jib and main halyards. Even though the jib halyard was to port and the main to starboard on the mast, the extra size helped identify the line in the dark and was much easier to pull by hand when getting the spinnaker up and flying.

The "pilot in command" concept is critical for safe flying. There can be only one person in charge and flying the plane. While this may seem obvious, there are a number of accident reports where the problem was caused by someone else trying to take over in mid-air or on a landing. The same is true when operating a boat. For the person at the helm, any and all observations about conditions around the boat ("we are being overtaken to port") are always useful. But someone "adjusting" the controls or moving equipment from its usual place without permission can lead to major problems.

In summary, I have the knowledge of how to do all the tasks to operate my vessel, but if I am on another person's boat I do not do something until permission is given. And if I ask someone to do something on my own boat, I make sure I state my request in clear, understandable terms, unlike the time I asked my wife to hand me the "extendable goodie." Luckily she knew I wanted the extendable boat hook.

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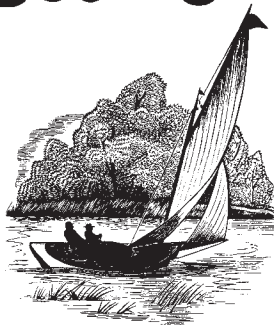
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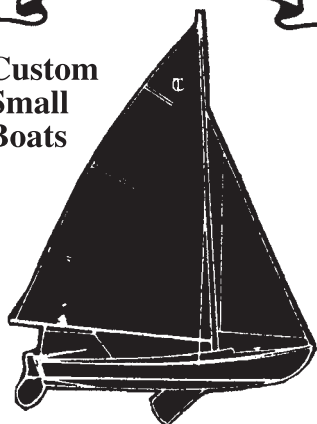
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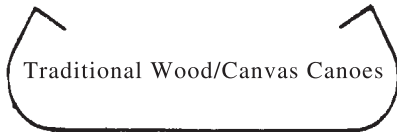
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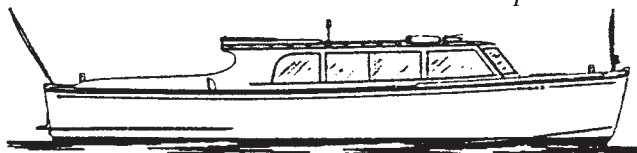


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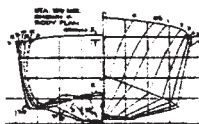
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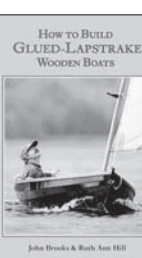
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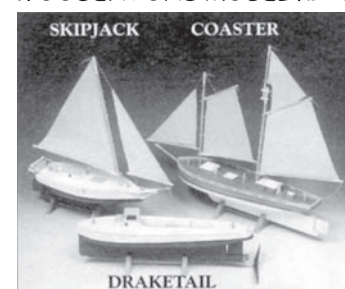
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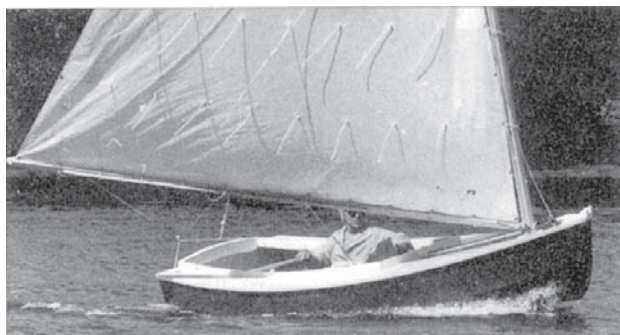
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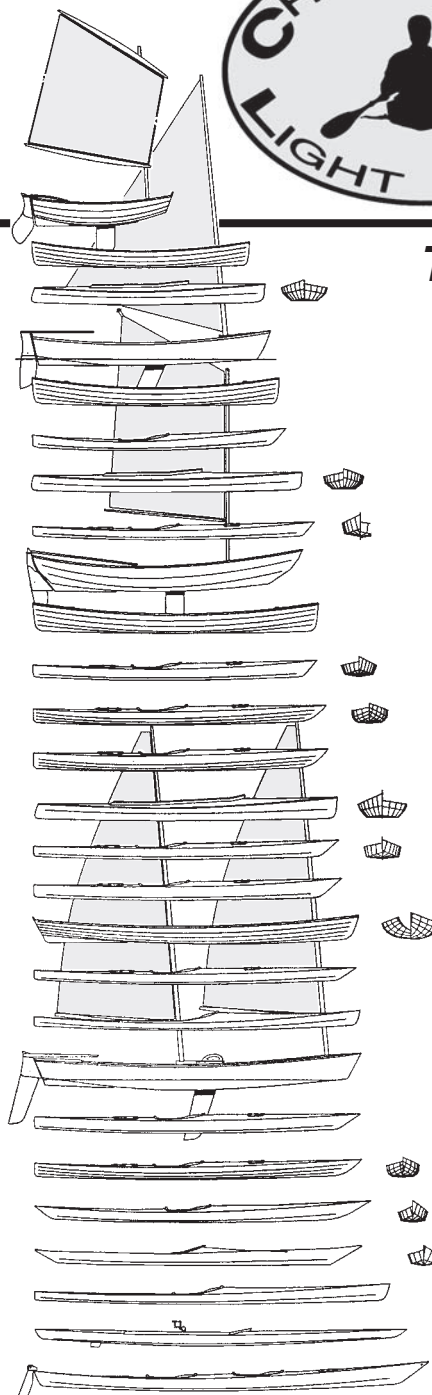
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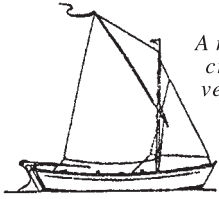
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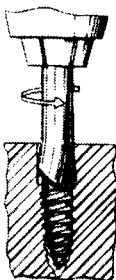
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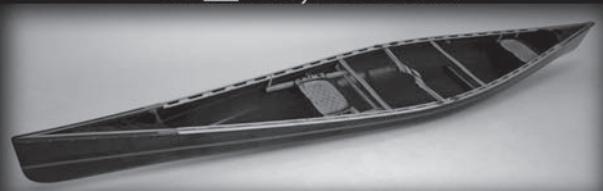
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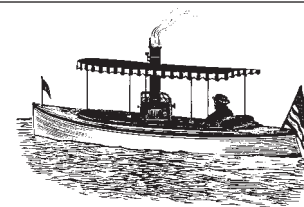


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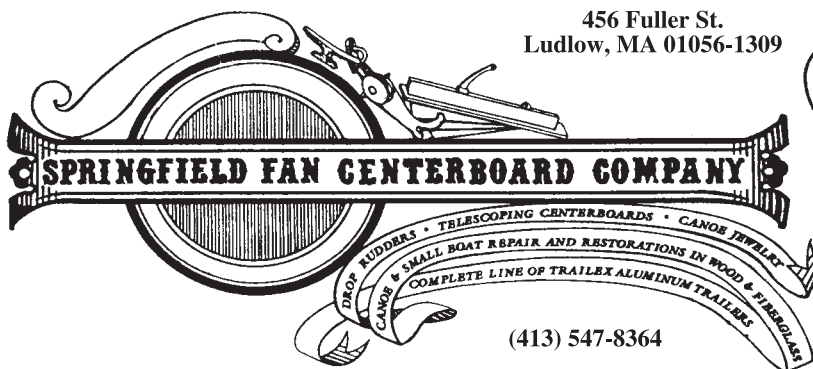
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13' Jimmy Skiff, from Chesapeake Light Craft. View specs at www.clcboats.com for compl info. Boat compl w/4hp 2-stroke Mercury '95, oars, anchor, boat cushions (2), battery powered running lights, mooring lines & bilge pump. Boat was CLCs prototype that I finished off. No trlr. In gd shape. I am reducing fleet count. \$900 FIRM. Long Island, NY. (10) GENE GIFFORDS, E. Islip, NY (631) 206-1261, gene3521@hotmail.com (1)

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16' Point Jude Sloop, '78, vy gd cond. Trlr incl. \$1,300. Photos available. BOB HAGER, Agawam, MA, (413) 786-7243, bobhager4@netzero.net (1)



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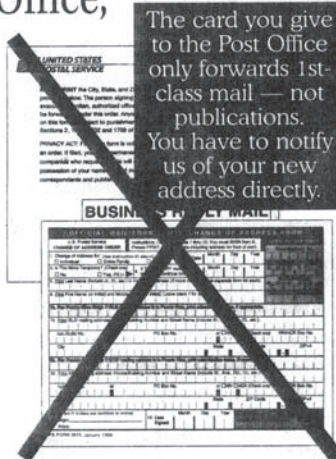
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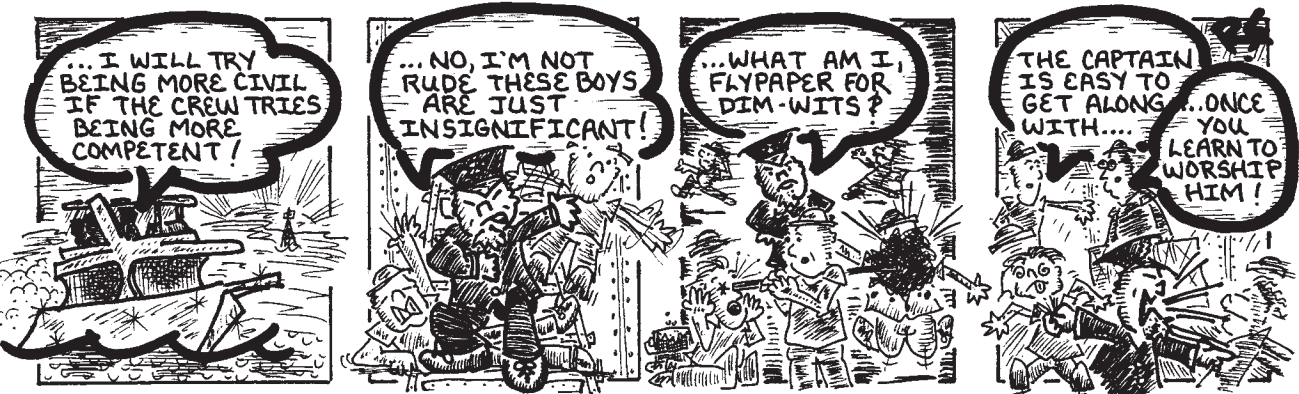
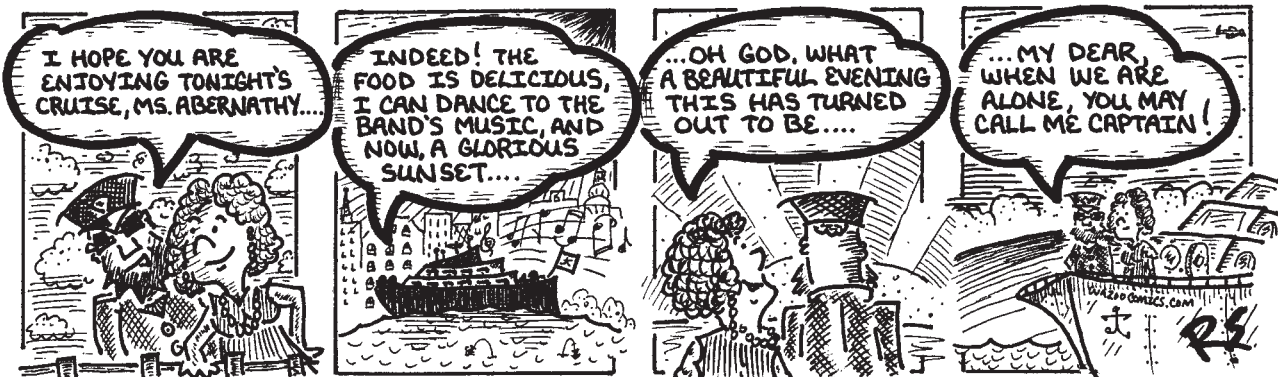
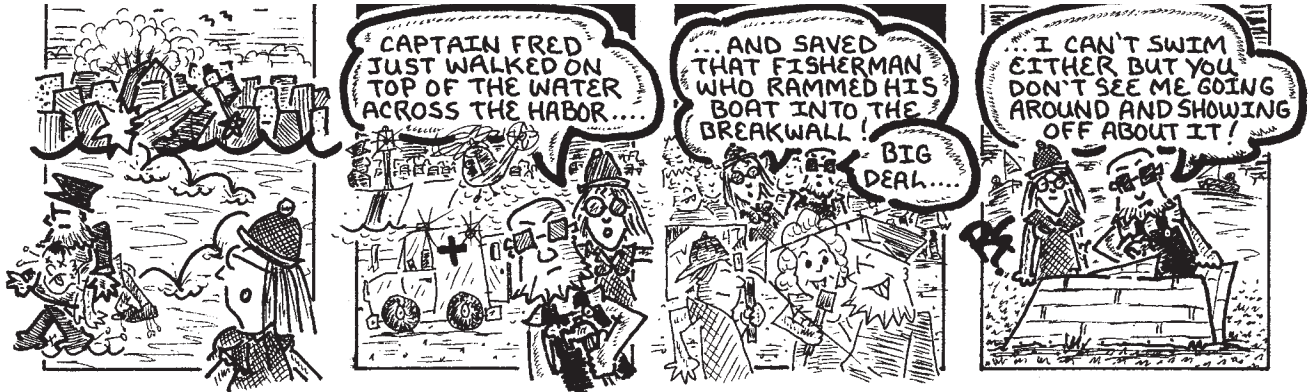


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